# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1894.

# A QUESTION OF COURAGE.

#### I.

## A VACATION VAGARY.

THAT ever brought you to Tregarthen, Mr. Ringbrand? It seems to me to be the last place in the world where an author could hope to find material."

"Who has been accusing me of any such intention, Mrs. Ludlow?"

"Why, an accusation isn't necessary; every one knows that when an author can be induced to exchange the literary atmosphere of his respected Boston, or his beloved New York, for the prosaic surroundings of a dingy little coal-mining village in the Tennessee mountains, there must be a stronger motive than a mere sight-seer's curiosity."

"Perhaps you are right. And yet I think you are a little severe: if one were seeking inspiration, what could be more uplifting than that?"-waving his hand with a comprehensive gesture toward the moonlit picture of valley and mountain framed by the pillars of the "But I assure you, as I said a moment ago, I couldn't give a sensible reason for coming here,—inasmuch as I did not know you were hibernating in Tregarthen. I'm not sure which was the more surprised when we met the other morning, Ludlow or myself. lost track of you years ago."

"But we hadn't of you,—thanks to the magazines.

brings me back: what can you find worth studying here?"
Ringbrand laughed: "You positively refuse to be diverted, don't Perhaps I couldn't find anything, but from the little I've seen of place and people I should say there was a perfect mine of storytelling material if one would take the trouble to develop it."

"I can't see where you would find it."

"That's because you live here; you're unable to get the perspective of unfamiliarity on the quaintness of the people or the beauty of the The things that are curious and interesting to a new-comer are commonplace to you, because you see them every day."

"I'm sure it's very nice of you to put it in that way; one likes to be told that one comes short of genius only in—unfamiliarity. But

you haven't told me yet why you came to Tregarthen."

"Mrs. Ludlow, you're positively incorrigible. I assure you I left New York a week ago with only one clearly-defined idea; that was that I was overworked and weary and needed a vacation. Everybody goes to Europe and to the resorts in summer, and I wanted to get away from the crowd; if you please, you may call that a reason for my coming South. My ticket ran out at Nashville, but the quiet of your beautiful capital city didn't com, ensate for the unspeakable heat, so I took to the road again, with Asheville for a destination."

"That's all beautifully clear and reasonable up to a certain point, Mr. Ringbrand. Now if you will only tell me what possessed you to leave your comfortable parlor-car to come away up here on a coal-train,

I'll be satisfied."

The shadow on the veranda prevented the lady from seeing the look of embarrassment that flitted across the face of her visitor, and his hesitation in replying was fortunately covered by the entrance of his host. "Sit down here, Ludlow," he said; "Mrs. Ludlow has had me in the confessional for the last half-hour, and I was just upon the point of concocting a pure fabrication to account for my being in Tregarthen. Can't you explain to her that a man may sometimes do unaccountable things?"

"One would think an explanation wouldn't be necessary," replied Ludlow, cynically, tossing his hat into the hall and drawing up a chair.

"Let's see, how long have we been married, Helen?"

"Long enough to make me very curious and inquisitive, as Mr. Ringbrand is just finding out. He confesses that he didn't know we were here, and he can't give any plausible reason for giving up his trip

to Asheville."

"I'm not surprised; if the Tregarthen Coal and Iron Company could get along without a superintendent for a month or such a matter, I believe I'd go off and do something unaccountable myself; it's a part of my creed that a man should be totally irresponsible on a vacation. But see here, Ringbrand, if you're going to stay in Tregarthen you've got to come to us; I'm not going to have you put up at that miserable excuse for a hotel down in the village. You'll die of dyspepsia in a week."

"You are Good Samaritans," replied Ringbrand, laughing; "I've got it already,—dyspepsia, I mean. Why, Mrs. Ludlow, you've no conception of what they've been making me eat down there! For breakfast I had salt bacon, biscuits, and potatoes; for dinner there were potatoes, biscuits, and salt bacon; and for supper they varied the bill of fare by leaving out the potatoes. And the biscuits—'pon my soul, you never saw anything like them in your life!"

"Oh, yes, I have," responded the lady, cheerfully; "let me describe them: they were about half an inch thick, and when you took one between your thumb and finger, so, you could press the grease out

of the edge. But didn't they give you any coffee?"

"I-think not; I certainly had something to drink, but I'm quite

positive it wasn't coffee. Indeed, now that you mention it, I remember having made a note of it with the intention of asking the landlord to define it for me."

"I don't know what we've been thinking of, to let you stay there at all," interposed Ludlow. "If you'll excuse us for a few minutes, my dear, we'll just step down and get Ringbrand's luggage to-night—

I suppose you travel in a grip, don't you, Hugh?"

"Yes, or, at least, in two of them; they're not heavy, though." Two days earlier, while his train was stopping at Chilwanee Junction to transfer passengers to the Harmony Valley Branch, Hugh Ringbrand had seen a girl descend from the through train and cross the platform to the accommodation. She was strikingly beautiful, after a type quite unfamiliar to the student; and the passing glimpse he had of her face made him wish that he might study it at leisure. It suddenly occurred to him that there was nothing in his purposeless plans to prevent it; and he hastily transferred himself and his belongings to a seat in the other train, whence he could continue his observations. The study once begun, the beauty of her face grew upon him, pushing him swiftly to the conclusion that nothing short of acquaintance would enable him to complete his character-sketch; and, not being a commercial traveller, the simpler method of obtaining the desired degree of intimacy did not suggest itself. On the contrary, he could think of no better expedient than to leave the train at the young lady's destination, trusting to the chapter of accidents for further help. The absurdity of this hastily-approved design appealed to his sense of humor when the conductor asked for his fare and he was unable to tell the official where he wanted to go.

"I have no ticket," he said, "but I will pay to the end of the line.

How much is it?"

"To Kingville, sah?"

"Yes, that's the place,—Kingville. It's singular how these names escape one, isn't it?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied the man: "I forgit sometimes, m'self.

Two dollars and fo'ty cents. There's your change."

The accommodation was a mixed train of empty coal- and iron-cars towing a single passenger-coach; and on its slow progress up the valley Ringbrand had ample opportunity to analyze his subject so far as simple observation would serve him. Before they reached Tregarthen he had a very fair mental picture of the oval face, lighted by eyes of a dusky hue rarely seen in Anglo-Saxon types; and he had even gone so far as to try to transfer it from the mental camera to a leaf of his. note-book. The pencil-picture was fairly good, from a technical point of view, but when he saw how the black-and-white suggestion failed to give even a hint of the transparency of her complexion, or of the changeful expression that came and went on her face as she turned the leaves of her book, he tore it up and dropped the fragments out of the window. The book suggested an idea, and he got up and walked down the aisle, catching the title in passing. "'St. Elmo,'" he mused; "that's healthy, but it's no indication of character; I suppose every young woman reads Miss Evans. She's reading intelligently, though;

any one can see that; she doesn't look as if she'd be guilty of skimming. How the mischief am I ever to find out who she is? Hello! she's put-

ting the book away; this must be her stopping-place."

The train was slowing into Tregarthen, and Ringbrand got his luggage ready for a strategic pursuit. It was quite dark by this time, and he did not mean to lose sight of her until he was sure of her destination. When the train stopped she tripped lightly up the aisle, and Ringbrand followed, reaching the car door in time to see the conductor help her down the steps; but when he attempted to get off, the man stopped him.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed; "this ain't your town: we ain't half-

way there yet."

"That's all right. I want to stop here. I've changed my mind,"

protested Ringbrand, trying to get past him.

"Well, jest hold on a minute; don't be in sich a turrible rush; I collected your fare to Kingville, an' I've got too much o' your money."

"Hang the fare! I don't want it. Let me get off."

"All right, cap'n; jest as you say," replied the over-zealous conductor, swinging Ringbrand's valises to the platform. "There you are,

right side up with care."

As he had feared, the slight delay lost him his opportunity; when his glance searched the small platform, his travelling companion had disappeared, and he was not the man to make hap-hazard inquiries about her of the straggling loungers at the station. When the train had departed, he saw the glare of an iron-furnace a short distance farther up the track, and the twinkling lights of a town on the hill-side above the station. While he was wondering if there was a hotel, a decrepit old negro hobbled up to him, hat in hand.

"Cvar' vo' baggage up to de hotel, sah? Yes, sah: t'ank vo', sah.

Right 'long dish yere way, sah."

"Got a good hotel here, uncle?" inquired Ringbrand, as they toiled

up the steep hill-side.

"Right sma't good hotel, sah; yes, sah; t'ank yo', sah. Hit's de one what Gin'ral Jackson yoosted to stop at when he's gwine to Wash-

in'ton, fo' de wah."

Ringbrand had not been long enough in East Tennessee to know that every hostelry within a hundred miles of the crossing of the Clinch River made a similar claim, but the conceit struck him as being a quaint one, and it occurred to him that the ancient negro was probably an old resident and therefore acquainted with most of the families in the neighborhood.

"Did you see Miss-Miss-Montague get off the train just now, uncle?" he inquired, nonchalantly, hazarding a guess at the name in

the hope that his guide would correct him.

"Who, me? No, sah; t'ank yo', sah. I doesn't know any lady o'

dat name, sah. Didn't see no lady git off de train: no, sah."

That grappling-hook having come up empty, Ringbrand was compelled to await further developments; and as he smoked his after-supper cigar in the dingy little office of the hotel, he tried to convince himself that the present adventure was only another example of the persistent obstinacy with which he had pursued other quests in the study of his art. The effort may have been wholly successful, but the conclusion did not enable him to banish the picture of the girl's face, which haunted him even after he had gone to sleep amid the dismal furnish-

ings of General Jackson's room.

The following morning he was fortunate enough to stumble upon Ludlow, who was an old friend and one of his college classmates. The meeting afforded the plainest possible solution of the author's problem, but he seemed somehow quite unable to frame the simple inquiries which would have solved it. He reasoned that Ludlow would misunderstand his motives: that he would be accused of falling in love with a pretty face; that if it would be indelicate to question strangers about the girl's identity, it would be impertinence to ask his friend. So it happened that two days slipped by without bringing him any nearer to the object of his visit to Tregarthen, and he was beginning to hold himself in derision, when a lucky chance brought him the opportunity for which he was waiting. It was on the day following his installation at the Ludlows', and he was returning from a visit to the furnace with his host. They stepped aside at a narrow place in the hill-side road to let a buggy pass. Ringbrand lifted his hat in deference to his friend's salutation to the occupants of the vehicle, and nearly let it fall when he realized that he was face to face with the object of his search.

"Who are they?" he asked, as soon as they had driven on.

"That's Colonel Latimer and his daughter Hester," replied Ludlow. "By the way, if you want to make character-studies, there's a good chance for you. The colonel's an old-time Southern gentleman of the school that you authors are always attempting to portray and can't. Here's the opportunity of your life to get a picture that'll be as good as a photograph."

"I should be delighted to improve it," responded Ringbrand: "can

you suggest the means?"

"Nothing easier; though I fancy it'll be to our detriment. The colonel's one of our directors, and he was the original owner of the Tregarthen coal lands; his hospitality is as wide as the heavens. If I introduce you he'll be carrying you off to 'The Laurels,' and we'll lose you."

"Don't be too sure of that; I'm pretty comfortable where I am. But I should like to make the colonel's acquaintance. Where is 'The

Laurels'?"

"It's up on the mountain, just where you see that clear space beyond the mine-opening. It's an old-fashioned Tennessee home,—wide verandas, big rooms, immense fireplaces, and all that. You could get a lot of good material out of the place,—not to mention the colonel and his

son and Miss Hester."

"Yes, I suppose I could; but, Ludlow, be a good fellow now, and drop the idea that I'm an animated interrogation-point, going about with a Paul Pry nose and a reporter's note-book. Don't you see that a hint of such a thing would be likely to prejudice her from the start?"

"Prejudice whom?—Miss Hester? What's she got to do with it?"
"Why, nothing, of course—that is, nothing that I—that she—

Hang it all, Ludlow, I believe I'm about to make a fool of myself!"

Ludlow stopped and gazed in open-mouthed wonder at his friend: "Well, I'm blest if you don't break the record, Hugh! I thought it struck me pretty suddenly, but pshaw! my case wasn't a circumstance to this. I've heard of love at first sight, but this is the instantaneous photography kind. Why, you couldn't have got more than a glimpse of her as they passed us!"

"I-we-that is to say-I've seen her before," stammered Ring-

brand.

"Oho! now I begin to understand: that's what brought you to Tregarthen. I thought Helen's prophetic soul didn't mislead her. Well, tell me the rest of it; I've got your fate in my hands, and you

might as well make an ally of me at the start."

Ringbrand told his small story frankly, concluding with a plea for secrecy. "I'd rather you wouldn't tell even Mrs. Ludlow," he added. "It's such a piece of ridiculous absurdity in its present stage, you know."

"I'll promise not to tell her of my own accord," assented Ludlow, "but that isn't saying much. It's only fair to warn you that she'll get it out of me sooner or later. Best thing you can do is to get the affair into presentable shape as soon as possible; then you won't mind."

"Presentable shape!" groaned Ringbrand, "and I haven't even had an introduction! Ludlow, I believe I left my wits behind me when I came away from New York. I haven't been wholly accountable since

I crossed the Ohio River."

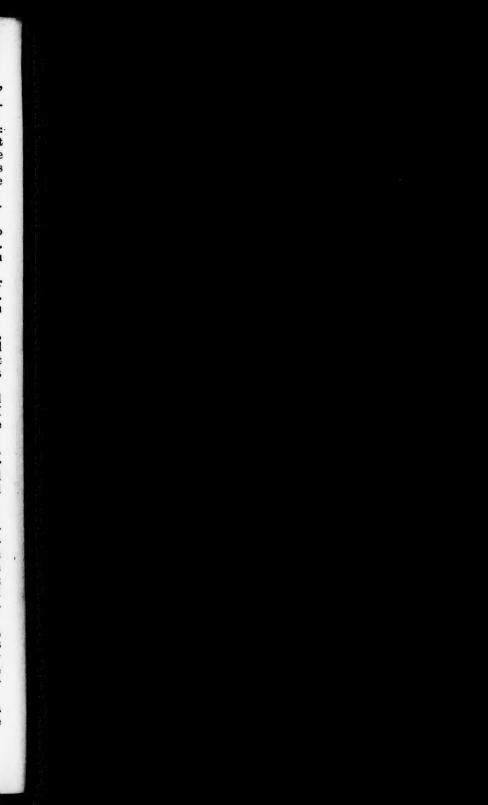
"You might have gone farther and fared a good deal worse; Hester Latimer's well worth any man's winning,—only I'll tell you beforehand that she has all of her father's prejudices, magnified by the emotional nature of an impulsive young woman."

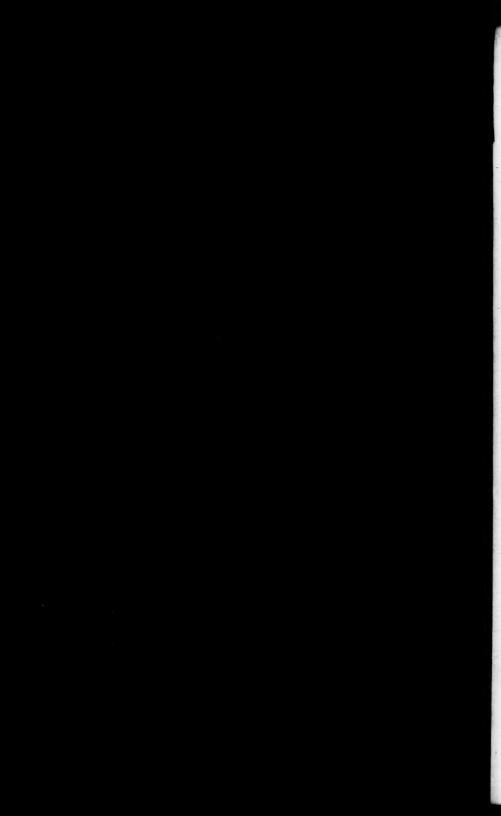
"What sort of prejudices?"

"Southern, mostly; pride of race and loyalty to section, with a lingering trace of bitterness as a result of the war. But there are compensating virtues that will warm the very cockles of your heart: such open-handed hospitality as you never dreamed of; a loyalty to kith and kin and friends that takes you right back to the days of chivalry; and another pleasant thing about them is that they reverse our social rule, and take a man for what he appears to be until he proves himself unworthy."

They walked along in silence for a while, and then Ringbrand said, "I don't know but I overstated it a moment ago, after all. My first impulse when I saw Miss Latimer was merely a strong desire to study the type: it's unusual, and she is uncommonly beautiful. Just where the artistic sense merged into the erotic, I can't tell; I don't know enough of the symptoms to be able to diagnose my own case."

Ludlow laughed heartily: "That's a damaging admission for a story-writer. Why, you fellows are supposed to be able to analyze the





tender passion in all its stages, from start to finish, and here you can't apply the first tests of your art to your own case! I shouldn't write any more love-tales, if I were you."

"I fancy it's another case of the sick doctor, Tom. You know a

physician never trusts himself to treat his own malady."

Ringbrand was decidedly preoccupied at the supper-table that evening, and Mrs. Ludlow did not fail to rally him unmercifully. So many of her sharp thrusts found the joints in his armor that he pleaded the need of exercise when they left the table, and went out for an evening stroll. When he was out of earshot, Mrs. Ludlow promptly attacked her husband.

"What is the matter with Mr. Ringbrand this evening?" she

inquired.

"Nothing that I know of," replied Ludlow, dropping into a veranda chair and burying himself, ostrich-like, in the newspaper.

"But I know there is," insisted the lady. "He is distrait and embarrassed, and he seems to be afraid I'll find out something. Where have you been to-day?"

"Nowhere, except down to the furnace."

Mrs. Ludlow rocked gently in her chair, watching the figure of Ringbrand appear and disappear in the windings of the road leading to the summit of the mountain. She was silent so long that her husband had time to relax his vigilance in the interest of the newspaper, and her next question caught him off his guard.

"What do you suppose he's going away up on the mountain for at

this time of day?" she asked.

Ludlow heard the question with his outward ears and answered it mechanically: "I don't know; perhaps he's going up to see if he can

get a sight of her."

There was another interval of silence, and then Mrs. Ludlow rose and stood before her husband. "Tom," she said, impressively, "please put that paper down and tell me all about it. I want to know whom he's going to see."

Ludlow dropped the newspaper and looked up in ludicrous alarm:

"Whom who's going to see?—what did I say just now?"

She repeated his answer word for word.

"Oh, Lord! I've let the cat out of the bag, after all, and I promised him I wouldn't!" he exclaimed. "But then I told him you'd get it out of me. Pull up your chair, and I'll tell you all I know. I might

as well do it first as last."

Mrs. Ludlow listened eagerly while her husband recounted the meagre facts of Ringbrand's sudden infatuation, the color coming and going in her cheeks and her eyes sparkling with the keenest appreciation. When he had finished, she clasped her hands over his knee and looked up at him in rapt ecstasy: "Oh, Tom! isn't that perfectly splendid? Just to think of it!—and after I've been shut up in this dead little village without a breath of excitement for four years! Of course there'll be difficulties: they're just as different as they can be; and what would they do without some one to plan for them?"

Helen Ludlow had been the pretty girl of her set, and she had

thrown away the chances of matrimonial preferment which come naturally to pretty girls for the sake of the struggling young mining engineer, whose first opening had condemned the young couple to social exile. There was a touch of pathos in her enthusiasm, and Ludlow answered it with an affectionate smile: "You are a born match-maker, Helen: it's a pity you couldn't have a wider field. But if I were you, I shouldn't interfere too much in the present case; they are not children, and the difficulties you apprehend will not be the common misunderstandings of a pair of foolish young lovers."

"What will they be, Tom?"

"They'll be much more serious, I imagine. You know Hester, perhaps better than I do; she is the incarnation of the Southern ideal, —impetuous, self-willed, high-strung, and impulsive, with a temperament that will be antagonistic at many points to the more thoughtful turn of mind of our story-writer. And as for Ringbrand, he must be greatly changed from the man I used to know at the university if he can make himself believe that Hester Latimer embodies his ideal."

The wife's laugh had a ripple of derision in it. "That shows how ridiculous you men can be when you apply your ponderous methods of logic to things you don't understand," she said. "The very things you call obstacles are the best reasons in the world why there should be

no difficulties. Don't you see they are perfect opposites?"

"Perhaps you are right; but it doesn't look reasonable. And then,

besides, there is the feud."

"I don't see how a foolish quarrel between the colonel and his

neighbors can have anything to do with Hugh and Hester."

"I do. If Ringbrand marries into the family, he'll have to shoulder his share of the fight; and, as I remarked a moment ago, he'll have to be changed very much from the man I used to know, if he consents to assume any such responsibilities."

Mrs. Ludlow laughed again. "You'll see," she said, "he'll do

anything that's necessary."

#### II.

# A LOVER ON HORSEBACK.

It is curious to observe how easily the strands of repetition become twined into the strong yarn of habit, and how, almost of its own volition, the thread thus twisted weaves itself into the fabric of human life. When Mrs. Ludlow introduced Hugh Ringbrand at "The Laurels," Hester Latimer's first impressions of the young author were rather unpleasant than otherwise. She said to herself, after Mrs. Ludlow had departed with her guest, that he was too stiff and conventional; that he seemed ill at ease; that he was too well-bred to be congenial. Though she did not in the least suspect it, the source of her dissatisfaction lay in the fact that she had been prepared to lionize him because he was an author, and it was a trifle disappointing to be forced to the conclusion that he was, after all, only a man like other men, differing from other gentlemen of her acquaintance in no remarkable degree, and wearing

none of the insignia and regalia of the Ancient and Honorable Guild of Story-Tellers. When she visited Mrs. Ludlow the following day, some mention of this disappointment came out in the conversation, and the self-elected ambassadress laughed joyously at the tentative suggestion of the girl.

"Why, my dear Hester, did you expect to find him wearing a uniform, with a coat of arms and a pen trenchant for a crest?" she

inquired

"N—no, not exactly that, of course; but I did expect to find him differing somehow from other gentlemen."

"In what way?"

"Oh, in lots of ways. I have a little collection of idols,—like most other people, I suppose,—and one of them has a separate niche and is labelled 'an author.' He has smashed that one beyond the hope of repair."

"What a ridiculous idea! Poor Hugh! he'd be heart-broken if

he knew how sadly he had failed to realize your ideal."

"There it is again, you see. An author—my author—ought to be so far above common things that he wouldn't care in the least what a

foolish girl thought or said about him."

Mrs. Ludlow smiled: "If you knew him as well as I do,—if you could have seen him when he was struggling for recognition, with everything against him and no encouragement outside of his own conviction that the gift of authorship was in him; when every fresh disappointment only made him more determined to succeed,—if you could have known him in those days, you wouldn't have thought him commonplace. And even now, if you'll give him a hint of the superhuman part you expect him to play, he'll make a brave attempt to rise to the occasion. I'm quite sure I shouldn't do it, though, for I fancy that in gaining your demi-god you might lose a pleasant every-day acquaintance."

"Then I'll not do it, I promise you; pleasant acquaintances are not so plentiful in Tregarthen that one can afford to experiment with them,

not even for the sake of restoring a cherished idol."

Having obtained a foothold at "The Laurels," Ringbrand made good use of his opportunities; and as Hester came to know him better she began to forgive him for breaking the idol. As Ludlow had fore-told, there was no limit to the colonel's hospitality; and from strolling up to the plateau at irregular intervals after supper, Ringbrand soon fell into the habit of spending the greater number of his afternoons at the home of the Latimers, and Hester soon found herself looking forward to his visit as to something without which the day would be incomplete.

One afternoon, when he had been invited to come at a certain hour, he found Hester in riding-habit and hat, and the colonel's boy leading two saddled horses up and down before the veranda steps.

"I'm going to carry you horseback-riding, Mr. Ringbrand," she

said, running down the steps to meet him.

He looked askance at the two thoroughbreds, and tried to summon the courage to say that he knew less than nothing about horsemanship. "I'm afraid you'll find me a sorry cavalier, Miss Hester," he remonstrated.

"Oh, Pluto is gentle; anybody can ride him," she rejoined, gathering her skirt and standing beside her horse. "Will you give me a

hand, please?"

Having, in his stories, had frequent occasion to describe the dexterous manner in which a gentleman assists a lady to mount, Ringbrand knew precisely what was required of him; but, unfortunately, the ability to portray dexterity in virile English does not necessarily imply its possession by the artist. He took his place rather awkwardly beside Hester and made a step of his hand, holding it so high that she hesitated. "Just a little bit lower, if you please," she said, demurely, and his last shred of self-possession took flight as he complied. Since Miss Latimer was anything but ethereal, the first attempt broke his hold and covered him with confusion; putting his strength into the next, he lifted so vigorously that nothing but Hester's ready agility saved her from falling out of the saddle on the opposite side. It was too much for her equanimity, and she burst into a ringing laugh.

Ringbrand straightened up and wiped the perspiration from his face. "I beg your pardon—indeed I do; I told you I was but an indifferent

horseman," he apologized.

"Please don't mention it," she said, as soon as she could speak. "It's awfully mean in me to laugh, but I couldn't help it. I shall

have an immense respect for your strength after this."

Ringbrand took Pluto's bridle from the grinning boy and tried to mount, forgetting, in his embarrassment, that well-trained saddle-horses are prone to object to approaches from the wrong side. He did not realize his mistake until he had one foot in the stirrup and was hopping about breathlessly in a desperate endeavor to make Pluto stand still long enough to enable him to spring into the saddle; but with the knowledge came a sudden access of obstinacy, and he determined to succeed if it took the remainder of the afternoon. Hester was convulsed with laughter, and it was some moments before she could find breath to suggest that Pluto was unaccustomed to receiving his rider from the off side.

"I—know—it isn't—custom—ary," gasped Ringbrand, making violent efforts to keep near the plunging animal, "but—I—usually—

do it-this way."

Just then his foot slipped out of the stirrup, and Pluto's enthusiastic and reproachful protests ceased. The discomfited cavalier mopped' his steaming face again, and beckoned to the boy.

"Just hold him a second, will you?" he said, and, backing away for a short run, he vaulted into the saddle before the astonished charger

knew what was happening.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Hester, clapping her hands in delighted approval. "That was certainly original. Where did you learn to

vault, Mr. Ringbrand?"

"I used to do a little of it at the university," he replied, modestly forbearing to add that he had held the record for the running high jump in his class.

"Do-do gentlemen usually mount that way in New York?" she

inquired, innocently.

"I can't say they do,—not always," he responded, as they ambled down the long avenue and turned into the mountain road. "Now that you speak of it, I'm not sure that I ever saw any one do it in just that way,—at least, not outside of a circus."

She laughed again, a sweet bubbling over of unrestrained merriment that made him think of happy children and singing birds. "Didn't you know, sure enough, that you were on the wrong side?"

she asked, naïvely.

"Honestly, I didn't, at first," he confessed, "but I began to suspect some such dreadful thing before you spoke. Then it occurred to me that Pluto was unreasonably particular about such a small thing, and I thought it might be well to convince him of the fact."

"I think you've succeeded; but I'm afraid you have hurt his sense of the proprieties beyond recovery. He is almost as conventional as I

used to think you were."

"I hope you don't think it any more, after seeing my interpretation of 'boots and saddles,'" he protested. "And while we're on the subject of horseback-riding, let me make an open confession: I know less than nothing about it, experimentally, and I shall be deeply indebted to you if you'll teach me how to behave in a becoming manner."

She leaned over and disengaged her skirt from its entanglement in

his stirrup. "May I?" she asked.

"I shall be very grateful."

"Well, then, I—I believe it is customary for a gentleman to ride on

the other side," she began.

Ringbrand had quite recovered his self-possession by this time, and he pulled Pluto around to her right. "Of course. I should think that would suggest itself naturally to any one but a bookworm like myself: I assure you I shouldn't have made my hero in a story guilty of such awkwardness. Now, how about these stirrups? they seem to me to be too short, or too long, or something."

She looked at them critically: "I think they are a little too short.

Shall I hold Pluto while you dismount to let them down?"

"No, thank you; I think I can manage it from the deck," he replied, slipping his feet from the stirrup-irons and adjusting the straps to a more comfortable length. "There, how is that?"

"That looks better. Now, shall we try a little gallop?"
"If you please. I'll do anything you tell me to."

They swept along the level road at an easy canter, and Ringbrand profited by Hester's suggestions as well as he could in the short intervals which his furtive admiration of her graceful carriage and radiant beauty spared him for a consideration of his own shortcomings. The road led them finally to the western brow of the mountain, and they pulled up at the edge of the cliff to enjoy the view spread out before them.

"Your surroundings are a perpetual inspiration, Miss Hester," said Ringbrand, feasting his eyes with the keen appreciation of an artist upon the magnificent panorama of mountains and valleys and forests

stretching away to the westward.

"I am glad you like Tennessee," replied the girl, with a touch of pathos in her voice. "So many people—especially Northerners—seem to think it an unprofitable wilderness."

"Who could be so unappreciative as to say that?"

"Miss Bradfern, for one. She is from Boston, and she visited friends in Dunbar last summer. She was continually pining for New England in general and Boston in particular. I'm sure I can't understand how she will be able to live here."

"Is she coming here to live?"

"Yes; as the wife of our rector in Tregarthen. I tell him he's setting a bad example by going so far from home."

"Then I presume he is a Southerner?"

"He is; he's a Georgian; but I believe he was educated in the North."

"Am I to understand that you think one ought not to marry out of his section?" he asked, making the rector's case a possible opportunity

for ascertaining his own standing.

"Oh, I wouldn't say anything so radical as that," she replied, stroking her horse's mane; "only it seems to me that there are many reasons against it. You don't understand—you can't understand—how much sectional feeling there is in the South."

"I know there used to be, but I thought it was a thing of the past,

since the war."

"It is, in some senses, I suppose, and in others I think it is as strong as ever. My father fought for the South; and if you could know how strongly my sympathies are enlisted upon the side of some of the things which you think are dead issues, there would be only one word in your vocabulary that would fit me,—an ugly little word of five letters."

"I hope I am broad enough not to apply it, Miss Latimer. I think I can put myself in your place sufficiently to understand that there may

be many and honest differences of opinion."

"It's right kind of you to say that,—especially as your side has the better of the argument; though I'm not so sure about that, either. It's one thing to starve people into submission and quite another to subjugate them."

"I believe I can appreciate that, too."

Neither of them spoke again for a few moments, and then Hester called his attention to a jutting crag projecting far out from the cliffline at their feet. "Do you see that point over yonder to the right?" she asked.

"Yes; and I was going to ask you if it has a name."

"It has: it is called 'Tom's Jump.' It's not a very poetic name, and it could hardly be called a 'Lover's Leap,' although the story is dreadful enough."

"Tell me about it."

"It's short and quite prosaic. There used to be a moonshiner's still somewhere in this neighborhood, and one of the men was young Tom Cragin, the son of the mountaineer who owned the still. One day the revenue-men were trying to arrest the party, and they chased young Cragin out into this road. He ran down that way, and two more

officers came out into the road ahead of him. When he saw he was surrounded, he climbed out to the point of that rock and flung himself down."

Ringbrand looked surprised. "I didn't know the penalties were

severe enough to warrant a man in doing that," he said.
"I'm not sure that they are," replied the girl, "though a long term in the penitentiary is hard enough after the free life of the mountain. But in Cragin's case I think there were other things; there was a long story of bloodshed and violence leading up to the tragedy, and perhaps he had reason to fear something worse than a prison. You don't know anything about the savage history of these mountains, Mr. Ringbrand," she added, turning her horse's head homeward. "Nearly every family in the neighborhood is or has been mixed up in some dreadful trouble: even our own has not escaped."

She did not offer any further explanations as they rode back to "The Laurels," and Ringbrand felt instinctively that it was a matter about which he could not ask questions. What she had said, however, made him thoughtful, and he resolved to ask Ludlow if he knew the

When they reached the house, Hester asked Ringbrand to stay to tea, and after the meal they sat together on the veranda while the colonel and his son rode to Tregarthen. Since they were well beyond the period of acquaintanceship in which young lovers take each other seriously and talk upon abstruse subjects, the conversation drifted aimlessly and easily from one topic to another until it finally came back to the rector and his approaching marriage. Hester spoke of it again in terms of disapproval. "It seems to me like a case of infatuation on his part," she said, "though I suppose I'm prejudiced. I can't see how they are ever going to be able to make peace between the sections."

"Is Miss Bradfern so very pronounced in her views?" asked Ring-

"I think she is; and I fear she is much the stronger of the two."

"Is that always a misfortune?"

"Possibly not; but it seems so to me. It implies a surrender on the part of the husband, and that's a pitiable thing to contemplate."

"Do you think so? I should say that such a surrender might be

very noble—under some circumstances."
"I can't imagine the circumstances."
What are they?"

Her frank question drew him rather deeper into the subject than he had meant to go, but he laid hold of his courage and spoke the thought that was in him. "I mean when a man has been fortunate enough to find the one woman in the world with whom he can share all things." He said it quietly, trying to keep the vibrant note of passion out of

She did not reply at once, and when she did there was no sign that she had taken his answer in any sense other than as an abstract statement of fact. "Even then, I think you are wrong," she said. "It doesn't seem possible to me that any woman could accept such a

sacrifice and retain her respect for the man who made it; does it to

you ?"

"I had never thought of it as being a sacrifice. It is more like a part of the homage which a loval subject would give freely to the one whom he had enthroned."

She looked at him in doubt: "I can never tell when you are in

earnest and when you are trying to be satirical."

"Oh, I beg you to believe I wouldn't jest upon such a serious sub-

ject," he hastened to say.
"Then I can't understand your position at all. You—you write about women, and you should understand them better than that. Isn't it true that even the strongest woman prefers to look up rather than down, if her husband be noble and brave and generally worth

looking up to?"

Ringbrand winced, for had he not signed his name to a certain narrative in which the motive turned upon the theory that deep in the heart of every woman there dwells an unspoken desire to be dominated? He smiled at his unconscious mendacity, and wondered why it is that a man who chances to be in love cannot apply the wisdom of other days to the solution of his own riddles.

"Perhaps you are right, after all," he said, musingly. "Now that you recall it, it seems quite possible that I may at one time have held and expressed such a view myself. Your proviso, however, helps my

side of the question."

"In what way?"

"By asking for a rare combination of virtues in the man."

"How do you mean?"

"You said he should be noble and brave and generally worth looking up to."

"Are those qualities so rare?"

"Rare enough, I fear. I think there are not many of us who could fill the requirements. But to return to Miss Bradfern: you think she

will be on the governing hand, do you?"

"Perhaps not quite that, but I'm very sure she has some—shall we call them convictions?—that will make Mr. Raleigh very uncomfortable. One of them is the idea that it is a part of her mission to bring about the social recognition of the negroes."—She said "niggers," but the provincialism bore no contemptuous accent.

The remark caught Ringbrand off his guard, and he said, "There

is room for reform along that line, isn't there?"

"That depends very much upon the point of view." drew herself up, and a shade of austerity came into her manner. "I'm not quite sure how you regard it in the North, though papa says you make no distinction,—or at least not very much. With us, the question has been definitely settled for a long time."

He was besotted enough to try to argue the point with her. "Don't you think that much of the objection to social equality on the score of

the color of a person's skin is prejudice?" he asked.

"You are at liberty to call it that or anything else you please," she answered, with chilly preciseness, "and there is nothing to prevent your putting yourself upon an equality with our servants it you feel so

disposed."

"I'm sure I don't wish to do that, though I'm quite as certain that the question of color or race would not prevent me. I think the negroes in the North are given all the social rights they expect or deserve: they are at least the social equals of white people in their own class."

Hester rose and stood before him with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, and he forgot all about the argument in his admiration of her superb loveliness. "That's just it!" she exclaimed; "you-all are quite willing to let the negroes take their chances in the North, but you try to compel us to accept them as equals, without regard to class, whether we want to or not."

It was not their first difference, and Ringbrand smiled. "You are of the South, aren't you, Miss Hester?—I wish you would teach me

low to be enthusiastic," he said, mildly.

"It would be a hopeless task," she replied.

"I'm not so sure about that. I think it would depend upon the teacher."

"But you would be enthusiastic on the wrong side, if I did."

"Perhaps you might convert me in the process."

"I am afraid that isn't possible; and then it wouldn't be honest of you to let me," she added, with feminine inconsistency.

Ringbrand smiled complacently. "I like that," he said. "I shall

try hereafter to be both enthusiastic and loyal to my section."

Thinking about this conversation when she was braiding her hair before her mirror that night, Hester blushed when she remembered how emphatic she had been. "I hope he didn't think I was inhospitable and rude," she said, speaking softly to herself; "but he doesn't know how his cool way of asserting himself irritates one. And I was almost angry, too; I'm sure I was going to say something spiteful; but there was a look in his eyes that said No, just as plainly as could be. He always looks at me that way when I'm about to say something mean, and then I can't go on. I wonder—but that would be ridiculous: he ought to marry a Vassar girl at the very least; somebody with calm gray eyes and fluffy hair, a girl with advanced ideas and all that, and with plenty of intellect, so she could help him in his work. That isn't much like you, is it?"—speaking to the reflection in the mirror: "you're nothing but an enthusiastic impulsive country girl, with coarse black hair"—she drew one of the shining braids over her shoulder to look at it—"and eyebrows that make me think of the picture of Beatrice in the big Shakespeare down-stairs, -only she's pretty and you're not."

Mirrors do not always tell the truth, and Hester's must have been a very Ananias of a looking-glass if it reflected any such distorted likeness of the embodiment of sweet wholesome womanhood standing before it; there were strength and pride in every line of the beautiful face and perfect form, but it was the strength that harmonizes with grace and purity, and it was the pride that abhors mean things and scorns the

ignoble arts of deceit and subterfuge.

#### III.

## THE HISTORY OF A FEUD.

PLACES, like persons, have characters to keep or to lose. From the time beyond which fireside tradition fades into the less authentic record of legendary tales, McNabb's Cove had shared with its scanty population the evil report of a bad neighborhood. Topographically, it is a mere gash in the side of Murphy Mountain, with a few acres of arable land in the centre shut in on three sides by steep wooded hills, whose summits are the cliffs of the mountain. Practically inaccessible on three sides, entrance by the fourth is scarcely less difficult. A narrow wagon-road winds up the sharp ascent which measures the height of the cove above the level of Harmony Valley; and besides this there are no means of ingress or egress for vehicles, and none for pedestrians save such as are afforded by two or three rocky trails up the sides of the mountain.

The isolation of McNabb's Cove had much to do with its unsavory reputation. For many years the Bynums, whose log farm-house of "two pens and a passage" was the only human habitation in the small valley, had acted as go-betweens for the illicit distillers on the mountain and their customers in Harmony Valley. In consequence of this, the cove had been the scene of several encounters between the revenue officers and the moonshiners; and although the Bynums had usually maintained an outward show of neutrality, there was little doubt that they had always given secret aid to their neighbors on the mountain. It was during the life of Colonel Latimer's father that the Bynums had first brought themselves within the pale of the law. A revenue officer had climbed the steep road leading to the cove one afternoon, and the next morning his dead body was found at the foot of the declivity with a bullet-hole in the skull. Old Squire Latimer was justice of the peace at the time, and he was especially active in pushing the inquiry which finally fixed the crime upon one of the Bynums. As the evidence was mostly circumstantial, the murderer got off with a life sentence; but for the Squire's part in the prosecution the Bynums declared war upon the Latimer family, instituting a series of persecutions which culminated in the burning of the manor-house in the valley. The ex-Virginian was a law-abiding man, and, although there was little doubt as to the identity of his enemies, he refused to retaliate in kind. With each fresh depredation he redoubled his efforts to obtain proof which could be produced in court; but his persecutors were shrewd and crafty, and he was never able to get conclusive evidence against them. After the burning of the manor-house the Squire built "The Laurels" on the plateau of Murphy Mountain; but he did not live long to enjoy his new home. The plateau farm was reached by a road which climbs the face of the ascent from Tregarthen. Beyond the Latimer estate it skirts the brow of the mountain, following the line of the cliffs and doubling around the head of McNabb's Cove. One morning when the Squire was riding along this road at a point where it comes out upon the edge of an abrupt precipice commanding a view of the cove, a rifle-shot rang out, and the frightened horse galloped riderless back to

"The Laurels." When the searchers found him a short time afterwards, the Squire was quite dead; and before noon John Bynum was in jail at Tregarthen, charged with the commission of the crime. At this distance of time there appears to be at least a reasonable doubt of his guilt. He was seen in the village, and in fact was arrested there, within two hours of the time when the murder was committed; and while the distance from the head of the cove to Tregarthen by the road leading past "The Laurels" is only three miles, it is six by the way he must have gone to avoid meeting the searching party. This, and other facts, might have been brought out in a trial, but the Bynums were unpopular and their feud with the Latimers was well known. The news of the Squire's death spread rapidly through the valley during the day, and at night an armed mob broke into the jail and secured the hapless prisoner, who was hurried to the scene of the murder and hanged to the nearest convenient tree.

With the death of John Bynum the feud smouldered for several years. His only brother Jed, who was absent at the time of the lynching, moved to Texas a short time afterwards, and there were left only the widow and her four children on the small farm in the cove. It is to be supposed that the woman, who was a Bynum by blood as well as by marriage, did not fail to teach her children the catechism of vengeance; but, however this may be, hostilities were renewed as soon as the boys were old enough to follow in the footsteps of their elders.

Colonel Latimer, the Squire's son and heir, inherited little of the peace-loving temper of his father. The first time he found his fences thrown down and the cattle in his fields, he armed himself with a heavy riding-whip and went about nursing his wrath till his opportunity should arrive. Meeting Jeff Bynum in the street of Tregarthen. the indignant colonel proceeded to mete out to the younger man such a measure of chastisement as he thought the case demanded, paying for his satisfaction a few days later with a broken arm, shattered by the bullet of an ambushed enemy. This incident was conducive to another interval of peace, for two reasons: it taught the colonel that unless he were willing to adopt the unscrupulous tactics of his antagonists he was likely to lose his life in an unequal contest; and the Bynums were restrained from further immediate aggressions by a fear of some such consequences as had overtaken their father. Colonel Latimer was quite as popular in his way as had been the Squire; and there had been ominous threats of another outburst of public indignation after the breaking of the colonel's arm,—threats which were loud enough to cause the elder Bynum to disappear for a time, rumor said in Texas.

The fire of enmity, however, was never suffered to die. There were fitful bursts of flame from time to time, and fresh fuel was added when the sleepy village of Tregarthen awoke one morning to find itself the head-quarters of the Tregarthen Coal and Iron Company. All of the coal and iron land on the mountain belonged, originally, to the Latimer estate, but the Bynums had disputed with the colonel the ownership to one of the coal-veins which cropped out near the boundary of McNabb's Cove. They were defeated in the litigation that followed,

and the old feud lost none of its rancor by the decision of the courts. When its right to the McNabb vein had been established, the company had endeavored to open it; but the overhanging stratum of sandstone proved to be singularly intractable, and the further development of the vein was postponed until such time as the depth of the other workings would make it less costly to timber the McNabb tunnel. Opinions varied as to the cause of the difficulty in the McNabb. Expert mining engineers had declared that the sandstone forming the roof of the tunnel was as tenacious as that overlying the other veins, and that there was no apparent reason why it should require timbering; but the indubitable fact remained. While the work of development was in progress, the miners frequently found the labor of a week undone in a single night by a caving of the roof which filled the tunnel with broken rock. Ludlow had his own theory about these mysterious accidents, but he kept it to himself. It was suggested by the smell of black powder which he detected one morning when he was examining the débris that had fallen during the previous night. It struck him as being curious, because he knew that the miners were using dynamite; and it led to a series of casual inquiries among the dwellers in Harmony Valley nearest to the entrance to McNabb's Cove. The replies were not entirely convincing, because the nocturnal noises heard by the valley folk might have been nothing more than the concussion of the falling rock; but Ludlow heard enough to make him believe that when it became necessary to take coal from the McNabb vein a night-guard at the tunnel would possibly avert disaster more efficiently than the most elaborate system of timbering.

It was during the progress of the law-suit that Jeff Bynum returned to the farm in McNabb's Cove; and the rumor which had pointed to Texas as the objective of his migration was confirmed by his own story of his wanderings. Not contented, however, with this tribute to its veracity, gossip again busied itself with his affairs, and there were vague hints of a lawless sojourn in the Lone Star State, coupled with a still more indefinite intimation that his career in the West had termi-

nated in open crime.

One other element of discord had been added by the passing years to the Latimer side of the feud, in the person of the colonel's son Henry. The boy's mother, to whose gentle influence the fireside gossips of Tregarthen ascribe the cessation of feudal strife during her short life at "The Laurels," died while Hester and Henry were children; and the boy had early learned the lesson of vindictiveness from the lips of over-loyal servants. Uniting with a hasty and imperious temper a contempt of restraint curious in a descendant of the conservative old Virginian, his rashness became a constant menace to the precarious truce existing between the two families; and as Henry grew to manhood, the colonel was often reluctantly compelled to take the side of peace for the sake of setting an example before his son.

In the case of the daughter, education in a boarding-school, where she had spent the greater portion of her girlhood, and, later, association with the Ludlows, had done much to modify her childish ideas of feudal vengeance; but she was still enough of a partisan to be very

warm in her defence of the Latimer rights, and, in common with her brother, she could never believe that anything but vindictive malice

actuated the doings of the family in McNabb's Cove.

"Don't you think you are a little inclined to judge them harshly, my dear?" Mrs. Ludlow had once ventured to ask, when Hester had been expressing her contempt for the Bynums and everything connected with them.

"No, ma'am, I'm not. If you knew them as well as we do, you

wouldn't ask such a question."

"I don't know them at all, but from what you tell me I gather that they are poor and ignorant and that they have had much the worst of

the fight all along. Can't you be a generous enemy?"

"They never give one a chance to be generous. You've no idea how mean they are. I've heard old Aunt Betty tell how mamma tried to make peace when old Mrs. Bynum was sick. Mamma sent a basket of jellies and dainties down to the cove, and the next morning the basket and everything in it was found on our door-step, smashed into bits."

"That was certainly vindictive-and childish. Still, I think you

might forgive even that."

"It isn't a question of forgiveness. You don't understand, because you've never been brought in contact with such people. And as to their having had the worst of it, there is a question about that. They made poor grandfather Latimer's life miserable, and I shall always believe that John Bynum killed him at last. Besides that, they've always been annoying and worrying us in ways that forbid retaliation because we couldn't demean ourselves to pay them back in their own coin. No,

I don't think they've had the worst of it."

When Mrs. Ludlow reported this conversation to her husband he smiled and said, "I wouldn't meddle with that quarrel, if I were you; it's pretty deeply ingrained on both sides, and I shall be surprised if it doesn't come to a pitched battle some day. If the colonel had a suspicion of what I found out about the trouble in the McNabb tunnel, I wouldn't care to answer for the consequences; and as for Henry, it'll be a miracle if he doesn't get himself killed in the row. He has the courage of a veteran, joined to the rashness of a headstrong boy; and he's as good a hater as any of the Bynums."

"It's a great pity," rejoined peaceable Mrs. Ludlow. "It gives one an uncomfortable feeling of living over a volcano that may burst

out at any moment. Isn't there any way to put a stop to it?"

"Only one, that I can think of, and that's been tried. It occurred to me some time ago that the family in the cove might be peaceably deported if the Bynum farm could be purchased, and I suggested it to some of our people in New York, with the caution that the colonel mustn't be told of it until the purchase was a fact accomplished. They put the matter in the hands of our attorneys, and told them not to haggle about the price. I don't know how the negotiations were conducted, but I imagine the Bynums found out that the company was in the deal, and they refused point-blank to sell at any price. That settled it, and it means that they propose to stay and fight it out. There'll be a fight,

too, when we try to open the McNabb vein; and I hope we can keep the Latimers out of it."

"But you mustn't get into it yourself, Tom," interposed Mrs.

Ludlow.

Ludlow smiled grimly: "You think I wouldn't cut much of a figure as a fire-eater, don't you? Well, now, you just wait and see. When the time comes, I'll not go out of my way to pick a quarrel or to avoid one; but if those fellows interfere with the work they'll have to stand from under. And they'll find that they haven't a whole-souled, irascible, generous Southerner to deal with, either."

It was during the summer of Ringbrand's visit to Tregarthen that the question of resuming work in the abandoned tunnel came up again. Jeff Bynum heard the news in the store in the village, and he told his brother Jed when they were driving back to the cove in the evening.

"Does you-all aim to 'low hit?" asked the younger Bynum.

"Not much!—they-all done beat us out o' the coal-mine, but hit ain't gwine do them no good."

"What d'ye 'low for to do, Jeff?"

"Nev' you mind; you-all jest wait an' see. Ye can be plum shore o' one thing, though; they-all ain't nev' gwine take no coal out o' that vein."

"Don't ye reckon ol' Latimer's put 'em up to do hit?"

"I dunno, an' I don't keer; but I jest tell ye that that crowd up on the mounting's gwine to let on like they heard somethin' drap; we-all 've kep' quiet for a pretty tol'able spell, now, an' I reckon Latimer

'lows we done forgot."

"I reckon Jule wouldn't let nobody forgit; she does hate the Latimers right; but then she'd ought to,—she was big enough to ric'lect when daddy was killed." Jed Bynum was the youngest of the three brothers, and he had never quite shared the bitter animosity of the others.

"I can ric'lect on my own account, I reckon," rejoined Jeff, sullenly, a dull flush reddening his sallow cheeks. "I ain't likely to forgit the day when Latimer put the cow-hide onto me, an' I 'low he remembers 'bout the broken arm, too. I nev' could tell what made my han' shake that thar time: I didn't aim to break his arm."

"I s'pect hit's sort o' lucky ye didn't aim no better," replied Jed.

"Thar was a heap o' talk about gettin' ye for what ye did do."

The talk was interrupted by their arrival at the farm-house in the cove, but it was resumed again at the supper-table when Jule and Bud were told of the threatened resumption of work in the McNabb tunnel.

"That's some more o' Latimer's doin's, ye can jest chalk that up on the do'!" exclaimed the woman, vindictively. "Thar'll nev' be no

peace for we-all 's long as thar's ary one of 'em left!"

"Thar's like to be one more of 'em' fore they's any less, I reckon," said Jeff, making a harpoon of his fork and spearing another corn pone from the dish on the other side of the table.

"How d'ye make that out?" inquired Bud.

"I done saw a young feller a-ridin' round with the colonel, this evenin', an' when I asked Jim Dobles 'bout him he said he was

mighty thick with the Latimers,—'lowed maybe he's a-shinin' up to the gal."

"I didn't see him," said Jed. "What for kind o' lookin' feller

was he?"

"Sort o' biggitty-lookin', like he mought 've jest got out of a ban'-box; has a middlin' heavy musstache, an' wears his beard whittled down to a p'int. That's about all I notice', 'ceptin' that he looks at ye mighty hard, sort o' like a catfish. Seem like I done met up with him somewhars afore, but I cayn't ric'lect when 'r whar."

"City feller, I reckon," said Jed, with contempt in his tone.

"Oh, sure; don't believe he ever did a lick o' work in his life; don't look as if he ever did, nohow."

"I don't see what a gal like Hester Latimer 'lows to find in a

feller o' that sort," said Jed, passing his cup for more coffee.

"What do you-all know bout Hester Latimer's likes an' dislikes?" demanded his sister, pausing with the cup and coffee-pot suspended.

"A good deal less 'n nothin', I s'pose; but I've got eyes, an' I

reckon I can use 'em same 's anybody."

"Well, don't ye go an' forgit that they ain't no sheep's eyes," retorted Jule, angrily. "You ain't got no call to be th'owin' 'em round at anybody that's kin to the Latimer tribe."

A ravenous silence followed this remark, and when Bud left the table he said to Jeff, "Want to see ye bime-by; come outside when ye

get th'oo."

Jeff lighted his pipe a moment later and followed his younger brother to the barn. "What was ye wantin', Buddy?" he asked.

"'Bout that thar city feller,—don't ye reckon we-all could give him a sort of a scare that 'd run him back whar he come from?"

"I dunno. Why?"

"Oh, I jest reckoned hit'd be better. If we-all ever do what ye was talkin' bout a spell back, hit'll be some easier if they ain't so many of 'em."

"You're plum right about that; but then thar ain't nothin' shore bout what Jim Dobles was a-sayin'; he only 'lowed maybe that's what

was a-goin' on."

"That don't make no difference, nohow," argued Bud. "If he's got any fight in him, he'll stand up for his frien's, an' if we can run him out 'forehan' we're jest that much ahead. You're plum shore he

ain't a revenuer?"

"Oh, I reckon not; from what I could pick up down at the settlement, I 'lowed he's some feller that Tom Ludlow 'd knowed back in the North: he's a-stoppin' at Ludlow's now. Talkin' about revenuers, though, hit moughtn't be sich a bad idee to let on like the boys done took him for one: hit 'd sort o' make the scare come more natchel like."

The brothers smoked in silence for a few moments, and then began to discuss a plan suggested by the younger. While they talked, the stars came out one by one, and the shadows deepened in the cove until they lay black and brooding over the thickets on the sides of the mountain. With the drawing of the curtain of darkness the noises of the

night began,—the drone of the jar-fly passing with the fading light into the chirping of crickets and the shrill song of the tree-toads. Threading the irregular voices of nature with the measured pulse of human effort, the rhythmic beat of the blowing-engines at the Tregarthen furnace vibrated upon the still air; and at intervals a dull red glare appearing above the shoulder of the mountain announced the feeding-time of the fiery monster in the valley.

The brothers talked on in low tones, pausing only once, when a

shadow crossed the bare door-yard and glided toward the forest.

"Who's that?" queried Jeff, peering intently into the darkness.

"Hit's only Jed, I reckon," was the reply. "Whar's he goin' at this time o' night?"

"I dunno: goin' to soak his haid in the creek, maybe. I more 'n half believe, sometimes, that he's gettin' foolish' bout the Latimer gal: he nev' did have much sense, nohow. But, as I was a-sayin'——" And the talk dropped back into the channel from which Jed's ap-

pearance had diverted it.

The two men sat on a log behind the barn, facing the cliff at the head of the cove. Had they been gifted with the visual powers of the owl which hooted dismally from the top of a blasted oak standing in the adjacent corn-field, they might have discerned, half an hour later, a black speck zigzagging up the face of the apparently inaccessible cliff. It was Jed, and when he reached the summit just under the shadow of the tree that years before had borne such ghastly fruit, he turned his face southward and walked rapidly toward "The Laurels."

"Do you know, Mr. Ringbrand, that I've always had a persistent

and haunting impression that we've met somewhere before?"

Ringbrand was spending the evening with the Latimers as usual, and they were all sitting in the starlight on the veranda of "The Laurels."

"You mean before I came to Tregarthen, Miss Hester?"

"Yes: it might have been ages ago."

Ringbrand smiled under cover of the darkness: "Perhaps it was.

Do you believe in transmigration?"

"I think not," she answered, doubtfully. "I believe in the

creed."

"May I ask what creed?"

"I should think you'd be ashamed to, when there is only one,—or, at most, two."

"I stand corrected. Would it be heresy if I asked where I might

find the one-or two?"

"Of course not: they're in the Prayer-Book; I supposed every

one knew that."

"Going back to your impression again, do you know that I have an exactly similar one? I am almost positive that you are right. Can't you help me solve the mystery?"

"What's that you-all are talking about?" inquired the colonel, knocking the ashes from his long-stemmed pipe and crushing a dry

tobacco-leaf in the palm of his hand for a fresh charge.

"Miss Hester was just saying she thought we'd seen each other somewhere before I came to Tregarthen, and I'm almost sure she's right. We were trying to locate the time and place."

"Oh, I reckon it's just imagination," replied the colonel, packing the tobacco-dust into the bowl of the pipe. "That is, without you've

been visitin' the young ladies' schools in Vi'ginia."
"No, I haven't been doing that," said Ringbrand, laughing,

"though it would doubtless be a delightful experience."

"That would depend entirely upon your errand," interrupted Hes-"I think most of the visitors used to leave Miss Pelton's with tingling ears: they should have, if there's any truth in the old saying."

As Ringbrand was about to reply, he saw a shadow moving in the bushes a few yards distant. "What's that down there by the laurels?"

he asked, rising to get a better view.

At the question, Henry Latimer sprang from his chair and ran into the house, appearing a moment later with his rifle. As he came out, the shadow darted from the bushes and glided among the trees on the lawn. Henry saw it, and would have fired if his father had not wrested the gun from his hands. "Seems like you get less sense every day, Henry," gasped the colonel, breathlessly. "How do you know who you were going to shoot at?"

"I know well enough, and so do you," replied the young man, nonchalantly, going back to his chair and relighting his cigar. "They-

all will get you some day, if you don't get them first."

# IV.

#### A VANISHING POINT OF VIEW.

WHEN Ringbrand left the hospitable mansion on the mountain and began his two-mile walk to Tregarthen, he was distracted by more different kinds of perplexity than usually fall to the lot of a man of his temperament. The friendly footing upon which he was established at "The Laurels" gave him opportunities for constant association with Hester which had swept away all his earlier doubts as to the depth and reality of his attachment for the girl; but, assuming that he could win her,—and he was by no means sure that it was so written in the book of possibilities,—she was different enough from his ideal to demand a very disconcerting readjustment of the lines upon which he had formed his somewhat indefinite plans for a domestic future. Like most other men, he had painted for his own life a possible matrimonial background, but in this picture the colors harmonized artistically with the neutral tints of his own studious habits. There was to be a quiet home, with books and works of art, and an atmosphere of thoughtful refinement whose peaceful calm should be ruffled by no rude blasts of passion; a home which should be a small city of refuge from the din and turmoil of the strenuous battle for existence. The central figure in this ideal retreat had never been quite clearly defined, but she was to be intellectual and endowed with quick sympathy, and she was to embody the

artist's ideal of the other half of himself which should divine with sensitive intuition the subtle thread of genius in his work. A hasty review of the results of his acquaintance with Hester Latimer brought out with alarming distinctness the fact that she possessed none of the attributes of this ideal, save that, perhaps, her charming individuality made it impossible to say that she was not intellectual. She was positive and innocently self-assertive; and she had already given him a shock by a very frank and ingenuous criticism of one of his stories which had appeared in a recent number of one of the magazines. was essentially of her own day and generation; and she apparently knew little and cared still less about the subtler distinctions of motives and of character which so torment and perplex the student of his kind. Without in the least suspecting it, and being, on the contrary, quite fully resolved to keep in touch with the bristling activity of modern life, Hugh Ringbrand was already beginning to acquire the introspective habit of a closet-student; peace and quietness, and a wellselected library, seemed to comprehend the conditions most necessary to his well-being; and such an environment with the breezy personality of Hester Latimer for the central figure appeared almost laughably incongruous.

To do him full justice, Ringbrand tried very earnestly to reason his way out of the emotional tangle in which he found himself,—the more insistently, perhaps, because he felt his powers of resistance slipping away from him in a closer acquaintance with Hester. The experience of those few weeks was entirely without precedent in his well-ordered life. He had said to himself, in certain self-congratulatory moods, that he had successfully passed the age when passion usurps the place of impartial judgment; that an artist must be so far removed from the emotional side of life in his own experience as to be able to look upon it with the cool and dispassionate eye of a critical student; and up to that unlucky moment when he had seen Hester Latimer trip across the platform at Chilwanee Junction he found little difficulty in conforming to the artistic requirement. Now, however, the point of view seemed to have veered so suddenly that it left him groping in a mist of uncertainties, in which he was sure of nothing but an overwhelming desire to possess Hester; a desire which contemptuously pushed aside the arguments of reason as of no weight and quite unworthy of the smallest

consideration.

And then the incident of the evening,—the indistinct shadow in the bushes, Henry's hasty and vindictive intention, the colonel's interference, and Hester sitting unmoved through it all. What was the meaning of this warlike episode? Were such things of so little moment in the daily life of the South that they could be passed over without comment? It would appear so, since his hosts had immediately ignored the incident as though it had never been. Even Hester had been able to take up the thread of inconsequent conversation again with no visible sign of perturbation or embarrassment. What was the reason for Henry's sudden and savage wrath? Could the intruder have been a common marauder of chicken-coops, or was he a sneak thief hoping to find the house unoccupied because there were no lights?

The sinister meaning in Henry's careless reply answered these questions before they had taken shape. Could it be possible that the Latimers were involved in one of the cruel vendettas about which he had heard and read?—was that what Hester meant when she said her own family had not escaped? And following closely upon the heels of the latter question came another: if he should enter the family, would he be expected to bear a part in any such irregular warfare? No, that was not quite the way to state it; say, rather, could he reasonably hope to hold the respect and affection of his wife upon any other condition?

The night was cool, and the light air sweeping up the side of the mountain was grateful and refreshing after the heat of the day, and yet Ringbrand grew uncomfortably warm as the inevitable conclusion placed itself like a gigantic exclamation-point at the end of his theories. The possession of physical courage in his own proper person is not a necessary qualification for the writer of stories. It is true that he must recognize its existence, and he must be upon sufficiently intimate terms with its outward presentments to be able to imbue his heroes with a proper degree of contempt for their personal safety; beyond this, the exigencies of the art demand nothing, and the artist himself may be the most humble votary of the goddess of common sense. Some such thought as this came to Ringbrand as he made his way down the mountain. The successive scenes of his uneventful life passed in review like the pictures of a retrospective panorama. Now that he thought of it, he saw that all of his lines of conduct had been drawn well upon the hither side of personal antagonisms,—that he had always been averse to anything approaching an arbitrament of force. With wellmeaning sophistry, he had argued himself into the belief that a contempt for mere physical courage was a part of the thoughtful man's protest against brutality and the unconvincing logic of appeals to physical superiority; but he remembered, with a sharp little sting of mortification, that these fine-spun theories had been swept aside like cobwebs on the few occasions when he had been brought face to face with personal danger. It was not necessary to go far for an example; a flush of shame glowed in his face when he recalled the small fit of terror that had seized him but an hour before, when he had stood helplessly watching Henry trying to get the dodging shadow within the range of his rifle.

After that, his thoughts kept him but indifferent company for the rest of his walk, and he reached Tregarthen, and his room at the Ludlows', without having arrived at any more definite conclusion than a determination to ask his friend for an explanation of the incident at "The Laurels," and to get therewith so much of the Latimer history

as Ludlow might be able to recite.

The latter enlightened him, cheerfully, on their way to the furnace the next morning. "That was probably one of the Bynums," he said; "though why he should risk his skin at such close quarters I can't imagine. They're a bad lot, though,—equal to almost anything, I'm afraid."

"Who are the Bynums, and why——But don't make me pull it out of you by littles: tell me the whole story."

"Is it possible that you've been in Tregarthen all this time and haven't yet heard of the Latimer-Bynum feud?"

"It's more than possible; it's a fact."

"Well, it's a long story, but I'll condense it for you. Old Squire Latimer, the colonel's father, was instrumental in bringing one of a former generation of the Bynums to justice for the murder of a revenue officer. Since that time there's been a running fight between the two families; the Squire had his house burned, and subsequently lost his life, presumably at the hands of the father of the present family of Bynums. I qualify because there seems to be a little doubt about the murder part, now, although the Squire's neighbors were well enough satisfied to hang John Bynum by the summary process of lynch-law. Of course the row couldn't be expected to end with a single lynching, and when the boys grew up they began on the colonel. I believe he horsewhipped one of them and got a broken arm for his pains; that was a good "mile ago, but the feud has lost none of its bitterness with It's been stirred up in my time by a law-suit over the McNabb coal vein, which is situated on a part of the colonel's estate, but was claimed by the family in the cove. Of course the colonel—or rather the company, in this instance—won the law-suit, and that didn't help matters any. We tried to open the coal vein afterwards, and it's my private opinion that the Bynum boys destroyed the working as fast as we developed it."

"What a frightful story of lawlessness!"

"It is rather savage, when you come to think of it, isn't it?

And we haven't seen the end of it yet by several lives, I'm afraid."

"But won't the law protect the colonel in the defence of his

rights?"

"It—or public indignation—would avenge his death very promptly, but in regard to the other, you'll remember that you must first catch your hare; these fellows don't go around with a brass band announcing their intentions."

"Still, I should think it would be easy enough to get evidence

against them."

"Do you?—then suppose you try it. That's a bright idea, Hugh; you're interested in the family fortunes, and you haven't anything else on your mind. Just turn in and get evidence enough to hang these three Bynum boys, and I'll guarantee the colonel will give you Hester out of hand."

"I?-God forbid!" replied Ringbrand, turning pale. "My gifts

don't lie in that direction."

Ludlow glanced at his friend with a look of mingled curiosity and concern: "I was wondering if you'd changed any, Hugh; you used to be a peaceable sort of fellow in college: I can't imagine you in the role of a fire-eater."

"Go on and say the rest of it," said Ringbrand, bitterly; "you can't imagine me as an adopted member of a fire-eating family. Well,

I don't blame you; I can't do it myself."

"I shouldn't have put it in any such uncharitable form," responded Ludlow, reflectively, "but, since you've mentioned it, I'll say what's

been in my mind ever since you told me what brought you to Tregarthen. Hester Latimer's husband will have to do one of two things,—help fight the family battles, or refuse to have anything to do with them. The first may cost him his life, and the last will be very sure to cost him his happiness. I'm no hand to meddle, as you know, Hugh, but it's well enough to consider these things before it's too late."

"That's the pity of it, Tom," replied Ringbrand, quietly; "I'm afraid it's too late now. I realized two things pretty clearly last night: one was that life without Hester wouldn't be worth living, and the other was that I'd rather die than have her find me out for what I am."

"That's putting it rather harshly; you haven't any good reason for

thinking that you are-"

"A coward—say it, Tom; I ought to be able to bear the truth, and that is the truth. I know it; I've known it all along, only I've been trying to make myself believe it wasn't so. That's was at the bottom of all those little things you remember in the university days; you don't know how I despise myself when I think of it all."

"No, I don't remember anything but what I said a moment ago,-

that you were always a peaceable sort of fellow."

"That isn't it; it's one thing to be peaceable from principle, and quite another to be restrained by a wholesome fear of consequences. It's always been the latter with me; I can look back over my life and see how I've been continually dodging. When I was a little fellow, the fear of a whipping was the strongest incentive to good behavior, and the same argument has held good ever since. You know that, Tom, if you'd only admit it."

"No, I don't know anything of the kind," protested Ludlow.

"Well, it's true. You remember that affair with Turnbull in the last year,—when he went out of his way to insult me. You took occasion to praise my self-control, but I want to tell you now that it was the merest sham; I was afraid to resent it, and that's the truth."

"Nonsense!" retorted Ludlow; "you did just right not to demean

yourself by fighting with a cub of an under-graduate."

"I'm not arguing about that—it's the motive; it was cowardice, pure and simple: there's no other name for it. What are you laugh-

ing at?"

"It's amusing to hear you vilify yourself. But seriously, Hugh, this is a crisis that's got to be met. I take your word for it that you're properly in love with Hester Latimer; if she does you the honor to return your affection—which, I take it, is not yet a foregone conclusion—why, you're a lucky fellow, and you should be thankful enough to fight her battles, and those of her father and brother, if need be. It may not require such a phenomenal degree of physical courage, but it'll ask for some of the moral variety; and there's always a wide possibility that it'll demand both in heroic proportions. If I were in your place, I should fight the battle beforehand; then, if you find you're not going to be up to it, the honorable thing is to pull out while the girl is yet fancy free. That's pretty straight talk; but you know me of old, and you have invited frankness."

They were nearing the furnace-yard, and Ringbrand did not reply until they reached the gate; then he grasped Ludlow's hand and pressed it warmly: "You're a good friend, Tom: I'll think it over and try to do as you advise. Only if I can't, bring myself up to the mark, you mustn't be surprised if I should drop out unexpectedly. I

don't believe I could face you or Mrs. Ludlow after that."

"Thinking it over" asked for solitude and quiet surroundings; and after leaving Ludlow, Ringbrand walked on up the valley, skirting the base of the mountain until he came to a rough cart-road leading toward the summit. He took it because it plunged into the forest and offered shade; and after that he paid little attention to direction or distance until he found himself standing before what appeared to be an abandoned mine. The mouth of the opening was choked up with broken timbers and masses of rock, and on a board nailed to a tree growing out of a crevice just above the tunnel arch he read "McNabb Tunnel, T. C. & I. Co." The name brought back Ludlow's story of the feud and the law-suit, and he examined the place with awakening interest. From the small cleared space in front of the working he could see the extent of the cove with its shelving sides pitching down toward the yellow fields in the centre; and, as there was but one house in sight in the bowl-like depression, he concluded at once that it was the home of the Bynums. Turning again to the tunnel, he found that by scrambling over the pile of débris in the entrance he could reach a place where the height of the excavation permitted him to stand upright; and when his eyes became accustomed to the dim half-light, he looked about him with the observant curiosity of one who sees latent possibilities for the collecting of literary material from the most commonplace surroundings. There was little to be seen save the ragged walls of coal and a few rusty mining tools; the heading stopped abruptly about thirty feet from the entrance, and the excavation was a mere irregular gap in the edge of the thick seam of coal. While he was examining a miner's lamp which he found sticking in a crevice, he felt a breath of cold air which seemed to come from above, and, looking up, he saw a narrow rift in the sandstone roof of the tunnel from which the draught appeared to issue. Lighting the lamp and thrusting it up into the aperture on the end of a stick, he could see that the rift widened above the opening and that it extended indefinitely into the mountain at right angles to the direction of the tunnel. The opportunities for further exploration seemed promising, and Ringbrand, yielding to an inquisitive impulse, drew himself up into the crevice by the help of a coalpick. By the smoky flare of the lamp he could see that he was standing in a natural tunnel of considerable height, running crosswise of the coal-working and communicating with it by the aperture through which he had entered. As it was evident that the latter opening was artificial or accidental, he determined to ascertain if there were any other means of egress from the cavern. Turning to the left, the exploration came shortly to an end against a wall of broken rock and detritus which completely filled the crevice; retracing his steps, he pushed forward in the opposite direction, meeting with no obstacle for a considerable distance. The cleft was of irregular width, but its walls were perpen-

dicular and smooth, rising above his head until their outlines were lost in the gloom. At several points they approached each other so nearly that he had some difficulty in squeezing through; but after the passage of one of the narrowest of these rocky straits he came out into a larger chamber, in which the murky darkness was diluted by a thin stream of sunlight filtering through a hole in the roof. He stood gazing upward at the small aperture far above, and wondered if it could be used as an entrance without the help of a rope ladder; the question had scarcely taken shape before its answer appeared in the form of a double row of rude niches cut in the wall and running in irregular lines up to the gash in the roof. In the fine damp sand at his feet he saw the imprint of a man's boot, and there were many more of them just beyond it. The explorer examined them carefully, and then sat down upon a rock to classify his findings. "I wonder if I haven't stumbled upon something that'll help Ludlow out?" he mused. "This is evidently an entrance to the coal-mine that he doesn't know about. It's quite clear that it has been used, too, and some one has taken a deal of trouble to I wonder if there's any other way out of the place? make it available. I suppose there isn't."

He rose and walked across the chamber to the point where the crevice appeared to continue its way into the mountain. There was a narrow slit showing that the cleft extended still farther, but the contracted passage was only a few inches in width. Fastening the hook of the lamp upon one of the points of the pick, he pushed the light into the crevice as far as he could reach, and by this means was able to discern the dim outlines of another chamber similar to the one in which he was standing. In moving the light about to get a better view, the lamp tumbled off and rolled out of reach; and in endeavoring to recover it with the pick, the point of the latter became so firmly fixed in a crack in the rock that he was unable to extricate it. "That was a bright thing to do," he said, pausing to wipe the perspiration from his forchead. "I suppose it would have been all the same if my life had depended upon that trumpery excuse for a light. Fortunately, I can

get out either way without it."

He elected to go back by the way he had come, and when he was once more in the open air he found that he had just time to walk back to Tregarthen before dinner. On the way down the mountain he debated with himself as to whether it were best to tell Ludlow of his discovery at once. There was no apparent reason why he should not do so, but he argued that there was also no occasion for haste; a delay of a few days could make no difference, and in that time he might be able to gather additional information which would fit into the discovery and so make it more valuable. Taking this view of the matter, he determined to say nothing to Ludlow about the existence of the crevice-cave; and in reaching this conclusion he forged the first link in a chain that was to bind him at a time when he would have given life itself for an hour of freedom.

Passing the furnace on his way to the village, he called for Ludlow, and they walked home together. In answer to his friend's question, Ringbrand replied that he had spent the forenoon on the mountain.

"I've been thinking about the story you told me this morning," he added. "Can't you give me more of the details?"

"About the feud, you mean?"

'Yes."

Ludlow complied by giving a minute account of the rise and progress of the vendetta, repeating his suspicions about the agency of the Bynums in retarding the work on the McNabb.

"What reasons have you for suspecting them?" asked Ringbrand.

"No one else had any motive for interfering with us; and I am sure that some one blew down the roof of the tunnel more than once."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"I saw the marks of the blasts, and I smelled black powder; our workmen were using nothing but dynamite. Besides, I questioned some of the people living in the valley near the McNabb, and several of them had heard the explosions."

"Did you have the tunnel guarded at night?"

"No; I didn't reach any conclusion about it until just as we had decided to abandon the work. When we begin again—as I expect to within a few days—I shall leave a watchman up there at night."

"The place will ask for a brave man."

"I can find one," rejoined Ludlow, cheerfully. "Don't you want the job?"

"I'm afraid I shouldn't be of much use; but I'll take it if you

89 V SO.

Ludlow looked incredulous: "That doesn't sound much like the

line you took this morning."

"No, I know it doesn't; but perhaps I'm a little like the man who wanted a drink of whiskey in order to ascertain what effect it would have on him. I've tried moral suasion on my weakness until I'm convinced there's no virtue in that kind of treatment, and it has occurred to me that a heroic dose of carnage may be what is needed."

"It may be, but I shouldn't go around hunting for the occasion, if

I were you," replied Ludlow, holding the gate open.

"Perhaps I'll not have to," said Ringbrand, as they entered the house. "Possibly the occasion will hunt me."

#### v.

# A VENTURESOME VISIT.

ľ

te

THE preliminary lines of Mrs. Ludlow's match-making campaign had been drawn with such slight difficulty that the small conspirator began to think there would be no occasion for a go-between. Ringbrand's hospitable welcome by the colonel, and the easy facility with which he ingratiated himself at "The Laurels," left little to be desired; and his infatuation was so very evident that it needed nothing in the way of encouragement. Since his side of the case was beyond the need of prompting, Mrs. Ludlow directed her efforts toward trying to ascertain his standing with Hester,—a praiseworthy endeavor which the young girl appeared to take a perverse delight in frustrating. At

one time she would praise him with such outspoken frankness that its very unreserve was a most discouraging symptom; at another she would criticise him in a manner that was equally disheartening. She had ridden down to spend the day with Mrs. Ludlow on the morning following Ringbrand's introspective journey down the mountain; and on that occasion she would allow no word of commendation to pass unchallenged.

"Oh, I don't deny that he's a pleasant companion," she said, in answer to one of Mrs. Ludlow's warm eulogiums. "He could be that

and much more without being a genius."

"But don't you think his literary work is good?" asked her hostess,

with a shade of deprecation in her voice.

"I don't like it much; he's too abstruse and analytical. I never did like an author who insists upon taking his characters to pieces as if they were watches to be repaired."

"What an idea! I'm sure Hugh never thought of doing such a

thing.

"He may not think of it, but he does it just the same. Take that last story in the *Miscellany*; he covers two whole pages trying to tell why Mary doesn't love Horace, when it's perfectly clear that she does love him; and he does it just at the time when you're positively dying to find out what has become of the hero. It's enough to make one skip everything but his conversations."

"What a merciless critic you are, Hester!"

"I'm not a critic at all, but I know what pleases me in a story; and that's one of the things that doesn't." She went to the piano and ran through a brilliant fantasia while Mrs. Ludlow tried in vain to think of something else to urge in behalf of the much-abused author.

"Then there's another thing I don't like about his stories," resumed Hester, whirling around on the piano-stool. "That's the way he deliberately takes off the top of a character's head so that you can see what the person is thinking about. It's perfectly ridiculous; and I told him so the other evening."

"Why, Hester, that was almost vindictive!"

"No, it wasn't; he invited it, and then tried to defend himself on the score of being explicit. I told him he ought to give his readers credit for at least half a grain of penetration."

"What did he say to that?"

"He covered his retreat with a well-turned compliment about all readers not being so discriminating as—as some others."

Mrs. Ludlow smiled: "I believe he is quite popular."

"Oh, I don't doubt that in the least. I'm only speaking for myself. I like a story with a good strong motive and plenty of life in it; I can go to church when I want to hear sermons."

"Hester, you are actually shrewish this morning. One would think, to hear you talk, that Mr. Ringbrand had mortally offended you."

"He has, in a way; he has spoiled all my pretty fancies about authors. I thought they were a superior race, and here the very first one I meet is simply a well-bred gentleman, who reminds you of all the correct qualities of his characters. I think it's too bad."

Vol. LIV .- 30

"It certainly is too bad when you can find nothing worse than that to say against him," replied Mrs. Ludlow. "I was in hopes you would

like him."

"I do like him, but I'd adore him if he wasn't quite so correct," rejoined Hester, mischievously. "Just think how delightful it would be if he would only do something dreadfully wicked or absurd,—just the very thing one of his handsome heroes wouldn't do."

"You're quite too incorrigible, Hester. I'm not going to say another word. Here comes Mr. Ringbrand with Tom, now, and I shall

let him fight his own battles."

At the dinner-table the conversation turned upon Ringbrand's stroll on the mountain.

"Where did you go, Mr. Ringbrand?" asked Hester.

"I'm hardly familiar enough with localities around here to know, but I think I went as far as McNabb's Cove."

"Then you saw the home of our hereditary enemies," she said. "Did you notice a log house in the bottom of the cove?"

"I did."

"I've been telling Hugh the history of the feud," said Ludlow: "he threatens to write it up.

"Why, Ludlow! you know I never hinted at such a thing.—Miss

Hester, I hope you won't believe anything that he says."

"I'm not at all afraid of your putting the feud into a story," replied Hester, with an air of conviction.

Ringbrand could not let well enough alone, and he asked, "Why?" "Because the characters are all too dreadfully impulsive and natural. You couldn't possibly tone them down into correctness, if you were to try ever so hard."

Ludlow laughed uproariously: "You don't know how much good that does me, Hester. I've been telling Hugh all along that he didn't

know the first principles of story-writing."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should say that," responded the girl, changing front with an easy facility that made Mrs. Ludlow catch her breath. "I think Mr. Ringbrand's stories are perfectly delightful. I only meant that he wouldn't care to use such rough materials.

Ringbrand glanced up gratefully and saw Mrs. Ludlow trying to look reproachfully at Hester; then the unconventionality of it a! appealed to him like the turning of a new leaf in the book of experience, and he laughed pleasantly. "Do you know it's quite charming to hear one's self discussed in open meeting?" he said. "In all my life I've never heard so much frank criticism as Miss Latimer and Tom have given me in the last few weeks. It's decidedly refreshing, after half a lifetime of meaningless praise on one hand, set off by an equal amount of spiteful abuse on the other. I'll give fair warning now, though, that I mean to turn the tables some fine day, and you'll hear me telling Ludlow how to run an iron-furnace, and-

"And Miss Latimer how to hold her tongue," interrupted Hester,

"Indeed, I wasn't going to say any such ungallant thing," protested Ringbrand.

"You might as well say it as to think it," rejoined Hester, meekly.
"I know I shall catch myself looking for an impertinent young woman

in all your future stories."

After that the talk drifted back to the feud, and Hester related the incident of the evening before. "I suppose it must have been one of the Bynums," she concluded; "though I can't imagine what his object could have been."

"Perhaps it was Uncle Ephraim after a chicken," suggested Mrs.

Ludlow.

"Uncle Eph wouldn't come around the front of the house when there were four of us sitting on the veranda," replied Hester.

"May I ask to be introduced to Uncle Ephraim?" inquired Ring-

brand.

"You've met him," said Ludlow; "'yes, sah, please, sah, t'ank yo', sah.'"

"Oh! the old fellow who carried my valises up from the train. Why, I've seen a good deal of him, and he seems to be quite above chicken-stealing. I believe I'd trust him with my pocket-book."

"You could do that safely enough; he'd bring it back; but that isn't saying he wouldn't borrow a fat chicken if Providence threw one in his way. Uncle Eph is as honest as the day is long, but he'll bear watching after dark," replied Ludlow. "However, I agree with Hester: the intruder wasn't a vagrant or a chicken-thief."

"No," said Hester; "I suppose it was one of the Bynum boys; and I wanted to ask you, Mr. Ludlow, if there had been any new developments lately; I can't get anything out of father or Henry."

"Nothing that I know of, except—well, yes; we've decided to begin work again on the McNabb vein, but I don't see how that could account for your visitor; that's distinctly a company affair, now."

"You may be very sure they won't consider it so. I'm afraid it will mean a return to the old days of cut clothes-lines, and broken

fences, and border warfare generally."

Ringbrand looked shocked, and Ludlow replied, gravely, "We won't have that, at any cost. I wish there were some way of getting evidence against them."

"Can it be possible that there have been no witnesses to any of

their depredations?" asked Ringbrand.

"Oh, I suppose there are a few, only they won't testify, and I don't know that I blame them much; I'd go on the witness-stand myself, if I were morally sure of a conviction, but otherwise it would be risky enough. It takes a heroic love of justice for its own sake to make a man willing to incur the enmity of such people as the Bynums."

"What would be necessary to convict them?"

"The testimony of one or more reliable eye-witnesses, or a chain of

circumstantial evidence that could not be easily broken."

Ludlow's bantering suggestion that he should turn detective came to Ringbrand with a sober meaning in the light of the threatened danger to the Latimers, and in connection with his discovery of the crevice-cave. He saw his opportunity, and how a braver man would have

turned it to account; a dozen plans for entrapping the criminals flashed through his mind, but they all asked for more or less personal courage on the part of the person who should execute them. Of course there was the alternative that he could efface himself by turning his information over to those who would make use of it; but Ringbrand was only human, and he had already learned enough of Hester's character to make him fear that she might suspect his motive in shifting the responsibility. As a matter of fact, he did her an injustice in this; but when cowardice, or venality, or vice, or any other human weakness or wickedness once undermines the fortress of character, there are many uncanny shapes standing ready to slip unnoticed through the breach.

After they had left the dinner-table he excused himself, and spent the early part of the afternoon in wandering aimlessly about the village, trying to devise some scheme which offered a compromise between his weakness and his determination to win Hester's approbation; and with the planning came that curiously insistent urging which finds a parallel in the desire to see how near one can creep to the brink of a precipice without being overbalanced. It is the quality which often leads a timorous man to attempt that which would make a brave one hesitate, and when Ringbrand finally yielded to its importunity he turned his steps toward the road he had taken in the forenoon.

The shadows of the western cliffs were beginning their evening march down the sloping sides of McNabb's Cove, and the hush of the summer afternoon brooded over the picturesque landscape of the narrow valley. Bud Bynum's dog, lying in the shadow of the barn, arose yawning, made a canine obeisance, and cocked one ear toward the road leading up from Harmony Valley. That his acute sense was not at fault was presently proved by the appearance of a man approaching the farm-house, and he began to bark furiously at the intruder. Jule Bynum, coming to the door to find out what had aroused the dog's anger, saw a pleasant-faced young man standing at the gate, and she stepped into the yard and spoke sharply to the barking cur. Ringbrand looked up at the sound of her voice, and found himself confronted by a middle-aged woman with unkempt hair and sallow face, whose high cheek-bones and flashing black eyes made him wonder if there were not Indian blood in her veins. He touched his hat and opened the gate. "I stopped to ask if you could give me a drink of water," he said.

Politeness is rarely wasted, even on the most unpromising subject, and there was something in the nature of the woman that responded unconsciously to the touch of kindly deference in his voice and manner. "I reckon ye can have a drink," she said, leading the way to the house. The water-bucket was empty, and as she took it up she pointed to a bench in the passage: "Set down that a minute, an' I'll go fetch some from the spring."

"I wouldn't trouble you to do that. Show me where to go, and I'll

get it."

"Oh, I reckon ye couldn't find hit," she answered, "an', anyways,

ye'd be plum shore to get hit riled. Jest set down; I'll be back in a minute."

She went down the path and crossed the road, pausing a moment to glance sharply toward the valley before disappearing in the thicket of willows surrounding the spring. When she returned, Ringbrand drank deeply and lifted his hat as he thanked her.

"That ain't nothin'," she said. "Thar's a plenty o' water in the

cove. Ye didn't come plum up yere to get a drink, did ye?"

Ringbrand laughed easily: "No, I can't say that I did; I am just

tramping around to amuse myself."

The woman looked at him suspiciously. "You city fellers have tol'able little sense," she said, slowly. "'Pears like ye'd know better'n to come a-pryin' round McNabb's Cove."

"Why should I know better?" asked Ringbrand. "I don't see

how it can hurt any one."

"Thar's them that mought hurt you-all, if they found you yere. You're the man that's stoppin' at Tom Ludlow's, ain't ye?"

"Yes."

"I knowed hit, the minute I sot eyes on ye——" she hesitated, and seemed to be weighing her words. "I ain't got no call to be helpin' you-all, but I don't believe ye're in with the rest of 'em; ye don't look like hit. But that thar won't help ye none, less'n ye stay at home an' min' yer own business. I 'low ye done heard the story 'bout the dog't got hisself killed 'cause he didn't have no better sense than to run with the wolves?"

"Yes, I've heard it."

"Well, I hain't got nothin' more to say, 'ceptin' that hit's gettin'

late an' ye'd better be trampin'. Jest wait a minute."

She disappeared in the house and came out again in a moment with a sun-bonnet drawn over her head. "Thar's a short-cut over the shoulder o' the mounting, an' I 'low ye'd better take hit: ye'll be a heap less liker to meet up with folks that 'd ask ye a sight more questions 'n what I have. Come on."

She entered the forest at the rear of the house, and Ringbrand followed her in silence. Half-way up the mountain they came to an indistinct trail which led them by many devious windings to the base of the cliffs, and, skirting these, Ringbrand found himself, for the second time that day, standing on the small plateau at the mouth of the McNabb tunnel.

"That's yer way," said Jule, indicating the road leading to the valley. "Jest keep straight on till ye get down the mounting; ye

cayn't miss hit, nohow."

Ringbrand lifted his hat again: "I'm sure I thank you very much;

it's good of you to take so much trouble on my account."

"Nev' mind 'bout that; but you-all take my advice an' don't come prowlin' round this yere cove no more. Yer p'liteness moughtn't get ye out ag'in, nex' time."

She turned abruptly and left him to make his way back to Tregarthen, and neither of them saw the parting of the bushes at the top of the cliff through which a pair of malevolent eyes watched their move-

ments. Before starting on his homeward walk, a sudden impulse prompted Ringbrand to climb once more into the abandoned coal-The place was darker, now that the sun had gone behind the mountain, and it was some time before he could see well enough to make out the dim outlines of the interior; when he was able to do so, he saw that the hole in the roof had disappeared. He lighted a match, and, on finding the place, discovered that the aperture had been plugged from above with a fragment of stone which fitted accurately enough to make it appear to be only one of the rough inequalities of the tunnel When he realized that this had been done since his visit of a few hours before,-that those who did it might even now be in the upper gallery, or hidden in the dusky shadows near at hand,—a very panic of terror seized him, and he thought he should suffocate before he could struggle out into the open air again. Once outside of the tunnel, he fled down the rough mountain road, never looking behind him or stopping to take breath until he was half-way to the valley; then the stimulus of fear suddenly left him, and he sat down upon a fallen tree, covering his face with his hands and wishing, in his shame and humiliation, that he had never been born. He stayed there until the lengthening shadows warned him that evening was approaching, and then, pulling himself together, he rose, and went slowly back to Tregarthen. It was nearly dark when he reached the village, and he found Mrs. Ludlow sitting on the veranda.

"I'm proud of you, Mr. Ringbrand," she said, as he came up the steps; "you don't deserve to be helped. I persuaded Hester to stay to tea and had it all arranged that you were to see her safely home; and you had to go and spoil it all by staying away! Where in the

world have you been?"

"I am very sorry to have failed you. I took a long walk and went farther than I intended to. I hope Miss Latimer did not have to go back alone?" Ringbrand's voice was grave, and his tone was submissively apologetic.

"No; Tom went up with her," replied Mrs. Ludlow, going before him into the dining-room and lighting the lamp. "I'm afraid you won't get much for supper," she added, sitting down to pour his tea.

"More than I need-or deserve," he said, making a brave effort to

simulate an appetite for the belated meal.

Mrs. Ludlow, sitting opposite, noticed that he ate next to nothing; and she saw that something was troubling him. They were old friends, and had been well acquainted in the days when Ringbrand was a struggling apprentice in the literary workshop and Ludlow a small-salaried clerk in an engineering office. "What is it, Hugh?" she asked, with kindly sympathy: "is it anything about Hester?"

"No; that is, it is nothing that she has said or done."
"Won't you tell me about it? Perhaps I could help you."

"I can't tell you now," he replied, pushing his chair back at the sound of Ludlow's step on the veranda. "I don't feel equal to talking to-night, and I hope you'll excuse me if I go to my room; I know it's ungracious, but I'm in deeper trouble than you imagine. Perhaps I can tell you all about it, some day."

She gave him permission, and stepped before him with delicate tact to enable him to go up-stairs without meeting her husband. When he reached his room he dropped wearily into a chair and lighted a cigar; when it was burned out he went methodically to work packing his valises. "It's the only thing there is to do," he mused, "and it's a proper sequel to the thing, anyhow. I don't see why I couldn't have been born with a little blood in my veins instead of weak tea or ditchwater; but I wasn't, and I suppose that's the end of it. By Jove! I believe I'd be willing to change identities with the most ignorant of my forefathers, dirt, peat-smoke, bad whiskey, bare legs, and all, if I could only have a dash of the brute courage along with the rest. Bah! it makes me sick to think of it; and just as I was beginning to believe there might be a chance for me!"

When the packing was finished, he sat down to write a letter to Hester; beginning half a dozen and ending by tearing them all up. "That would be acting only half the man," he said. "I can write her a line from New York, thanking her for her hospitality and regretting that I could not see her again. I have no reason to suppose that she cares, yet, and she need never know what it costs me to leave her."

Having completed his preparations, he was anxious to be gone; but, as there was no train until noon of the next day, he was obliged to wait with what patience he could summon, and he went to sleep thinking that he would spend the forenoon with Ludlow, telling him of his intended departure and giving him the facts of his discoveries in the abandoned mine.

#### VI.

## AN UNPREMEDITATED DEPARTURE.

THOSE who ought to know most about such matters point out the mutability of things terrestrial by showing that the change in position of a single grain of sand may determine the course of a mighty river, or that a chance rain-drop trickling down the face of a cliff may mark the line of erosion which shall eventually cut the mountain in twain. If these illustrations prove the subjection of the elements to the universal rule of change, examples are not wanting to show that the same law governs with equal authority in the domain of human affairs.

Ringbrand went down-stairs the next morning fully determined to carry out his programme of the previous evening, and he told Ludlow at the breakfast-table that he would spend the forenoon at the furnace with him. As they were leaving the house together, the colonel overtook them in his buggy and invited Ringbrand to go with him on a drive across the valley to look at a horse which was for sale, promising to get him back to the company's office before noon. There was no good reason for refusing, and the colonel was hospitably insistent; Ludlow added his word, and the upshot of the matter was that the superintendent went to his office alone, while his guest departed upon an excursion which was to demonstrate anew the futility of human plans and purposes.

Making due allowance for the fact that Ringbrand was upon the eye

of taking a step which involved the renunciation of the woman he loved. he was less uncompanionable than he might have been. Their route took them over the wooded knolls in the main valley, and each rise in the road brought out new beauties of the landscape. At the top of the highest of the hills the colonel stopped and pointed out the winding course of the Harmony River, its bends and reaches etched among the fields in a sinuous pathway of silver mist, ruffled by the sun into fleecy waves of translucent pearl. In the middle distance, and about half-way from Tregarthen to the river, a group of Lombardy poplars crowned one of the knolls overlooking the valley to the southward, and the colonel indicated the small hill with a comprehensive gesture which included the cultivated fields surrounding it. "That's the Manor Farm," he said, "and the old square house stood in thah among the popla's. My father raised it in the second yeah after he moved down from Vi'ginia, and it was a mighty comfo'table old mansion,-mighty comfo'table, seh. If you've been in any of the old Vi'ginia plantation homes, you'll know about what sort o' place it was."

"I have passed through Virginia," replied Ringbrand, "and I think I know the type. They certainly look comfortable from the outside, and they give one an idea of stability which is decidedly

refreshing in this age of architectural shams."

"Yes, seh, they do that; strong and solid, like a man was buildin' for his child'en and grandchild'en. The old Manor House was built that-a-way; beams and timbers of solid oak, dressed down with the broadaxe. It was a long time a-burnin'."

"I don't wonder your father didn't rebuild it," said Ringbrand, reflectively. "The associations would always have been painful."

The colonel looked surprised: "I hope you don't allow that he went up on the mountain for that reason! No, seh; he had a better one. Old Doc Rainsfo'd talked right encouragin' about the mountain air for my mother—she was always mighty po'ly in the valley. I reckon the change did help her some," he added, thoughtfully, "but she never did

pick up after that mo'nin' when they cyar'd father home."

Colonel Latimer pulled the horses into the road again, and they drove on in silence. The reference to the feud brought Ringbrand back to things present, and the thought that he should not see Hester again had a sharper sting as the time of his departure came nearer. He recalled the little incidents of their acquaintance, and tried to get some comfort out of the belief that her heart was still in her own keeping, and that the pain of renunciation was going to be his and not hers. The glance backward at the pleasant hours spent at the home of the Latimers reminded him that it would be ungracious to go away without making some acknowledgment of the colonel's kindness, and he wondered how he could manage it without betraying his plans for immediate Fortunately, the colonel himself opened the way by asking him to become a guest at "The Laurels." "I told Tom Ludlow. day befo' veste'day, that he was actin' mighty mean about it, and he said he reckoned they-all could send you to us for a spell."

"I'm sure that's very good of you, colonel, and I thank you, both for the invitation and for your many kindnesses to me since I came to

Tregarthen: you certainly haven't let me feel that I was a stranger among you. I assure you, I would gladly accept the hospitality of 'The Laurels' if—if my time were wholly my own; as it is not, I shall have to ask you to excuse me. I really ought to be in New York now."

"Well, I'm right sorry for that—'deed I am," replied the colonel;
"I sort o' got the idea from Tom that you'd stay down here and make

us a right good visit."

"I have stayed now longer than I should," rejoined Ringbrand, making a mental reservation as to the reasons. "As you probably know, I depend upon my work for my living, and I can't afford to neglect it for very long at a time."

The colonel laughed: "'Pears to me like youh work could be done 'most anywhere; we-all 've got a mighty quiet place up on the mountain, and I'm right sure Hester could set you out with pen, ink, and

paper."

"There's no end to your hospitality, colonel," replied Ringbrand, smiling at the thought of literary work in the house with Hester. "I suppose you'd be quite willing to have me turn 'The Laurels' into a workshop; and I almost wish I could take you at your word, selfish as it would be. It would scarcely be possible, though; I shouldn't know

how to work if I were out of reach of the printer's boy."

They had left the main road in the vaîley, and were descending a steep hill to a ford in the river. The driving was difficult, and the colonel gave his entire attention to the horses as they slid down the rocky declivity, talking to them as if they understood his explicit directions: "So-o, now, there, Tolliver—there's a right smart chunk o' rock just ahead of you—step around it, my boy. You Jane! never-you mind about Tolliver; just pick up your own feet a little higher. Steady, now."

"You have pretty rough roads around here," began Ringbrand,

bracing himself into the seat. "I should think-"

The interruption was an ominous snap, and the horses stopped. "That sounded mighty like something broke," said the colonel, and they alighted and looked the carriage over carefully. "Yes, here it is, for sure," he continued: "tongue's broke off right here."

They examined the fracture, and Ringbrand suggested wrapping it

in splints with one of the halter-straps.

"I reckon it wouldn't hold," said the colonel, "but we can try it."

They spent some time trying to put the suggestion into practice, succeeding finally in making a clumsy splice, which the first pull of the horses disjointed hopelessly. "It's no use, Mr. Ringbrand," said the colonel; "we're in for it; there's nothing like a blacksmith-shop this side o' Tregarthen."

Ringbrand looked at his watch and saw that it was half-past ten.

"How far are we from the village, colonel?" he asked.

"About eight mile, I reckon."

That settled the question of departure for that day, and Ringbrand was annoyed to find himself feeling rather jubilant than disappointed over the unavoidable delay. He helped the colonel unhitch, and after

an hour's hard work they got the broken buggy to the top of the hill, where they left it at the side of the road and walked back to the nearest

farm-house, leading the horses.

Since the colonel knew nearly every one in the valley, it followed that they had only to mention their need to obtain the hospitality and assistance of the farmer, who lent them an antiquated carriage and refused to let them depart until after dinner. Adding the delays to the time consumed in the careful driving necessary to the preservation of the farmer's vehicle in a state of entirety, it was near the middle of the afternoon when they got back to Tregarthen, and then Colonel Latimer insisted upon taking his companion up the mountain for the remainder of the day. Ringbrand offered every reasonable objection he could think of, knowing that another visit to Hester would immeasurably increase the pain of leaving her; but in the end discretion was swept away by an overmastering desire to see and talk with her once more, and he yielded. They drove past the Ludlows', and he ran in to tell his hostess that he would not be home for tea. She saw the change in him, and detained him to ask if his trouble had disappeared.

"No," he replied, and she saw the look of despondency come into his eyes again; "and that isn't the worst of it: I'm going to do some-

thing that will make it infinitely harder."

"You are going to see Hester?"

"Yes."

" How can that make it harder?"

"I can't explain without telling you all about it, and I haven't the courage to do that, now."

"Tell me one thing, at least: has your trouble anything to do with

Hester's money?"

He shook his head: "I wish it were nothing worse than that. I haven't anything, as you know, but I think I could earn a living for both of us."

"And you won't tell me what it is?"

"I cannot."

"Then tell her; Hugh, I—I believe she has a right to know." He looked up quickly: "You mean that she cares for me?"

"I have no right to say it,—she has told me nothing,—but I can't help thinking that she does. She seemed anxious and disappointed

when you didn't come home last night."

Ringbrand hurried from the house resolving to break his engagement with the colonel at all hazards, but that gentleman calmly waived his stammering excuses aside and made room for him on the seat of the carriage. "After I've done spoiled your day, a-draggin' you over the country afoot, the very least you can do is to let me cyar' you home with me, and the mo' especially as you cyan't make us a visit."

Ringbrand gave up again, for the simple reason that he had no valid objection to offer, and half an hour later he was sitting on the veranda of "The Laurels," deep in a discussion of the race problem with the colonel,—a discussion in which the Northern point of view fared indifferently because the mind of its advocate was too busy with questions suggested by the presence of Hester Latimer. All through

the argument he was studying her face, searching therein for the proof or the contradiction of Mrs. Ludlow's assertion, and tormenting himself by trying to imagine what Hester would say if he should tell her

of his intended departure and the reason for it.

After an early tea, the colonel excused himself, riding off with Henry to the west farm, a portion of the estate lying two miles farther back on the mountain. When they were left alone together, Ringbrand made a commendable effort to keep the stream of conversation flowing in trivial channels; but his thoughts set so persistently toward the feud, and its bearing upon both their lives, that he had spoken of it almost before he knew what he was saying. "I should think it would be a constant source of anxiety to you," he said, irrelevantly.

"Perhaps it would, if I knew what it was," she answered, de-

murely.

"Pardon me-I must have been thinking aloud. I meant the

feud."

She smiled at his preoccupation: "I supposed that was what you were thinking of. No, I can't say that it is exactly a source of anxiety, although of course I should be glad enough if the Bynums would leave the country. It isn't pleasant to have the enmity of such people."

"But your father and brother,—don't you sometimes feel anxious

on their account?"

She shook her head: "That would be disloyal; it would imply a doubt of their ability to take care of themselves."

Ringbrand was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said, "It's a dreadful state of affairs, though, Miss Hester; I should think it would be a perfect nightmare to you."

"It seems terrible to you, no doubt, but you must remember that we are used to it,—or, anyway, as nearly as one can be used to such

things. I should feel quite lost without the feud."

"I envy you your courage."

"That's odd. I didn't suppose a man ever envied a woman the possession of such an ordinary virtue as courage."

"Perhaps it isn't so commonplace as you imagine."

"Oh, I meant with gentlemen; of course it says itself that women are cowards, but that is only another way of saying that men are brave."

"I'm not quite sure that I follow your logic. Would you mindgiving me your definition of courage?"

"Perhaps I will-after you've told me yours."

Ringbrand reflected a moment before answering: "Possibly my definition is not quite sincere. I have always thought that the truest courage consisted in doing right when it is easier and safer to do wrong, —in other words, that it requires a higher kind of courage to suffer injury than to resent it. I'm beginning to suspect, however, that this test can be applied only to martyrs and to cowards,—to the latter, because they use it as a plea for non-resistance."

"I think that is a little beyond my depth," replied Hester, snipping a rose from the clambering bush that covered the end of the veranda

and beginning to trim the petals into dahlia-like precision with her scissors. "I have always thought of a brave man as one who was simply not afraid of anything; one of whom it could be said that he

did not know what fear was."

"That always seemed to me like dubious praise. If one doesn't know the sensation of fear, there can be little virtue in being brave. To my mind, the man who realizes the danger and yet compels himself to face it, though it may be with pallid face and shaking knees, deserves

the greater credit."

"I suppose that's true; only I never got that far into the subject before. I don't often reason about such things, because—I suppose you would say because a woman doesn't reason about anything; but it doesn't seem necessary; life isn't so much a question of motives as of deeds: it isn't so much what one thinks as what one does. And father says one does what his ancestors did."

"In that case, I ought to be a brave man," said Ringbrand, smiling; "my forefathers were Scottish clansmen, and they haven't

left a record of many other virtues."

"Is your name Scotch?"

"Yes; tradition has it that our ancestors were the heralds of the clan, and that the name comes from their custom of whirling a lighted brand in a circle as a signal for the gathering of the hosts."

"How sweetly romantic! It sounds like a bit out of dear old Sir Walter. I should always believe that, whether it is true or not."

Ringbrand laughed shortly: "You have a true woman's admiration for valorous deeds, haven't you? A peaceable man finds himself

rather out of the running."

She looked up in surprise at the cynical outburst. "I think that's a little unkind," she said, quietly; "but if you will insist upon throwing down the challenge,"—she paused and trimmed off the last remaining petals of the rose,—"I don't begin to understand how any true woman could respect a man who isn't brave; I'm sure it wouldn't be possible for me, if for no other reason than that I am my father's daughter. There has never been a coward among the Latimers since the day when the good old bishop went to the stake."

He had known well enough what she would say, but the verbal confirmation of his conviction came to him like the sentence of death to a criminal who has been proved guilty. He rose and walked the length of the veranda, coming back to lean against the railing opposite her. "You've said a hard thing, Miss Hester," he began, "and I hope you'll forgive me for having provoked it. I wished to say something entirely

different,-to tell you something of myself-"

They both looked around at the sound of horses' hoofs on the gravel of the avenue, and saw the colonel and his son riding toward the house. Hester rose and waited for him to finish. "It's of no consequence," he went on, "or, at least, you wouldn't think so now. Will you tell me good-by, Miss Latimer?"

She suffered him to take her hand, wondering a little at his abrupt-

ness. "Surely you are not going so early?" she said.

"Yes. I think I'd better."

"But we shall see you again soon, shan't we?" she asked.

He was saved from replying by the entrance of the colonel, who protested warmly against his early departure, adding, "Cyan't you stop awhile longer, and then take one of the hawsses to ride down?"

"No, thank you, colonel; I think I'd better be going; and I'll

enjoy the walk. Good-night."

The flush of the summer sunset was still in the western sky when he reached the end of the avenue. "I can't go down there and meet Tom and his wife," he mused: "Helen would drive me crazy with questions that I can't answer to-night. I'll go the other way and walk

till they've gone to bed."

He turned out of the avenue and took the road leading to the head of McNabb's Cove, sauntering slowly along and going over the events of the past few weeks for the hundredth time. "It's no use arguing the thing," he muttered, "not the least in the world. I can't change my nature, and she would despise me if she knew what a miserable craven I am; I don't believe I could bear that; and yet it's harder than death to leave her now. I know I could make her love me,—I saw it in her eyes to-night, and I should have made a wicked fool of myself in another minute if the colonel hadn't come. Hello! who's that?"

He turned at the sound of a galloping horse behind him and waited until Henry Latimer reined up beside the footpath. The colonel's son glanced quickly around into the gathering dusk, and then leaned over and handed a revolver to Ringbrand. "Father saw you turn up this-a-way," he explained, "and he says you'd better tote that. You mightn't need it in a hundred years, but if you did you'd need it right much."

Ringbrand took the weapon awkwardly as a man handles unfamiliar tools. "I'll carry it because you were kind enough to bring it, but I doubt if I'd have the dexterity to make use of it: however, I imagine there's not likely to be any occasion. Please thank your father for me."

He dropped the pistol into his pocket and stood looking after Henry as the latter cantered back toward "The Laurels;" then he resumed

his walk and his gloomy meditations.

Thinking about it afterward, he never knew just how far he had gone. He had an indistinct recollection of coming out upon the cliff once, opposite the furnace, and of stopping to look down into the fiery throat of the cupola lighted by the intermittent flare of the burning gas. After that, he remembered that the road made détours into the forest and came out upon the cliff alternately for what seemed like a distance of several miles. His last clear impression was the picture of a deep rent in the mountain lying before him in the obscurity of fathomless darkness; he felt rather than saw that he was looking into its depths from the verge of a precipice; and he noticed that the shadow of a great tree came between him and the stars. It was here that the mysterious warning of the undefined sense which tells of approaching danger began to make itself felt; and when he recognized its admonition he realized that it had been pressing upon him all along,

and that he had been too preoccupied to heed it. Now, however, it refused to be longer ignored, and he felt cold little chills of apprehension creeping over him as he peered around into the shadows of the forest. "What a contemptible coward I am!" he muttered, struggling to brace himself against the unnerving attack, "standing here shivering like a child in a dark room! I don't deserve to be called a man!"

Then he turned to retrace his steps toward Tregarthen; but he had not left the shadow of the tree when two men appeared before him as suddenly and as silently as if they had dropped from the branches over

his head.

"Th'ow up yer han's, dern ye!" commanded the one nearest him,

advancing with rifle half raised.

Ringbrand saw his opportunity as distinctly as if its details had been written in letters of fire on the murky background. Though both of the men had guns, neither of them covered him; he had only to draw his revolver and to step behind the tree, fighting or parleying from that stronghold as the urgency of the case might demand. It was all simple enough, and his mind was clear to direct; but, alas! his palsied limbs refused to obey, and almost before he knew what he was doing he was standing with uplifted hands, his teeth chattering and his knees shaking in a pitiable agony of fear.

His captors gave him no time to protest. "You go on ahead," said the one who had spoken, addressing his companion. "Now, then, fall in, Mister Spy, jest that behind him, an' don't you nev' look cross-eyed, 'less ye're hankerin' to get a bullet th'oo yer haid.

March !"

Ringbrand did as he was told, following the shadowy outline of his guide, who turned to the left into the forest. As they stumbled along in the darkness, he knew that a brave man would have yet turned defeat into victory; they had not disarmed him, and he saw how easy it would be to make the chances of a struggle at least equal by shooting the man in front. The thought returned again and again with urgent insistence, but he could not bring himself to the point of action; and the opportunity vanished when the file-leader stopped at the bottom of a small sink-hole in the plateau, and, turning upon him suddenly, pinioned his arms to his sides with a few turns of a rope.

"What are you trying to do with me, anyway?" he demanded while they were pushing him forward to a spot of blackness appearing

like the mouth of a well between two boulders.

"Jest you wait a minute, an' you'll see; we don't 'low to have no revenuers a-spyin' round this yere mounting."

"But I am no revenue officer; you should know that, if you know

anything at all about me."

"That's as how it may be; we don't 'low to take no chainces,

nohow. Now, then, down you go."

Ringbrand bit his tongue to keep from crying out as they thrust him forward into the black hole between the rocks: there was a horrible sensation of falling into measureless depths, ending in a sharp jerk of the rope around his body, and he remembered no more.

#### VII.

# A CASE OF NECESSITY.

MR. THOMAS LUDLOW said what he believed to be the truth when he told his wife that the efforts of the company's attorneys to purchase the Bynum farm had come to naught, but in making the statement he had seriously underrated the astuteness of the gentlemen in question. Instead of abandoning the attempt, they had merely withdrawn from the field for the purpose of approaching it at a different angle, and Ludlow's assertion only proved how well the secrets of their plan had been guarded. Indeed, at the very time when he had spoken so confidently of the failure of the New York attorneys, these worthy gentlemen had already begun an attack from another quarter; and the emissary of a Cincinnati broker, who was supposed to represent a new mining company organized in that city, had made more than one stealthy visit to the farm-house in the cove, driving thereto from Dunbar, the railway station next above Tregarthen, for the purpose of keeping himself discreetly in the background. This diplomatic ambassador had his final interview with the Bynums on the day following Ringbrand's excursion with the colonel; and when, late in the afternoon, he drove back to the hotel in Dunbar, the deed to the Bynum acres was safely buttoned up in the inside pocket of his coat.

If the shrewd agent congratulated himself a little on the success of his mission, it was certainly pardonable, for there had been difficul-Jule Bynum was obstinately opposed to the sale from the first, because it involved the uprooting of the family from the soil of Tennessee and a migration to the unfamiliar regions of the Texan frontier; and her reluctance was shared in a less degree by her brother Jed. the other side, however, Jeff, in whom the seed of restlessness had been implanted on his former journey, was anxious to be gone again; and his stories of the unrestrained life on the border had gained him a partisan in the person of his other brother. With this equal division in numbers, the plans hinging upon the sale of the farm hung in the balance until Jule's opposition was finally overcome by the arrival of a letter from her uncle Jed, who described, in such glowing terms as his limited vocabulary could furnish, the prosperity which awaited them in the West. This letter had opportunely reached the cove on the day preceding the emissary's final visit, and its urging, together with a substantial increase in price offered by the ambassador, had procured the reluctant consent of the two obstructionists.

Having thus arrived at the threshold of the proposed migration, the details of its accomplishment were arranged in the evening of the same day, when the family was gathered in the kitchen of the farmhouse. Jeff and Jule did most of the talking; Jed sat back in the chimney-corner, saying little; and Bud had taken the stock from his rifle and was swabbing the barrel in a pan of water before the wide fireplace.

"D' ye 'low ye can get ready for to light out by to-morrer night, Jule?" asked Jeff.

"Oh, I reckon so," replied his sister, with a dissatisfied air; "y'-all

ain't gwine to rest none now tell we's done to'n up an' gone. But how d' ye reckon we-all can go in the night? They ain't no cyars

a-runnin' then."

Jeff rose from his seat on the bed and broke off a leaf from the bunch of tobacco hanging over the fireplace. "We-all didn't 'low to take the cyars at the settlement," he explained. "I been sort o' figurin' on gettin' squar' with that dern crowd up on the mounting 'fore we-all done lef' Tennessee for good, an' 'tain't gwine be healthy for none o' we-all to be seen round yere atterwards. Come to think of it, though, they ain't no use o' makin' you ride over the mounting in the night: ye can go jest as well the nex' day an' wait for we-all at McNairville."

"What on top o' the yeth does y'-all want to start from McNair-

ville for?" she asked, in surprise.

"'Cause the cyars done leave thar 'bout three o'clock in the mo'nin', an' we-all can get th'oo yere an' make hit 'crost the mounting 'fore that time."

"An' ye was 'lowin' to do that to-morrer night?"

"No; that 'd be too soon for what we's a-figurin' on; to-morrer's Thursday—ye can take the mar' an' ride over Friday, an' we-all 'll jine ye Friday night. How'll that that do?"

"Oh, I reckon I can go one time's well as another. What did y'-all

do with the city feller las' night?"

Bud chuckled: "Scared him plum to death an' drapped him in the hole in 'Possum Holler."

"Didn't tote him up nothin' to eat, did ye?"

"No: 'lowed to let him go hongry for a spell, so't he could sort o' see what hit was like."

"What y'-all gwine do with him?" asked Jed, speaking for the

first time.

"Reckon we'll turn him loose, after he's done scared up enough to min' his own business," responded Jeff, leisurely filling his pipe with the crushed leaf of tobacco. "'Tain't gwine hurt him none to stay thar a day or so."

Jule went to the cupboard in the corner, and a few minutes later left the room. Jed broke the silence which followed her departure. "I done heard that Tom Ludlow'd put a gang to workin' in the

McNabb ag'in to-day," he said.

"I know hit," replied Jeff. "We-all'll give 'em a s'prise-party 'bout to-morrer night; I reckon they'll keep a gyard up thar, but that ain't gwine do no good."

Bud shook his head: "No, they-all don't know nothin' about the

crevice. Wonder if the city feller can hear 'em a-workin'?"

"I reckon so," replied Jeff; "'mos' likely he's been a-hollerin' the top o' his haid off all day, a-tryin' to make out to raise somebody. I believe he was bout the worst scared-up feller I ever did see."

Bud laughed: "He shore was: he trem'led jest like a gal when I

was a-tyin' his arms."

Jeff tilted his chair against the wall and smoked meditatively until his pipe went out. "D'ye know, Buddy, I cayn't get shet o' the idee that I've done see that thar feller afore,"—he knocked the ashes out of the pipe and dropped it into his pocket,—"an' I jest cayn't ric'lect whar—By hick'ry! I do ric'lect, now!" The speaker brought his chair down with a crash, and the others looked up in astonishment at his sudden exclamation.

"Whar was hit, Jeff?" asked Bud.

"Hit was down at Waco; that's whar hit was,"—he got up and paced the floor excitedly,—"that's jest whar hit was. I done told you all 'bout that thar ruction in the express office, when that plum fool messenger 'lowed to stan' we-all off with a gun; thar wasn't no time for to talk, an' jest as I fired I done saw a man comin' in at the back do'——" He paused, and then added, impressively, "Boys, hit was

that thar city chap, an' he's down yere to get me."

An awed silence fell upon the group in the kitchen after Jeff made this announcement. Bud put his gun together and loaded it carefully, sitting quietly afterward with the weapon across his knees; and Jed came out of his dark corner to feel mechanically on the high mantelshelf for his pipe. The night had closed in with storm-signals flying in the western sky, and the rising wind began to sigh dismally through the trees, sending occasional puffs eddying down the chimney to scatter little clouds of light ashes from the expiring embers on the hearth. The measured sob of the great engine at the furnace rose and fell on the breeze, mingling its tones with the hoarser mutterings of the approaching storm. At the head of the cove there is a deep cleft in the perpendicular wall of rock, known to the dwellers in Harmony Valley as "The Chimney." With the breath of the tempest, the fissure becomes the diapason of nature's great organ, and already its deep reedy voice could be heard, filling the cove with a sound like the rushing of the waves on a sandy beach, or like the distance-softened roar of a mighty cataract. From his watch-tower in the blasted oak behind the barn, a great owl added his mournful call to the weird noises of the night, while all the shriller and cheerfuller voices of nature were hushed and silent in the presence of the storm-king. Jeff Bynum continued his monotonous walk up and down the narrow limits of the kitchen, stopping at each turn to peer out of the windows into the thickening gloom.

Bud was the first to speak. "What-all does ye 'low to do 'bout

hit, Jeff?" he inquired.

The elder brother dropped into a chair and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "I 'low I don't jest rightly know, Buddy,—I don't, for a fact; thar cayn't be no mistake; I ain't nowise likely to forget that thar face; hit's been a harnt to me more'n one night sence I seed hit; hit has, for shore."

Jed got up and threw another stick of wood on the fire. "Ye reckon ye're *plum* shore, Jeff?" he asked. "'Pears like this yere feller's been mindin' his own business tol'able clost sence he come to

the settlement."

"No, Jed, he hain't; that's what's a-rattlin' me. He was a-pryin' round this yere very cove only day before yistiddy; I seed him; an' Jule she took him up the mounting an' p'inted him the way back from the McNabb."

"Jule!"

"Yes, Jule. I 'low she didn't know who 'r what he was. She done left him standin' afore the mouth o' the tunnel. An' that ain't the mos' curiousest part o' hit; he scram'led into the hole over the broken rocks, an' jest about a minute atterwards he come a-pilin' out o' thar like he seed a harnt, an' the last I seed o' him he was a-makin' the longest kind o' tracks to'rdst the valley."

"What d' ye reckon he seed in thar?"

"I'll nev' tell ye; but that ain't the question; hit looks mighty like he's a-sneakin' round yere to fin' out somethin' 'bout we-all, an' I reckon than's got to be somethin' done."

Bud glanced around into the gathering shadows in the room, and

asked, "Whar's Jule?"

"I dunno," replied Jeff: "gone to baid, I reckon."

Bud stood his rifle in the chimney-corner and went out, coming back in a moment to say, "I reckon she has: leastways, thar's no light."

Another interval of oppressive silence followed Bud's assurance. The three men sat around the hearth, each knowing the others' thought, and each hoping that one of the others would put the pitiless suggestion into words. While they waited, the first great drops of rain pattered on the roof, and the soughing of the wind through the tree-tops, and the louder growling of the thunder, drowned the roar of "The Chimney." The dusky interior of the kitchen grew more shadowy as the handful of fire on the hearth died down, and the darkness was intensified by an occasional flash of lightning contrasting its glare with the twilight of the room. The red glow from the coals fell upon the faces of the three brothers grouped about the fireplace and sitting in silent judgment upon a man whose only offence was his resemblance to some other man. Each of the three felt that there was a terrible margin of doubt, and yet each knew that it was only doubt and not certainty. If their prisoner and the single witness of Jeff's crime were identical, there could be no safety for at least one of them while the man lived; if not,—if Jeff were mistaken, after all,—the alternative was sufficiently dreadful to make them hesitate to give it shape in speech.

The suggestion came finally from the one who was most deeply concerned. Jeff rose slowly and took down his rifle from its pegs over the mantel. "I reckon hit's got to be done, boys," he said, huskily. "I

hate hit mighty bad, but I cayn't affo'd to take no chainces."

Bud joined him at once, but Jed hesitated. "You don't have to come, Jed," said the elder brother: "two of us is enough, an' I know ye ain't afeard."

"I'm goin' 'long with you-all, only I hope ye're pow'ful shore, Jeff; seem like hit's mighty tough to go an' shoot him like he's a rat in

a hole, 'less ye're p'int-blank certain ye got to do hit."

They went out noiselessly, so as not to awaken Jule, and Jeff led the way to the trail up which the woman had piloted Ringbrand two days before. The wind had risen to a gale, and it was wringing and twisting the trees above their heads; but the rain delayed and the storm seemed to be blowing over. When they reached the base of the cliff, they left the path and turned shortly to the right, following the line of the rocky wall until they reached a narrow ledge affording a precarious passage up to the table-land. Emerging, after a breathless scramble, upon the unsheltered mountain-top, where the wind had full sweep, they pushed on gasping until they stood in the small ravine under the lee of the boulders marking the entrance to Ringbrand's prison. Jeff uncoiled the rope he had brought, and was preparing to descend, when Jed stopped him:

"Don't ye 'low that'll be sort o' resky. If that thar feller's what ye done took him for, he's gwine fight, for shore. He ain't gwine stan'

still an' 'low ye to shoot him in col' blood."

The caution brought back with appalling distinctness the ghastly horror of the deed they were about to do, and they paused in fearful Then Bud proposed that they go down into the other cavern, using the narrow crevice for a loop-hole, and a few minutes later he and Jeff were standing in the pitchy darkness of the subterranean chamber, while Jed watched at the aperture above. Jeff felt his way along one of the walls until he came to a niche where they kept a miner's lamp, and, lighting this, they cautiously reconnoitred the adjoining chamber as well as they could by its inefficient help. light from the lamp penetrated but a short distance beyond the narrow opening, but it answered the purpose, and they could see the shadowy outlines of the figure of a man stretched out upon the sandy floor of the cavern. Jeff handed the lamp to his brother and took careful aim at the motionless form; his hands trembled so that he could not hold the gun steady, and he got down upon his knees and rested it against the side of the crevice. Even then he was so long about it that Bud's nerve collapsed and the lamp fell from his shaking fingers; it did not go out, and as he held it up again he whispered, "Shoot-quick! I cayn't-

A blinding flash illuminated the cavern, and the dead air of the place jarred with a concussion that put out the light and reverberated like pent-up thunder in the arches of the vault. The two men fell over each other in their frantic haste to reach the open air, fighting like caged wild beasts for precedence up the difficult stairway; and when they emerged from the mouth of the smoky pit, the contagion of terror communicated itself to their passive accomplice, and the three

men scattered in a mad flight toward the cove.

#### VIII.

## A SUBTERRANEAN METAMORPHOSIS.

WHEN Ringbrand opened his eyes he found himself lying on his back in what appeared to be the bottom of a well; at least, that was his second impression. With the first gleams of returning consciousness there was no recollection of the events immediately preceding his fall, and for a moment he had a vague idea that he had stumbled and hurt himself in the road, and that the clouds had covered all but the small patch of sky directly overhead where the stars were still visible. Then memory came back, and he recalled the details of the capture up

to the sudden blank following the plunge into the hole between the boulders. A sharp twinge of pain bridged the interval and reminded him that there were two present and pressing sources of discomfort in the gnarled log across which he was lying and in the vice-like pressure of the rope which still bound his arms to his sides. To wriggle out of the uncomfortable position was easy, but loosening the rope was another matter. The knot had been drawn tight by the jerk of his fall, and it was an hour or more before he succeeded in working it around where it could be reached; even when this was done, it was only a beginning, and the first faint streaks of dawn were filtering through the aperture overhead when he finally rose stiffly and swung

his arms to start the suspended circulation.

In a little while it was light enough to enable him to see his surroundings, and he found that he was imprisoned in a crevice-cave much like the one he had explored two days before. It occurred to him at once that it might be a continuation of the same cavern, or that possibly he might be in the very chamber into which he had tried to penetrate; but this seemed unlikely, for two reasons. One was that he could not make the locality of the McNabb tunnel agree with the general direction of his wanderings of the night previous; and the other was even more convincing, for, while his cell terminated at one extremity in a narrow fissure like the one in which he had lost the pick and the lamp, he could not find the missing articles, though he lost no time in making a careful search for them. In doing this, however, he stumbled upon another discovery which was of much more immediate importance: reaching down into the crannies of the fissure, his hand found a pool of water, and he drank gratefully, dipping up the cool liquid by spoonfuls in his hollowed palm.

After this, he gave an hour to minute examination of the boundaries of his prison, scrutinizing the walls and carefully weighing every possible chance of escape. At the end of this preliminary survey he sat down upon the log, which proved to be the trunk of a small tree hurled by some accident of wind or lightning through the opening above, and began to go over the events of the past few days, in the hope of finding something to account for the mysterious attack and imprisonment. In this effort he racked his brain to little purpose, and, after repeatedly scouting the idea as absurd, he finally accepted the conclusion that the Bynums had in some manner connected him with the fortunes of their enemies, and had taken prompt measures to deprive

the Latimers of a possible ally.

"If that's the case," he mused, speaking aloud for the sake of the companionship of his own voice, "what do they mean to do with me? If they had wanted to kill me, they certainly had it all their own way last night: a very small domestic cat would have made a better resistance than I did. No, that isn't it; they don't mean murder; they're only trying to get me out of the way for a while. And the next thing is, for how long? Keeping in view the comforting conclusion that they don't intend making away with me, the question will answer itself in a few hours at the most, for they haven't given me anything to eat. Which reminds me that I'm pretty hungry, now;" he looked

ruefully at his watch; "Tom Ludlow had his breakfast two hours ago, and at this present moment, I suppose, he's sitting in his office with the comfortable under-thought that it'll be dinner-time before long. Lucky fellow, not to know what it is to sit in a crack in the face of the earth, speculating on the doubtful possibilities of future meal-times! Well, I presume the next thing is to decide whether or not I'm to sit here and wait for some one to come and pull me out; and if I'm not, what's the alternative? Let's have another look at the resources."

After overhauling the rope and coiling it beside the log, he searched his pockets, but found nothing useful therein except a small penknife. "There they are—say forty feet of rope, a piece of wood six or seven feet long, and a toy pocket-knife; and this hole is about thirty feet deep, I should judge. There isn't very much to work with, but I've pulled many a hero out of worse scrapes than this with much less,"

The humor of the comparison provoked a laugh, and then he wondered what had become of his depression of the previous day. The explanation came suddenly when he ran his soliloguy back to the point where he had concluded that his connection with the Latimers was the reason for the assault upon him. It seemed in a way to bring him nearer to Hester, and for the time there was a cheerful enthusiasm in the thought that other and compelling hands had pushed him over the dividing line between his pusillanimous resolution to run away and an active participation in the quarrel which involved her family. There was little comfort in the contemplation of the part he might be required to take in the feud; the battle was still to be fought with his weakness, and he had the fresh and humiliating example of a few hours before to remind him that he had not yet made a beginning. The recollection of this discouraged him again, and all the arguments that had presented themselves in defence of his plan of retreat came back with redoubled emphasis: he was not sure that Hester loved him; if she did, she would despise him when she found him out; it would be inexcusably wrong to win her love under false pretences; she had told him only last night what she would expect in the man of her choice. He pushed the tormenting thoughts aside and brought himself down with a jerk to the present and its demands. "I'm not going to dispute with the weak-kneed devil any more," he muttered; "the first thing to do is to get out of here, and then I'll leave it with her: if she honors me enough to make me her defender, I'll make shift to fight her battles if I have to hire some one to hold me while I do it."

Under the inspiration of this conclusion he went to work patiently and resolutely, trying the first plan that suggested itself. Using his knife for a chisel, he attempted to cut niches for hand- and footholds in the wall, persevering until both blades of the small tool were worn down to useless stumps. When the failure of the knife put an end to the expedient, he examined the narrower part of the crevice to see if he could not climb to the roof by bracing himself from wall to wall. As it was reasonably evident that the cavern had originally been nothing more than an irregular crack in the sandstone, open

at the top through its entire length, and afterward gradually covered in by slow accumulations of earth and débris interwoven with twigs and grass-roots, he argued that it would be comparatively easy to dig through this thin covering if he could obtain a foothold near enough to the roof to enable him to attack it. To make the most of his strength, he dragged the log to the place selected for the experiment, with the intention of using it for a ladder from which to begin the ascent; and, having braced it against one of the walls, he took off his coat and shoes and made an attempt to work his way up to the desired vantage-ground. The first trial was a failure. He lost his hold before he had ascended to twice his height, and slid back to the sandy floor of the crevice; but there was enough of a promise of success in the undertaking to make him wear away the remainder of the day in repeated endeavors, and to encourage him to try again and again, even after the long abstinence from food had begun to have its effect on his tired muscles and overstrained nerves. The final attempt, made just at dusk, carried him to within a few feet of the roof, but the darkness baffled him; he again lost his hold, and it was only by the utmost exertion of his failing strength that he saved himself from falling heavily to the bottom of the cavern. As it was, he knocked the log down in his descent, and, realizing that nothing could be done without the help of daylight, he

lay down in the sand and tried to go to sleep. Lying there in the darkness and listening to the microscopic noises sifting through the entrance to the cave, he fancied he heard a sound as of some light object falling upon the soft sand. He first thought of wild beasts, but, reflecting that no animal large enough to attack him would be likely to enter the trap-like crevice, the incident was soon forgotten in a train of suggestions having the indistinct noises of the day for a starting-point. Now that he recalled them, he remembered hearing sounds like the echoes of dull blows at irregular intervals all through the day, and he speculated over their probable origin until weariness overcame him and he fell into a doze from which the growling of the rising storm awakened him. Since there seemed to be a sort of companionship in the roll of the thunder and the sweep of the wind, he sat up to listen, and in one of the lulls he thought he heard a voice at the mouth of the cavern. Wondering if his captors were coming to liberate him, he got upon his feet and felt his way to the farther end of the cell, standing under the aperture and staring up into the gloom. While he stood there listening and looking, a small star of yellow light made its appearance at the extreme end of the rocky corridor, and he saw the shadows of two faces framed between the walls of the narrow slit in which the chamber terminated. His first impulse was to make his presence known; but before he had taken a step he recoiled in horror at the sight of a gun-barrel thrust through the crevice above

the wavering star of light.

Under some conditions mental processes are instantaneous. Ringbrand saw and understood the purpose of his enemies as clearly as if his sentence had been pronounced with formal verbiage. With the understanding came a frenzied fit of terror, and he shrunk with chattering teeth and trembling limbs into the deepest shadows of the cave;

the wavering light danced in fantastic gyrations before his fascinated gaze; a noise like the beating of a hundred drums filled his ears; and he could feel the cold perspiration pricking from every pore. suspense was horrible, and for a few moments he thought he should die from the very abjectness of his fear; then suddenly he felt a sharp pang as if something had given way in his brain, and the overpowering nausea of terror vanished as if by magic. In its place came a strange feeling of exaltation that sent the blood tingling to his finger-tips; the roaring in his ears ceased, and his sight became once more keen and Springing to his feet, he drew the colonel's revolver from his pocket and took careful and deliberate aim at the face behind the yellow star of light; his finger pressed the trigger, and the crash of a double detonation filled the cavern. With the flash and the report the light disappeared, and he felt a sting of pain in his arm; he knew he was wounded, but the hurt seemed only to augment the violence of the fit of ferocity that had taken complete possession of him. Rushing toward the point where the light had disappeared, he wedged himself into the crevice, grinding his teeth in impotent rage when he found that he could not reach far enough to get the range for a second shot.

After it was all over, he sat down upon the log and examined his arm as well as he could by the sense of touch; the wound was nothing but a severe bruise, and he put his coat on again with a sigh of relief. "I can't afford to be disabled now," he muttered, "not till I've given these villains their deserts; the hardened brutes,—to come here and

try to kill a man like a rat in a trap!"

Then it suddenly occurred to him that this Hugh Ringbrand, breathing out threatenings against his persecutors, was quite a different person from the miserable wretch who but a few moments before had cowered in terror at the sight of the mountaineer's rifle. "It's the most singular experience I ever heard of," he mused. "It is, indeed; there's nothing in my collection that matches it. I wonder if it was only the instinct of self-preservation? I think after this I shall be able to understand what makes the most inoffensive animal turn and show fight in the last extremity. I wonder, too, if the fine and ferocious enthusiasm will come again when it's needed? I'm afraid it won't, —at least, not without a similar provocation; and that isn't exactly what one craves. Anyway, I'm glad I didn't die before I knew what it was to take my courage in both hands, if only for this one time. I suppose I didn't have any such good luck as to hit the fellow, but if they both got away I don't believe they'll make me another visit to-night. Heigh-ho! it's something of a bore to be hungry and tired and sleepy and angry all in one breath. I believe I'll risk it and try to go to sleep: they'd have been after me by this time if they meant to try it again."

He stretched himself out beside the log with the coil of rope for a pillow; in a few minutes weariness again asserted its claims, and this time he did not awaken until the morning sun had once more turned the

darkness of the cavern into murky twilight.

## IX.

## THE EAR OF THE MOUNTAIN.

RINGBRAND began the new day with a drink of water scooped up by handfuls from the pool in the crevice, and then walked the length of the cavern to get a glimpse of the sky. Just beneath the well-like opening he stumbled upon a small package wrapped in a piece of dirty paper. Opening it eagerly, as a message from the other world, he felt like shouting upon finding that it contained a substantial meal of corn pones and fried bacon. Hunger knows no ceremony, and, so it be sharp enough, has little regard for the quality and no curiosity as to the source of that which appeases its cravings. Ringbrand ate ravenously and with the keen relish of one who has labored fasting, but he was thoughtful enough to save a portion of the bread and meat for greater necessities, wrapping it carefully in the paper and concealing it in a niche in the rock.

"Goodness knows where that came from," he said, "and goodness knows when I'll get any more; therefore it befits me to hoard it. I'll never be afraid of making things too opportune in a story after this: nothing short of a miracle could have been more timely than this unaccountable breakfast. And it asks for more guessing. Who brought it? Who knows I'm in here? Clearly, no one but these murderous Bynums. And why should they feed a dead man? Ah, I have it! it's the woman—she knows I'm in here, and she doesn't know the rest. And if that's the explanation, I must have been wrong in my reckoning; the hammering yesterday was in the McNabb tunnel, and that crack is the place where I lost the pick; I'll take another

look and see if I can't find it."

"Looking" for the implement in question was a mere figure of speech, since the critical search was prosecuted wholly through the sense of touch, projected into the end of a divining-rod made of bits of twig spliced together by threads taken from the rope. It was a trial of patience, but patience was rewarded in the end, as it usually is; and when he had succeeded in locating the coveted object he set about devising some means of securing it. The rope solved this problem, but no wild horse of the prairies was ever harder to lasso than was the inanimate combination of wood and steel lying quietly at the bottom of the fissure. As in the former case, however, patient effort finally conquered, though the afternoon shadows were filling the cavern with warnings of the approach of night before Ringbrand had added the pick to his available resources. He had thought of no definite plan for using it in the struggle for freedom, but the first suggestion was that he might now be able to cut a series of steps up the wall like those in the adjoining chamber. A short half-hour of arduous toil convinced him of the futility of this hope, and he stopped to rest his

"That's no go," he said, examining the rude notch hewn out with such infinite labor; "I'm not a stone-cutter, whatever else I may be; and a dull pick isn't a mallet and chisel, by long odds. If that's the best I can do with a good foothold and both hands to work

with, it says itself that I couldn't dig out of here in a week. I wonder if I couldn't tie the rope to the pick and fling it up through that

hole?"

There was still daylight enough for the experiment, and he tried it without loss of time. A single attempt to throw the cumbrous anchor up through the hole in the roof answered the question. The shortheaded pick used by the miners is much lighter than the common implement of that name, but even with this advantage he could not throw it to the required height, and, in addition, he saw at once that, even if he had the strength, it would take hours of practice to bring the skill necessary to enable him to hurl the thing through the narrow gap in the rocks. Not to weary himself needlessly, he desisted after the first trial, and sat down to eat his scanty supper by the last rays of fading light. After it had been washed down by another drink from the pool, he made his simple arrangements to pass another night in the cavern, and tried to go to sleep; but his brain was too actively at work trying to devise new expedients, and after tossing and rolling upon his sandy couch for a while he sat up to try to think it out. Since the night was clear and calm, the silence in the cave was profound, and, knowing that the ordinary noises of the upper world could not reach him, he was startled from his revery by a sound like the shuffling of cautious footsteps, followed immediately by the appearance of a dull glow of light in the chamber beyond the crevice. His first thought was that his captors had come to make another attempt to kill him, and it brought with it a fit of terror similar to that which had attacked him on the previous night, but he set his teeth and overcame it, flattening himself against the wall and waiting breathlessly for what should follow. It was a trying moment, and he was surprised to find himself growing calmer and more collected with the passing of the lagging seconds; then the tingling of his nerves told him that he had once more passed the mysterious boundary between helpless fear and courageous resolution, and, drawing the revolver, he waited in grim silence for the appearance of a face at the opening. While he watched, the light began to fade, and the explanation came to him at once. "They've gone on into the mine; that's better: perhaps I can catch them as they come out." In a few minutes the dull glow began to return, and he saw the two men as they emerged from the gallery leading to the mine. They were talking in low tones, and Ringbrand listened.

saying; "we-all 'll jest have to wait yere a spell till them fellers get sleepy." - "tol' ye hit was too soon," the one who carried the lamp was

They passed out of Ringbrand's range of vision, but he could still hear every word that was said, and the reply made him almost sorry that he had held his hand while he had them in sight:

"They'll get sleepy bime-by. Wonder if that thar neighbor of our'n in yonder 's still a-snoozin' like he was when ye plugged

him ?"

"Ye can jest bet on hit, Buddy; I 'low I was some shaky, but I reckon I ain't missin' anything as big as a man at that thar distance."

There was a little silence, and then one of them spoke again: "Whilst we're a-waitin' yere, Jeff, ye mought go over what you-all's a-figurin' on for to-morrer night. I hain't got hit right clear in my haid yet."

"Jest hol' on a minute. Gimme that thar light, till I see if the city

feller's whar he ort to be."

Curiosity to know what was to be explained overcame Ringbrand's desire for vengeance, and he crouched in the shadow while the mountaineer made his investigation.

"Is he thar?" asked the other voice.

"Shore; he's a-layin' right plum whar he did las' night. Don't

reckon he ever moved."

Then Ringbrand understood that the dim light had misled them, and that the shot had been fired at the log. He had scarcely time to be thankful that he had not moved the latter during the day, before the light disappeared from the crevice and the conversation was resumed.

"Now, about that thar projec' for to-morrer night, Buddy, I'd figured hit jest this-a-way. Jule she'll light out in the mornin' for McNairville on the mar', an' we'll fetch the rest o' the hosses up on the mounting by the Dunbar road endurin' the day. Then, 'long late in the evenin', when ever'body's gone to baid, we-all 'll jest ride over to the colonel's, leave the hosses with Jed in that thar little patch o' trees front o' the house, an' then you 'n me 'll go smoke 'em out. When they shows up, you take the young un an' leave the colonel to me. I reckon I'll show him that I don't miss the same man twicet."

" How 'bout the gal?"

"Needn't to mind 'bout her; she'll look out for herself;" and then the same voice added, "I reckon Jed 'd be glad enough to take keer o'

her, if she 'd 'low hit."

Even after the convincing object-lesson of the attempt upon his own life, Ringbrand could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. Could it be possible that these two men were calmly discussing a plot which pointed to a double murder as its object? They were speaking again, and he strained his ears to catch every word.

"They's only one thing about hit that looks sort o' shaky, Jeff: that's the part about the gal. Course I knows we-all ain't fightin' weemin, but hit 'll be takin' a right smart mo' chainces if she gets a

sight o' we-all."

"She hain't gwine to. When the fire's done started, you 'n me can

hide in the ivy-bushes."

"That 'll fix hit; an' atterwards ye 'low to ride for McNair-ville?"

"Uh-huh: we can jest 'bout make hit in time for the cyars, if we put out sort o' lively."

"How about the hosses? y'-all sold 'em with the place, didn't

"I did so, an' the feller can take 'em wharsomever he's lucky enough to fin' 'em, cayn't he?"

They were silent again, and Ringbrand smelled tobacco-smoke. He

stood motionless in the darkness, trying to think of some way in which the cold-blooded plot could be frustrated; there seemed to be but one way, and his desire for vengeance cooled a little as he thought of it, but he crept into a position where he could command the widest range of space in the other chamber, and watched for the men to cross the narrow field of vision on their way back to the mine. It seemed hours before they spoke again, and then the gruffer voice said, "I done believe that thar lamp's gwine out, Buddy."

"I reckon hit air, for shore," was the reply; "but hit don't make

no diff'rence: we-all can fin' the way without hit."

A little later the light faded and flickered and then went out, leaving behind it a darkness that was almost tangible, and Ringbrand's heart sank as he realized that one chance of saving Hester's father and brother was gone. It was only a chance, he knew, for the mountaineers were two to one, and he was not enough of a marksman to be sure of disabling even one of them; nevertheless, he had made up his mind to fire upon them when they came again in view, trusting to the shortness of the range to offset his lack of skill with the weapon.

He thought he heard them when they left the chamber, and again, after what seemed an interminable interval, there was a faint rustling such as might have been made by the two men climbing out of the cave. The correctness of this last supposition was confirmed shortly afterward by the dull rumble of a distant explosion, and the listener knew that another of the mysterious attacks had been successfully made on the

working in the McNabb mine.

With the certainty that the men had left the cavern, and that with their disappearance his only chance of preventing the terrible conclusion of their plot had taken flight, Ringbrand sat up and strove fiercely to concentrate his mind upon some expedient that would free him in time to enable him to warn the Latimers. For a while the awful responsibility resting upon him pushed him so near to the edge of distraction that connected thought was an impossibility, and he got up and tramped up and down the familiar limits of his cell in a feverish agony of help-Then his brain cleared again, and one plan after another was considered and rejected. The sandstone was comparatively soft—could he not dig through to the other chamber?—yes, possibly, but it would take too much time. The other end of the cavern was filled with broken rock and earth which had fallen into the crevice from above-could he not dig enough of this down to make it possible to climb out on the heap of débris?—undoubtedly, in time, but the finding in the mass of a single boulder too large to be loosened might cost the lives of two No, there must be no more experiments.

At last, when the travail of suggestion had become well-nigh unbearable in its hopeless insistence, he stumbled over the log; at the same instant, as if the shock had opened the door of his understanding, a possible solution of the problem, clear and distinct in every detail, flashed upon him like an inspiration, and he threw himself down on the sand to watch for the coming of the daylight, praying with what faith there was in him for strength and dexterity to enable him to earn

his freedom quickly.

#### X

## A DIVERSITY OF OPINIONS.

KIND-HEARTED Mrs. Ludlow, overflowing with the sympathy which is the meed of troubled lovers at the hands of affectionate and disinterested womankind the world over, waited impatiently for her guest to make his appearance on the morning following his excursion with the colonel. Breakfast was ready and waiting, and the small hostess hovered about the table, deftly arranging the china and adding a last touch of artistic negligence to the bowl of roses forming the centre-piece, pausing now and then to glance out of the window at the figure of her husband poised contentedly on two legs of his chair and reading the inevitable newspaper. Presently she went to the door: "Tom, I wish you'd call Mr. Ringbrand; Aunt Mima's been up twice, and the breakfast's getting cold."

Ludlow burst his way out of the labyrinth of news and tramped heavily up-stairs to the door of the guest's room. "Hugh!" he called.

"Oh, Hugh! going to lie abed all day?"

There was no answer, and he opened the door. The bed had not been occupied, and it flashed upon him that Ringbrand had suddenly acted upon the hint that he might find it impossible to endure the ordeal of a formal leave-taking. Ludlow went down-stairs, trying to think of some way of telling his wife without reflecting too severely upon his friend's lack of courage.

"You said Ringbrand went up with the colonel yesterday, didn't

you?" he asked, hoping to gain time.

"Why, yes; they drove off together about three o'clock."

"Well, he didn't come back. Perhaps the Latimers kept him."

Mrs. Ludlow looked puzzled. "I hardly thought he would stay.

I rather expected him back to tea last evening. It isn't like him to stay away without saying something or sending word." She seated

herself behind the coffee-urn and touched the bell for Aunt Mima.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied her husband, carelessly, taking his place opposite. "A man's liable to do anything when he's as

badly hipped as Hugh is."

"Please, Tom, tell me all about it, won't you? I can't get a word out of Hester, and Hugh goes about looking like a man who has lost

all his friends in a single night."

"I don't know anything to tell, except what is evident enough to a man up a moderately tall tree. Hugh has about as pronounced a case as I ever saw develop in so short a time, and it'll go hard with him if he doesn't win. If Hester should refuse him, I shouldn't be surprised to have him leave us without a word; it would be very much like him." So much good-natured Tom Ludlow ventured on the chance that Ringbrand had carried out his threat.

"Why should Hester refuse him?"

"Bless my soul! how should I know? I'm not in the young woman's confidence; and, besides, I don't know that she has."

Ludlow hurried through his breakfast, and breathed freely again when he was well out of ear-shot of his home. "I'm a lucky man!"

he chuckled; "five minutes more, and she'd have had the whole story out of me, and I really mustn't tell her that,—not yet awhile; it 'd be cruelty to animals. I'd like to know if that addle-pated rascal has actually taken French leave. I must try and find out from the colonel if he comes down to-day."

The colonel did come down, but Ludlow learned nothing more than that Ringbrand had left "The Laurels" quite early in the evening, that he had insisted upon walking, and that he had taken the road north instead of turning toward Tregarthen. Ludlow guarded his inquiries carefully, but the colonel's hospitality took the alarm at once.

"Do I understand that youh friend didn't come home las' night?" he asked.

Ludlow admitted it, and hastened to add that Ringbrand was sometimes rather erratic in his movements.

"I reckon it would be something a little mo' than erratic if he camped out on the mountain all night; thah's no house this side of Squire Craven's, an' that's a good ten mile."

"Perhaps he went on down the road to Dunbar," suggested Ludlow: "he's good for a long tramp if he felt like it. He'll turn up all right."

The colonel looked thoughtful. "I hope so; indeed I do. He's a mighty fine young gentleman, and we-all think a heap of him up on the mountain. He told me, yeste'day, that he was going back to New York befo' long."

Ludlow took this as a confirmation of his suspicion, and answered accordingly: "Yes; he's quite anxious to get back to his work."

Here the matter rested, and the three people who knew of Ringbrand's disappearance held widely differing views as to its motive. Mrs. Ludlow, finding the packed valises in the guest's room, reluctantly gave place to the carefully insinuated suggestion of her husband that the young man had fled because Hester had refused him: Ludlow, somewhat better informed, was quite sure that the unceremonious departure was due to Ringbrand's failure to win in the battle with his weakness; while the colonel went home with a slightly confused idea of the unaccountability of authors and story-writers, whose vagaries led them to refuse the hospitalities of a comfortable mansion for the sake of spending the night in wandering about on the moun-Imparting his convictions to Hester, together with the information that Ringbrand had not returned to Tregarthen, he awakened an emotion in the heart of that ingenuous young woman which had slept quite peacefully through the unobtrusive wooing of her lover; and her quick intuition, finding a better trajectory than the logic of the others, went nearer the mark, filling her with vague apprehensions for Ringbrand's safety. She immediately recalled the conversation of the previous evening, remembering his abstraction and the abrupt leave-Then she recollected that Henry had been the last one who had seen him, and she quickly obtained all the information that could be gleaned from that source. It contained a grain of comfort in the assurance that he was not unarmed; but she could not help thinking that the mere possession of the revolver promised little for his

safety.

The following morning she mounted Pluto and rode straight to Mrs. Ludlow's, in the hope of finding that her undefined premonition of trouble was groundless; but there had been no word from the missing guest, and the small match-maker made an unsuccessful attempt to conceal her resentment toward the girl who had so ruthlessly demolished her beautiful air-castles of domestic felicity.

"Where do you suppose he can be?" asked Hester, when the conversation had been brought around by carefully guarded approaches to the object which had prompted her early ride down the mountain.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Ludlow, trying to look properly severe. "Perhaps he's lost on the mountain; I'm sure I'm glad we didn't turn him out to—to get lost."

Hester looked mystified and hurt. "Why, Helen, do you mean

that we ought to have tried harder to keep him?"

"I think you wouldn't have had to try very hard, if you'd cared

anything at all about him."

Hester blushed painfully and hesitated. "It would be foolish to seem not to understand you, Helen, but—but it isn't at all as you think; indeed it isn't." And her voiced quavered a little at the end.

It was Mrs. Ludlow's turn to be astonished, and she gave a little gasp of surprise. "Do you mean that you didn't send him away last h

I

a

n

W

lit

th

an

to

fer

wh

"]

gor hea

any

night, after all?"

Hester's embarrassment was pitiful, but she made a brave effort at frankness. "Not in the way that you mean; I—I couldn't, very well, when he didn't give me the chance."

There were tears in her eyes, and Mrs. Ludlow crossed over to the sofa and put her arms around her. "Tell me all about it, dear," she

said, stroking the bowed head tenderly.

"There isn't anything to tell," sobbed the girl: "he's just been good and kind and gentle—as he is to ev—everybody; and last night he told me good-by as if I'd been the m—merest acquaintance."

"Told you good-by? Did he say he was going away?"

"No; father and Henry came up just then, and he didn't get a chance to say anything else."

"I think he meant to, Hester, dear."

"I—I almost know he did; he said he wanted to tell me something about himself; and then he said it was of no consequence."

Mrs. Ludlow thought hard for a moment, and then asked, "Wasn't

there the least little bit of a quarrel about something, dear?"

Hester sat up and shook her head vehemently. "Indeed there wasn't,—not the smallest word. We had been talking about the feud, and from that we drifted into an argument about courage; I remember we didn't quite agree, but there wasn't anything like a quarrel."

Mrs. Ludlow's mind reverted instantly to what her husband had said about the feud being a possible obstacle to Ringbrand's love-making, and before replying to Hester she made a mental note pointing to further inquiries. "Then, if you haven't quarrelled, it's all right, dear," she said, soothingly; "he'll come back; and I happen to know

that he doesn't regard you as a mere acquaintance,—not by a great deal.

But what in the world do you suppose has become of him?"

"I can't imagine, only I'm just weighed down by a dreadful fear that something awful has happened. I know it's foolish, but I can't help it?"

"Have you said anything to your father about it?"

"Not yet, but I'm going back right now to ask him to go to Squire Craven's; his is the first house beyond ours, you know. Then I'll get Henry to ride down to Dunbar to ask there."

"That's sensible. If you'll do that, I'll stir Tom up when he comes to dinner, and if we can't find out anything to-day, we'll just make

them get up a search-party to-morrow."

When Hester had ridden away on her errand, Mrs. Ludlow began to watch for the home-coming of her husband, and that much-tried individual saw the light of inquiry in her eyes before she had said a word upon the subject of Ringbrand's disappearance. While Ludlow was quite sure that he held the key to the mystery, he could not rid himself of a certain indefinite responsibility for his friend's safety. During the preceding day he had found comfort in the belief that he would soon get a telegram from the missing man, directing the disposition of his effects, and when the second morning did not bring this he had quietly telegraphed to Dunbar and McNairville to ascertain if Ringbrand had taken the train at either of those places. The negative answers came promptly, and on his way home from the furnace Ludlow met the down train for the purpose of asking the same question of the The man remembered Ringbrand perfectly, and was quite sure that he had not had him as a passenger since the day when he had ridden to Tregarthen on a fare paid to Kingville. In view of these unsuccessful investigations, Ludlow's well-simulated indifference to his wife's anxiety was worthy of all praise.

"Don't you worry about Hugh," he said; "he'll turn up all right when he gets good and ready. I suppose he and Hester had some

little tiff and he's gone off to sulk."

"It isn't anything of the kind," she insisted. "Hester's been here this morning, and she told me all about it. They parted good friends, and she's sure something dreadful has happened to him. Don't you know any of his friends in New York to whom you could telegraph?"

"No; and if I did, they wouldn't know. He hasn't had time to get

to New York, unless he went in a balloon."

"I don't care, I think it's perfectly heartless of you to be so indifferent about him; one would think that you'd care a little bit about what became of him."

Ludlow put his arm around her and lifted her face so that he could look into her eyes. "Perhaps I'm not so indifferent, after all," he said. "Tell me what you wish me to do, and I'll go do it, if I have to let the furnace freeze while the men turn out to hunt for him."

"That is what ought to be done,—to-morrow, anyway. Hester's gone to ask her father to ride along the mountain to see if any one has heard of him, and Henry will go to Dunbar. If they can't find out anything, I think you ought to get up a search-party. Now, Tom,

there's one thing more: tell me why you thought Hugh wouldn't have anything to do with the feud if he knew about it?"

Ludlow saw he was upon the brink, and braced himself for the plunge, but he evasively asked, "When did I say anything like that?"

"Why, you remember,—the first time we were talking about him and Hester; you said he'd have to be very much changed from the man you used to know if he consented to assume any such responsibilities."

"Did I say that?"

"Of course you did; and I want to know what it meant, and all about it."

"Why, I didn't mean anything in particular, except that Hugh was always a peaceable fellow,—a man who avoids rows as a cat picks

her way around a pool of water."

"There's more than that to it, Tom, dear, and you might just as well tell me first as last. Hasn't he been talking to you about this—

this idiosyncrasy of his?"

Ludlow dropped into a chair with a groan. "I knew just how it would be," he said; and then he told her what he could remember of the conversation in which Ringbrand had confessed his inability to face danger and the bearing this would have upon his relations with Hester and her family. "He said he was going to try to fight it out with himself, and that if he failed we needn't be surprised if he turned up missing, because he wouldn't have the face to say good-by. Now you know the whole of it, and why I haven't been borrowing any trouble about his disappearance: I concluded at once that he'd made a mis-go of his fight and had decided that discretion was the better part of valor."

Mrs. Ludlow pursed up her lips and walked airily around to her place at the dinner-table. "Tom," she said, smiling serenely across the table at him, "I'm positively ashamed of you. Do you suppose for a moment that Hugh would have stayed here all this time making love to Hester when he knew all along that he wasn't going to have the courage to stand up for her when he got her? I refuse to believe any such preposterous things, and I don't know which is the more ridiculous,—his absurdity in telling you, or yours in believing him."

b

he

ro

m

m

T

H

COL

jus

be,

nig

in

Ludlow fell back in his chair in an attitude of helpless despair. "Helen, my dear, you'd make an angel weep; you would, indeed! What have I had to do with it? how am I responsible? who made

me the godfather to this chuckle-headed infant?"

"Please don't be tragic, Tom," she said, sweetly. "It doesn't become you. You know you aided and abetted him in this foolish notion, and then to think that you'd sit calmly down in the belief that he'd run away without saying a word! it's too perfectly absurd for anything! What you should do is to telegraph everybody you can think of right away, and if you don't hear anything by to-morrow morning you ought to take the men and search every foot of the mountain till you find him."

For reply he handed her the two messages from McNairville and Dunbar, adding that he had questioned the conductor on his way home.

"Then you haven't been quite as hard-hearted as I thought you were. Can't you think of any one else to telegraph?"

" No."

"Have you suspected the Bynums of having anything to do with it?"

"I'd suspect them quickly enough if there were the slightest grounds for a motive; but there isn't a shadow of reason for thinking that they'd make war on Hugh."

"Perhaps not; only I thought they might have identified him in

some way with the Latimers."

Ludlow scouted the idea; and during the afternoon he instructed the mine-bosses to have their men gather at "The Laurels" early the following morning, prepared to make a thorough search for the missing man.

After supper, the colonel's man came down with a note from Hester. Nothing had been heard of Ringbrand, either at the Cravens' house or in Dunbar, and the writer asked if the search-party had been arranged for the next day, adding that the colonel and Henry wished to join it. Ludlow sent back word that he would be at "The Laurels" at an early hour in the morning with as many men as he could gather, and Mrs. Ludlow wrote a postscript to his note, asking Hester to spend the day with her.

The third day of Ringbrand's absence dawned hot and clear, and when Ludlow reached "The Laurels" with his men he found the colonel and Henry waiting impatiently. After a short consultation and the arrangement of a definite plan, the quest began; and as soon as the men were out of sight, Hester mounted and rode to Tregarthen. The suspense of the previous day had been hard to endure, but it had been mixed with the hope that some of the means employed would bring news of a cheering nature. When her father and brother returned from their fruitless errands, and she had read Ludlow's note, the girl began to realize in dread earnest what the prolonged uncertainty meant for her, and she was glad enough to escape from the ordeal of another lonely day of waiting. Mrs. Ludlow saw her galloping down the road, and met her at the door.

"Did the men get started before you left?" she inquired, putting her arm around the girl's waist and leading her to the cool sitting-

room.

"Yes; they had planned to throw a line all the way across the mountain, moving it northward so as to cover the whole plateau."

"They can hardly fail to find him; that is, if he's still on the

mountain," replied Mrs. Ludlow.

"Oh, yes, Helen, but just think of it,—this is the third day! They can scarcely hope to find him alive if any accident has happened." Hester's voice betrayed her emotion, and Mrs. Ludlow hastened to comfort her.

"You mustn't be discouraged, dear; it'll come out all right—I just feel that it will. All day yesterday I was just as blue as could

be, but now I am sure we'll hear good news before long."

"I wish I could be; but I can't; and I've tried so hard. All night long I was haunted by the most dreadful pictures of him lying in some desolate place. Sometimes it seemed as if he were only

Vol. LIV .- 32

wounded, but at others his face was livid and ghastly. Oh, it was terrible!"

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Ludlow, sympathetically, "does it mean so

much to you?"

Hester covered her face with her hands, and the compassionate comforter saw a tear trickle down one of the shapely fingers. "There, there, Hester dear; don't cry: I know you can't talk about it yet, not even to me."

The girl looked up with her cheeks aflame. "And you know why

I, can't! It's shameful to even think of such a thing!"

"No, it isn't,—not from my point of view; you must remember I know some things on the other side, and if Hugh hasn't spoken it's because he has been restrained by a nobler motive than most men could find a place for. Oh, you needn't hide your face again: I'm not going to do his wooing for him; you'll find he can do that for himself, some

day, and then he'll tell you all about it."

Hester rose and crossed to the window commanding a view of the mountain, and Mrs. Ludlow went away to attend to her household duties. When she looked in an hour later, the girl was still standing at the window, looking with wistful eyes at the forest-clad slopes of the great hill, as if seeking to read the secret of the mystery on the fair pages of the landscape. It was a long, weary day for the two women, and in the afternoon Hester announced her intention of returning to "The Laurels."

a

il

77

tl

b

r

el

av

m

de

th

be

sav

it,

the

rer

qui

les

in

as :

arn

"I shall hear sooner, if I go back," she said, in reply to Mrs. Ludlow's effort to detain her, "and the delay is pitifully hard at

best."

"Shan't I have John get out the phaeton, so I can drive you up?"
"No," replied Hester, with her face averted. "I think it will be better for me to go by myself. If—if it should turn out as I fear, I

should want to be quite alone for a while."

Mrs. Ludlow understood, and did not seek to change her plans; and after the girl had disappeared in the windings of the mountain road, the tender-hearted little woman took the vacant place at the window, watching eagerly for the first signs of the returning search-

nartv.

She was standing there yet when the sun went behind the mountain and the first stragglers of the party began to appear in the road; and she was trying so earnestly to distinguish the form of her husband among the men that she did not hear him when he entered the room. A single glance at his face disheartened her, and she could not find words to frame the question that found better speech in her eyes.

"No, we didn't find him," said Ludlow, gravely, answering her thought. "We quartered every foot of the plateau and looked all along under the cliffs on both brows of the mountain. He's not up there, dead or alive. And that isn't all: the McNabb was blown up

again last night."

Mrs. Ludlow seemed not to have heard the last sentence, for she put her arms about her husband's neck and hid her face on his bosom,

saying, softly, "Oh, poor, poor Hester!"

# XI.

#### THE BUILDING OF A STAIR.

Good resolutions, backed by whatever plea of advisability or necessity, are not always certain to bear fruit after their kind. When Ringbrand flung himself down beside the log to wait for the dawn, he fully intended keeping awake in order to take advantage of the earliest light for the beginning of the new endeavor. So ran the alert determination; but he who watches may not lie quietly with closed eyes, and when Ringbrand sprang to his feet out of a sound sleep the morning was far advanced.

Reproaching himself remorsefully for his want of vigilance, he recalled the details of the plan which had suggested itself in the night, and went immediately to work. He first ascertained half the length of the log by measuring it with the rope, and with the dimension thus obtained he gauged the varying width of the cavern until he found a point where the walls approached each other so nearly as to make the intervening space correspond exactly with his measurement.

The next step was to cut the log into two pieces of equal length, and, dragging it out into the better light under the aperture, he narrowly missed throwing it down upon another package of food similar to the one found in the same spot on the previous morning. It

ilar to the one found in the same spot on the previous morning. It was a welcome surprise, and he stopped work long enough to devour the hard corn-bread and greasy bacon, thinking that the daintiest breakfast ever brought him by the well-trained waiter in the grill-room of his New York club had not been eaten with a keener relish.

"It must be the woman," he soliloquized; "it can't be any one

"It must be the woman," he soliloquized; "it can't be any one else; and if these fellows have put their devilish plot in motion I'll get no more rations from that source, because they were to send her away to-day. After all, though, I don't know as it makes much difference; if another night finds me still in this hole I shan't care much what becomes of me."

Putting the shadow of despondency into words had the effect of defining it, and he shook it off resolutely. "That'll never do; there must be no ifs and ands about it: I've just got to get out of here while this daylight lasts."

He swallowed the last mouthful of bread and fell to work again, beginning to cut a groove around the middle of the log by incessant and careful strokes of the pick. In turning the piece of timber, he saw where the mountaineer's shot had ploughed a deep furrow in it, and he knew then that the bruise on his arm had been made by the glancing and half-spent bullet. He scarcely heeded the grim reminder, and as he bent patiently to his work he thought how quickly the school of privation and hardship begins to impress its lessons of indifference upon the mind.

There are many things easier of accomplishment than the cutting in two of a six-inch stick of tough oak with the dull point of a pick as a substitute for an axe; and the muscles of Ringbrand's back and arms were in painful rebellion, and his hands were sore and blistered, long before the thing was done. As a college man, he had been rather fond of athletics, and the training of the university gymnasium, reaching up through the overlying years of sedentary habit, gave him the power of endurance and enabled him to keep steadily at work in spite of the protests of back and arms and hands; but this did not lessen the acuteness of the pain, nor did it dull the keen agony of apprehension that seized upon him as he saw how slowly the cutting progressed. Notwithstanding his perseverance and the feverish energy with which he worked, the hands of his watch marked the hour of noon when the last remaining fibres of the wood gave way under the blows of the pick, and, stopping only long enough to get a drink of water from the pool, he carried the pieces to the point determined by the measurement with the rope, and began to fit one of them breasthigh between the vertical walls as the first round of his ladder.

"By Jove! talk about special providences—what chance would I have if this bit of timber hadn't tumbled down here?" It was a comfort to think aloud in the dead silence of the place. "Now, if I can wedge this so it will hold me——" A half-dozen trials went for nothing, and he sat down to worry it out in theory. "It's too long—that's what's the matter with it; but if I cut it off it may be too short for the next place, and that won't do. Let me see; I wonder if I

couldn't dig a little step for the lower end."

He was on his feet again in a moment, picking a shallow hole in the soft sandstone. The expedient answered the purpose, and when the log was adjusted he tried it, first by littles and then by climbing up and jumping upon it. It held, and he forgot his aches and pains

in the exultant joy of success.

"That demonstrates it: if I can fit one, I can fit the others. And I'll get the hang of it presently, so I can work faster. It oughtn't to take more than six of these to carry me to the top; six, or possibly seven,"—scanning the cleft above him,—"and I've got five hours or such a matter to do it in. At that rate it'll be dark when I get back to Ludlow's; but that won't matter. An hour will give me all the time I want at Tom's, and we can figure safely up to ten o'clock." Then the folly of planning so far ahead while he was still in a prison that for two days and a half had resisted all his efforts to break it struck him like the rebuke of a taskmaster, and he slid down from the log with a mild imprecation pointed at his own vagaries. "That's just like me," he muttered, "sending my imagination across the river before the bridge is even planned. Work is the word, you speculative idiot! Do you hear that? Work!"

tl

er

in

ba

gr

th

fra

th

tio

To his great astonishment, the word seemed to bring an answer from the upper world, and he ran to the other end of the cavern to listen. The halloo was repeated, and he answered it with all the strength of his lungs; once again he heard the cry, but this time it was fainter, and after that the silence was undisturbed. Alive to the importance of utilizing every moment of time, Ringbrand returned to his work; but the expiring glimmer of the hope raised by the answering shout left a feeling of depression which would have unmanned him had he known that one of the searching miners had actually looked

down into the cavern at the moment when he was climbing down from

the first step of his problematical stair.

Fitting the first round of the ladder from the solid standing-ground offered by the bottom of the cave was much easier than the adjustment of the second, but Ringbrand had his plans well thought out now, and he worked carefully and methodically, saving the precious moments in every possible way. Climbing to a seat upon the round already placed, he hoisted the other piece of wood after him by means of the rope; and, balancing upon the precarious footing, he succeeded after many cautious trials in hewing out a resting-place for the second step in his stairway. With the fixing of this round, however, the difficulties immediately doubled, because the subsequent steps must be fitted each from the slight scaffolding afforded by the other. Making a final trip to the floor of the cavern, Ringbrand tied one end of the rope to the pick, and, carrying the other end with him, he ascended and fastened it to the first piece of wood. Then, climbing to the second, he repeated the former operation, dislodging the lower round by gentle upward blows with the swinging pick and drawing it up until he could grasp and raise it to a point still higher in the cavern. The plan was completely successful, but its slow progress consumed the time remorselessly, and the strain of work and anxiety began to tell upon him. He fought desperately against the rising fever of impatience, knowing well enough that everything now depended upon his ability to go on with persistent determination and with steady hands. As he neared the roof of the cavern, where the shadows were deeper, the difficulty of placing the cross-pieces increased so greatly that he grew faint and dizzy with lifting and reaching; and while he was raising the last step in the stair to its place between the walls, he suddenly became blind and tremulous, the heavy log slipped from his hands and went crashing to the bottom of the chasm, and a second afterward he lost his balance and followed it, catching frantically at the uneven walls as he slid back to the sandy floor.

The sharpest discouragement is sometimes a blessing in disguise. The shock of the fall and the apparent failure of his carefully-laid plan seemed to inspire Ringbrand with an energy born of despair. Struggling to his feet, and gathering new courage from the thought that the other end of the rope was still fastened to the remaining round in the upper shadows, he lashed the stick that had fallen to the end to which the pick was attached, and climbed once more to the perch in the twilight under the roof. Fired with an enthusiasm which banished all thought of fatigue, he soon had the swaying log in his grasp again, and after a moment of critical poising the last step was wedged into its place and driven securely home by a few blows with the pick. Without waiting to test its stability, he swung up to the frail staging, drew the pick up after him, and balanced himself for the attack upon the roof. Just at this juncture the thought suddenly came to him that he had built his ladder upon the mere supposition that the roof was assailable, and an awful fear that instead of yielding earth he might encounter a huge boulder almost unnerved him. There was no time for hesitation, however, and, summoning all

his strength, he swung the pick upward, giving a glad cry of relief and a hearty "Thank God!" when the iron tore a great hole through the thin covering, bringing down a shower of earth and pebbles upon him, and letting the blessed light of day into the gloomy shadows of

the pit.

A minute later he was standing, begrimed and breathless, but heart-whole and thankful, upon the firm turf of the mountain-top; and, pausing only long enough to get his bearings, he set off at a quick trot toward Tregarthen, taking a straight course through the forest and keeping the direction by the red glow of the sunset.

## XII.

## A VALOROUS COWARD.

THE leader of the unsuccessful party of searchers was just finishing his supper, in the intervals of which delayed meal he had been giving his wife a detailed narration of the events of the day. "And now I suppose I've got to go and put in the night at the McNabb," he added:

"these raids have got to be stopped, if-"

Mrs. Ludlow held up a warning finger. "I thought that was our gate," she said, and presently they both heard the quick nervous tread of some one coming rapidly up the gravelled walk. Then there was a step on the veranda, and before either of them could rise a grimy apparition appeared at the door of the dining-room. Ludlow sprang to his feet with an exclamation of glad surprise.

"By Jove, old fellow, but you did give me a turn!" he exclaimed, grasping the apparition's hand and wringing it heartily. "I thought it was your ghost,—I did, for a fact; and I believe the small madam thinks so yet.—Helen, dear, wake up and allow me to introduce Mr.

Ringbrand."

Mrs. Ludlow rose unsteadily and ran up, laughing and crying in the same breath. "You foolish man!" she said, pushing her husband aside impetuously, "can't you see that Hugh's nearly dead?—and you stand there making your miserable jokes! Why don't you run for the

doctor, quick ?"

In spite of the dreadful secret which was weighing him down like a nightmare, Ringbrand dropped into the nearest chair and laughed till the tears cut little channels through the grime on his cheeks. "You mustn't mind me," he said, as soon as he could speak; "I haven't laughed for three whole days, and it sounds so good and home-like to hear you talk again. I don't want a doctor, Tom,"—Ludlow was edging toward the hat-rack,—"I need soap and water and something to eat.—Mrs. Ludlow, I'm your guest, and I've lost ten consecutive meals: please have Aunt Mima put the whole ten of them on the table, and I'll devour them when I've washed off a little of this warpaint."

Mrs. Ludlow vanished in the direction of the kitchen, and Ringbrand rose and grasped his friend's arm. "Tom, you come up-stairs with me while I clean up a bit, and I'll tell you what I can. There's work cut out for both of us to-night, with not any too much time to spare."

Ludlow followed him up-stairs, asking, "Shall I turn on the water

in the bath-room for you?"

"No; there isn't time for that; but you may open those valises and get me a whole clean outfit—the black suit with the cutaway will do."

He got out of his soiled clothing hurriedly, throwing the different articles all about the trim room and hastily recounting the story of his capture, imprisonment, and escape, concluding by giving an outline of the plot against the Latimers as set forth in the conversation between the two men in the cave.

"Great heavens! but it's lucky you overheard that talk," ejaculated Ludlow, pausing in his aimless search among the contents of the

travelling-bags.

"It's something more than luck, Tom," replied Ringbrand, sluicing his face in the basin; "it's Providence, or else I shouldn't be here to tell about it."

"Have you thought of any plan to checkmate the scoundrels?"

"I have, and it needs your help. As soon as I've had something to eat, we'll drive up to 'The Laurels,' and then you can take the first opportunity that offers to get the colonel by himself while you tell him about it. He can tell Henry quietly, and there'll be no need of alarming Miss Hester. After she has gone to bed we'll hold a council of war, put out the lights, and dispose our forces so as to give the Bynums a warm welcome when they come; they'll not make the attempt much before midnight, and we will have plenty of time to get ready for them."

"Hadn't we better take a few of the men with us?—the Bynum

boys'll fight like devils when they find themselves cornered."

"I think it won't be necessary—can't you find that suit? You see, there'll be four of us, and if you can manage to capture the one who is to hold the horses, I think the colonel and Henry and myself will be good for the other two. I had thought of suggesting something like this. They will leave the horses in the grove at the left of the avenue, and you can post yourself where you can slip up and surprise your man. Then the others will proceed to fire the house,—probably at the front,—retreating to the cover of the clump of laurels to await developments. For the sake of having a clear case of arson against them, I thought it would be best to wait until they had actually started the fire, and while they are doing this I can get behind the laurels and the colonel and Henry can prepare to cover the men with their rifles as they retreat. At the proper moment I can show myself and demand a surrender, and we'll have them pretty well surrounded."

Ludlow rose from his knees and proceeded to dump the contents of the valises upon the bed, whistling softly to himself as he did so. "The scheme's as clear as diluted daylight, and it's worthy of a graduate of Scotland Yard," he said. "There's only one point that's a little misty: you've given yourself a part that'll ask for a heap of

downright cold-blooded nerve, Hugh. What have you done with your

respected traditions of inherent cowardice, and the like?"

"Left them in the hole up on the mountain, I hope," replied Ringbrand, struggling into the clothing handed him by Ludlow. "Anyway, that's just what I want to find out. On two occasions within the last three days I have managed to scare up courage enough to stand up to danger like a man, but the conditions were such as would have made a rabbit turn and fight. What I want to know now is if the inspiration were merely an exaggeration of the instinct of self-defence, or if I really did gain a victory.

Well, you're certainly in a fair way to settle the question if you carry out your programme. Has it occurred to you that your calm demand will probably be answered by a couple of rifle-balls?"

"I've thought of that, but I mean to take the chances,—if I don't

weaken and make a failure of the whole affair."

Ringbrand completed his hasty toilet, and they went down to the dining-room, where Mrs. Ludlow was waiting to serve the returned wanderer. He took his accustomed place and made a ravenous onslaught upon the hastily prepared supper that astonished and gratified the sympathizing hostess. "How dreadfully hungry you were!" she said, calling Aunt Mima to replenish the empty bread-plate. "Haven't you had anything to eat all these days?"

"Not very much. I'll tell you all about it the first chance I get." "Are you going away again to-night?" she asked, when Ludlow

went out to hitch up the horse.

"Yes; we are going up to 'The Laurels,' and it may be late before we get back."

"I'm so glad! If you're going there, I'll be good and not ask a single question-until to-morrow."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because Hester is worried, and I want her to know that you are alive and well."

They heard Ludlow driving out to the gate, and Ringbrand pushed back his chair. "Have you anything else to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head with precise energy. "Not a single solitary

word-except that you're to give my love to Hester."

"I'll certainly do that," he promised. "Good-night." And he ran down the walk and sprang into the phaeton beside Ludlow, who

drove off rapidly up the mountain road.

The colonel and his son were sitting on the veranda when the phaeton turned into the avenue, and Hester, grieving silently in the darkness of her room, heard Ringbrand's voice answering the hearty welcome of her father. She ran to the stairway, stopped a moment to regain her self-control, and then went down to meet him. They had all gone into the parlor, and when she followed them Hester felt for a swift instant that the whole world might read her secret in her face. Ringbrand rose to meet her, and took her extended hands in both of his. "I told you good-by to some purpose, after all, didn't I, Miss Hester?" he said, smiling.

"I should think you did," she answered, reproachfully. "Where

in the world have you been? and what makes you look so thin and

pale?"

"I tumbled into a hole back on the mountain," he explained, and, leading her to a chair, he seated himself beside her and recounted his adventures, carefully suppressing all mention of the Bynums, and leaving her to suppose that he had simply met with an accident.

"I should think you would have been starved almost to death," she said, pityingly. "How was it that some of the men didn't find you?"

Ringbrand had heard nothing of the search-party, and she told him of the efforts that had been made to find out what had become of him. When she told how the men had scoured the plateau, shouting, he remembered the cry that had reached him just as he had placed the first round of the ladder, and he held her attention with a graphic description of the sudden hope and its disappointment, while Ludlow took the colonel aside and told him of the intended attack. Ringbrand saw the look of grim determination come into the eyes of the elder Latimer, and a moment later Ludlow came over and began to talk to Hester, while the colonel and his son left the room. When they came back the conversation became general, and Ringbrand was glad of this, for he felt that the one thing impossible under the circumstances was a title-a-title with Hester.

After a little, the colonel suggested to his daughter that she retire, adding that they had a little matter of business to talk about that would keep them up awhile longer. She went willingly enough, being in a beatific frame of mind which would have made her obedient to a much more unreasonable request, and when they heard the door of her room close behind her they drew their chairs together, and Ringbrand gave a

rapid outline of his plan for the capture of the marauders.

Upon hearing it, Colonel Latimer demurred at once because of the danger attending Ringbrand's part in the undertaking; but he acquiesced finally when Ludlow added the weight of his advice, and the young man glanced gratefully at his friend for the timely assistance. When the details were arranged, and Ringbrand had appealed to Henry not to fire unless it became plainly necessary, the colonel spoke again: "In that conve'sation in the cave, Mr. Ringbrand, did you happen to heah anything that might th'ow any light on this?"—handing a soiled and greasy note to the young man.

Ringbrand unfolded it and spelled out the contents pencilled in

crabbed characters scrawled irregularly across the sheet.

"dere Mis ester," it ran, "hit mout be a heep beter ef you loud not to stay on the mounting two nite spose you go down to T ludlos fer a spel yure frend."

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"That's what's a-puzzlin' us. Hester found it wrapped round a piece of flint rock lyin' on the floor of her room this afte'noon, and she

reckoned somebody 'd th'own it in at the window."

"I think I know who wrote it," replied Ringbrand, reflectively, recalling the words of the conspirators. "One of them asked, 'How about the girl?' and the other replied, 'Needn't mind about her; she'll look out for herself,' and then he added, 'I shouldn't wonder if Jed

would be glad enough to take care of her if she'd allow it.' Jed is the one who will hold the horses, I believe."

"Blame his cussed impudence!" exclaimed the colonel, blazing up wrathfully. "What right has he got to be thinkin' about my Hester?"

"Not the least in the world, colonel," replied Ludlow, goodnaturedly; "but don't let us forget that he had enough humanity in him to send this note: he knew quite well that he did it at the risk of his neck, and it's the first decent thing I ever knew one of them to do."

Ringbrand looked at his watch. "I think we'd better be taking our places, gentlemen," he said. "They set no time, but we had best

be ready for them."

Henry extinguished the light, and the four men filed noiselessly out of the house to their several stations. The colonel and Henry, armed with repeating rifles and provided with buckets of water for use in case the fire spread too rapidly, concealed themselves in the shrubbery to the right and left of the small clump of laurel-bushes; Ludlow went down the avenue and crouched in the black shadow of a low-branched pine; and Ringbrand, armed only with the revolver which had been his companion in the cavern, took his stand against the trunk of a great oak, whose spreading limbs overshadowed the ambush selected by the mountaineers.

Up to the moment when the completion of the arrangements for the capture of the conspirators had begun to cancel the factor of excitement, Ringbrand had not reflected upon the peculiarly trying nature of the When the plan had suggested itself test he had proposed for himself. he had welcomed it gladly, hurrying forward to its culmination with the eager impatience of one who imagines he sees the turning-point of his life in the perspective and runs impetuously to double it. After he had taken his position under the oak, however, the suspense, and the darkness and silence of the night, began to dampen the fire of enthusiasm; the flood-tide of excitement turned and ebbed slowly away; and the heroic requirements of the part he had volunteered to take in the approaching drama stood out in vivid and disconcerting relief. Common sense awoke and demanded a reason for the hazardous plan, pointing the finger of ridicule at the melodramatic stage-setting, and suggesting that nothing had been omitted save a calcium light to be flashed upon the scene at the critical moment. He saw the absurdity of it all, and how much more sensible it would have been to take Ludlow's suggestion, surrounding the house with a posse of armed men whose numbers would have made resistance on the part of the mountaineers useless and hence improbable.

And what was there to be urged against such a safe and practical plan of procedure? Nothing, or less than nothing; merely the demonstration of an abstruse metaphysical problem within himself; the application of a heroic test which had no place outside of the realm of fiction. And with this thought it occurred to him that he had unconsciously planned the whole thing upon the lines that would have made it most effective in a story! And then the suggestion of the calcium light and the alarmed young woman looking down upon the theatrical tableau

from her window came again, making him sick with disgust.

Looking at it from any point of view, the romantic project, which was more than likely to cost him his life in the executing, was merely a fantastic idea of proving himself in some way a knight without fear,—a modern type of the grotesque mediæval personage who went about slaying impossible dragons and disembowelling mythological giants. It was absurd,—ridiculous,—preposterous! and from this point in the argument the descent to the Avernus of terror was easy. At the end of a half-hour he felt the premonitory spinal chill heralding a return of the well-known symptoms; in five minutes more the paroxysm was upon him, and he was struggling furiously in the grasp of his familiar demon, blind, deaf, and helpless, with every fibre of his being straining itself for flight in an impulse so real that he turned and grasped at the rough bark of the tree to keep himself from being carried bodily away

by the whirlwind of terror.

The attack did not last long, and about the time the blood began to tingle in his veins again he heard the muffled trampling of horses approaching along the dusty road. At the signal the very recollection of his late discomposure seemed somehow to vanish into the limbo of a remote past; his pulses quickened and his muscles thrilled with the vibrations of an accumulating energy that sang joyously as it leaped through the tense nerves and the throbbing arteries. His sharpened senses were unnaturally acute; he heard the woody clink of the rails as the men made a breach in the zigzag fence, then the smothered hoof-beats of the horses coming across the soft turf of the lawn; a moment later, in an interval of silence, he fancied he could almost hear the whispered instructions given to Jed. When the two men emerged from the deeper shadows of the grove he saw them quite distinctly in the starlight; they came directly toward his hiding-place, and when they paused within a few feet of the trees he could scarcely restrain the eager ferocity that prompted him to rush out upon them. In the instant of hesitation he had time to note that one of them carried an armful of kindling-wood; the man gathered it into a firmer hold while they paused, and there was a smothered tinkle of breaking glass, and the pungent odor of kerosene filled the air.

"What was that thar noise?" asked the other.

"Hit's that thar blame' bottle o' coal-oil, that's what hit is; hit's done bu'sted an' run all down into my boots," replied the first; and they moved forward and disappeared behind the corner of the house.

Ringbrand kept them in sight as long as he could, and then ran across to the clump of laurels, going down on his hands and knees and staring intently into the gloom until he found them again, two darker blots of shadow crouching in the angle formed by the bay-window in the parlor. While he was straining his eyes to catch the gleam of the match which would be the signal for their return, he did not hear the stealthy steps of a man who was approaching him from behind, nor did he know of its presence when the gliding figure came quite close and stood with clubbed gun waiting for him to rise.

The appearance of the third brother upon the scene was due to the fact that Ludlow had chosen his position unfortunately and so was unable to see the men when they dismounted. For this reason, he waited until he was sure that the two incendiaries had started for the house, and the delay gave the holder of horses time to yield to a sudden impulse born of a desire to know if his warning to Hester had accomplished its purpose. Looping the horses' bridles together and throwing them over the branch of a tree, he followed noiselessly in the footsteps of his brothers; and coming out on the open lawn in time to catch a glimpse of Ringbrand as he ran across to the laurels, he crept forward until he stood with uplifted gun behind the unsuspecting sentinel. When Ringbrand rose at the flash of the match, the poised rifle cut a quick circle in the air and descended with a blow that sent him back to his knees with a thousand scintillating motes dancing before his eyes; for a single confused instant he thought the end had come, and then he felt the revivifying breath of the spirit of battle which seemed to inspire him with the reckless and invincible courage of his warlike ancestors. Leaping to his feet, he fell upon his assailant with irresistible fury; there was a sharp, breathless struggle, a fierce clutching for under-holds, and then Ringbrand swung the slight form of his antagonist over his head and dashed it, limp and helpless, against the bole of the oak.

While this bit of by-play was going on behind the laurels, another incident occurred which further disarranged Ringbrand's plans, and left Colonel Latimer and Henry in doubt as to what they should When the elder Bynum stooped to light the pile of kindlings, Bud started back toward the ambush alone; and as the first match went out, the younger brother had time to reach the clump of laurels before Jeff could find and light another. Seeing but one of the men appear, the colonel and his son both hesitated, and Bud confronted Ringbrand just as the latter recovered himself from the grapple with There was no time for deliberation, and, realizing that the mountaineer could not use his rifle at close quarters, he flung himself upon the new-comer, taking him unawares and throwing him heavily, just as a bright blaze sprang up beside the house and a howl of agony rang out upon the still air of the night. A single glance revealed the cause of both: there was a terrible picture of a man wrapped in a winding-sheet of flame and running toward him,—a yelling human torch blazing from head to foot and swinging its fiery arms frantically as it ran.

At such a crisis, thought and action are one. Shaking himself loose from the grasp of the struggling younger brother, Ringbrand quieted him with a single deliberate blow with the butt of the pistol; the next instant he had tripped the shricking firebrand and was rolling it over and over in the damp grass when the colonel and Henry ran up. It was all over quickly, and they were binding Jed and Bud when Ludlow joined them. The colonel sent Henry to arouse the negro servants, with orders to get the horses and the farm wagon ready at once, and then an awed little group gathered around the burned man while Ludlow examined his injuries by the light of the lanterns.

"I guess he's past help," he said, quietly. "How did it happen?" Ringbrand answered; "It was kerosene. He had a bottle in his

pocket, and he broke it just as they passed me. He was carrying an armful of wood."

Ludlow glanced at the other two: "I missed my man, but I see

you have him. How did you manage it?"

"I didn't manage it: it was managed for me," replied Ringbrand, lowering his voice at the sound of a slight noise at one of the upper windows of the mansion. "When I got upon my feet behind the laurels there, some one knocked me down with a clubbed gun; I tried it again, and threw the fellow just as the other came up. I closed with that one to keep him from using his rifle; and as we fell, I saw the third man in a blaze."

Henry's post had been nearest to the bay-window, and he told how Jeff had tried twice to light the kindlings, and how the blaze had enveloped him as he was making the third attempt. While he was telling about it, the front door of the house was opened from within, and the colonel left the group and stood for some minutes talking with some one in the hall. Presently he called out, "You-all didn't get hurt, did you, Mr. Ringbrand?"

"Not worth mentioning," was the reply, and Ringbrand was sufficiently human to give place to the hope that Hester had seen something of the struggle, and to rejoice in the thought that her anxiety had

prompted the inquiry.

The door closed again when the wagon was driven up, and the colonel helped the others to lift the injured man to the bed of straw in the deep box. When he had been made as comfortable as possible, the two others were swung up behind and tied securely; and the colonel, Ludlow, and Ringbrand drove down to Tregarthen with

their prisoners.

The colonel said little until the wagon stopped on its return to "The Laurels" to set the two younger men down at Ludlow's gate; then he rose and held out his hand to Ringbrand. "I reckon you 'preciate how I feel, Mr. Ringbrand, an' I'm mighty proud to acknowledge my obligations, an' the obligations of the whole fam'ly, to you, seh. We-all ain't gwine to fo'get this heah night the longes' day than's a Latimer livin',"—the colonel's idiom grew stronger under the influence of emotion,—"an' I want to say right heah afore Tom Ludlow, seh, that as long as thah is a Latimer livin', he'll be proud to tell his child'en an' his grandchild'en that we-all are beholden to you, seh, for ouh lives an' for ouh propetty."

Ringbrand saw through the thin mask of grandiloquence, and hastened to assure the colonel that he was only too glad to have been in time. "Only don't call it an obligation, colonel," he added; "the motive was purely selfish,—in a way that you'd hardly understand if I

tried to explain it."

The colonel said much more to the same purpose, and would not leave them until he had extracted a promise from Ringbrand to extend his visit. When they had finally bidden him good-night, and Ludlow was opening the house-door with his latch-key, Ringbrand said, "If you love me, Tom, let me sleep all day to-morrow if I can: I'm about dead on my feet."

### XIII.

### ANSWERS VARIOUS.

RINGERAND slept the next day until after noon, coming down to a very late dinner feeling as if he had circumnavigated the globe in the wrong direction and so lost a day out of the calendar. Mrs. Ludlow, having slaked the imperative thirst of her curiosity at the well of her husband's information, spared him the task of recounting his adventures at length; but she managed to make him give a very fair description of the battle at "The Laurels" from the point of view of the chief actor therein, ruthlessly ignoring his modest endeavors to dwell lightly upon his own achievements. She listened with lively appreciation, making a comical little grimace of incredulous scorn as he concluded. "And Tom thought—shan't I pour you another cup of tea?"

"Thank you; what were you about to say?"

"I did say it. I asked if you would have another cup of tea."

"No, but about what Tom thought."

"Oh! Tom thought you'd sleep right along till to-morrow morning," she replied, with unblushing effrontery. "And that reminds me: Henry's been down to inquire after you, and I told him you'd pay your respects at 'The Laurels' this afternoon."

"How did you know I would?"

"I knew you'd do anything I promised for you."

"Well, since you've committed yourself, I suppose I'll have to

"Oh, please don't!" she urged, teasingly. "It's a long, long walk, and it's so dreadfully hot; I'd go back to bed again, if I were

vou."

"And impugn your reputation for truth and veracity?—that would be very unthankful; you see you've made it impossible for me not to go." Then, with diplomatic abruptness, "Haven't you anything to tell me before I start?"

"You asked me that question last night, and I'll make you the same

answer: you may give Hester my love."

"Thank you so much. Perhaps I shall go back to New York to-morrow."

"Perhaps you will; and perhaps the world came to an end yesterday. I think one is about as probable as the other."

"Oh! then you know of some good reason why I should stay."

"Yes, the best of reasons: you're not able to travel, yet."
Ringbrand laughed and reached for his hat. "Just watch me climb

that hill, and then you may repent at leisure," he said.

An hour later he was comfortably established upon the veranda of the colonel's home, lounging invalid-wise in the library easy-chair which Hester had insisted upon dragging out for him. They had been talking about the feud, his imprisonment in the cave, and all the exciting events of the past few days; and Ringbrand had been trying with a palpable effort at ingenuousness to bring the conversation around by easy and graduated approaches to the subject nearest his heart. On the long walk up the mountain he had forecast the manner

of these approaches with such strict fidelity to details that he now found it impossible to break away from the entanglement of set speeches and supposed answers, and every fresh endeavor seemed to involve him more hopelessly. Even the perversity of inanimate objects added to his helplessness. How could one talk upon serious subjects from the lazy rostrum of an easy-chair whose high back took away the last vestige of one's dignity?—and when he sat up, the comfortable hollow of the low seat brought his knees and his chin together in an attitude that was pathetically inadequate to the requirements of the case. Once or twice he had tried to rise, but Hester had protested playfully, saying that he must consider himself an invalid, if only for that afternoon. To add to his embarrassment, she left her own chair and began to saunter up and down the veranda in front of him, snipping dead leaves from the ivy on the railing as she talked.

He watched her furtively while the car of idle talk ran smoothly over endless stretches of track wherein there were no crossings or switches, until the subtle intoxication of her beauty began to make his replies irrelevant. At last she stopped just opposite his chair and leaned over the railing to recover a wandering spray of the ivy; while she stood there with her back toward him, he broke off in the middle of a sentence and said abruptly, "Miss Hester, I love you very much."

She recovered herself instantly, and he saw the suppressed laughter in her eyes as she turned toward him. He was on his feet in a moment. "Miss Latimer, I beg your pardon—indeed, I do—it wasn't at all what I meant-oh, horrors, what am I saying !- I did mean it, only I didn't intend saying it in just that way. Please don't laugh at me; it'll break my heart; I'm dreadfully in earnest, if I do talk like an imbecile. Hester, dear, do you love me just a little, and will you be my wife?"

He was holding her hand now and looking down into her face with an appeal in his eyes that quite atoned for the halting speech, and she hid her face on his shoulder, saying, "Oh, I'm so glad!"
"Glad of what, Hester?" he asked, drawing her closer to him.

Her face was suffused with blushes when she raised it shyly to his, but the merriment still twinkled in her eyes. "Glad that you found it impossible to be quite correct; you don't know-how much it makes me-" the last two words were whispered to the lapel of his coat, but he heard them and folded her in his arms. After the rapturous interval, he asked, "And did you think I was so very conventional?"

"I used to: the people in your stories always seem to do just the right thing at the right time. Tell me, did you ever make one of your heroes say anything like—like you did a few minutes ago?"

"Heaven forbid!" he answered, fervently; "but then one can

always imagine better things than he can do."

There was another eloquent interval, and then she looked up again. "Was that what you meant to tell me the night you went away ?"

"Partly; but there was something that prevented me,-something that, perhaps, should have made me keep silence to-day. You remember what we were saying about personal courage: I thought then that I was a born coward, and I'm not entirely sure of the contrary yet."

She held him off at arms' length and looked at him with loving pride kindling in her beautiful eyes. "It is like you to talk that way, after what you did last night!—father has told me all about it; and, besides, I saw you try to save that man's life at the risk of your own,—and after he had tried to kill you, too!"

"That was nothing but common humanity," he answered, quietly.

"You don't know how I had to cling to that tree there to keep from

running away just before the Bynums rode up."

"I don't believe a single word of it," she asserted, calmly, as he led her to a seat on the wide rustic settle at the end of the veranda; and then a sudden gleam of common sense came to him in the thought that perhaps it might be wise not to argue the point with her, then or ever.

They were married in the little church in Tregarthen a week after the trial of Jed and Bud Bynum, and the Ludlows gave them a wedding-breakfast in the cosy little dining-room of the house on the hill before they started on their journey northward. Ringbrand was in his room, hurriedly packing his valises, and Ludlow ran up to tell him that there was still plenty of time in which to catch the train.

"When are you coming South again, Hugh?" he asked, pacing the

floor of the small apartment with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, I don't know: whenever Hester gets homesick, I suppose."

"Well, I can't promise you a fight or a wedding the next time you come, but we'll try to keep you interested in some way. By the way, Hugh, it was generous of you not to prefer a charge of murder against those fellows for trying to kill you in the cave."

"It was quite unnecessary; a thirty-year sentence is severe enough to satisfy a more vindictive person than I ever aspired to be. Besides, you forget that it was Jeff who did the shooting, and his fate was suf-

ficiently horrible."

"It was, indeed; and that makes me think—I saw the sister at the trial. I wonder what has become of her?"

"She has gone to her uncle in Texas."

"Are you sure of that?"
"Yes, for I sent her."

" You !"

"Yes."

"And she didn't try to kill you before she left?"

"Oh, no; she was too sorrowful to think of vengeance. Besides,

I think she did me the justice to believe that I acted fairly."

Ludlow pursed his lips and whistled softly, continuing his restless march while Ringbrand fastened the last strap. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and regarded the younger man with a look of quizzical curiosity. "Hugh, what's become of that little fad of yours about personal courage and such things?"

"I told you once that I hoped I had left it in the hole on the mountain. I think it is still there," was the quiet reply, and they went

down to the waiting bridal party.

The accommodation train swung slowly around the curve below Tregarthen, and the intervening spur of the mountain shut out the last view of the little village and its smoking furnace. Ringbrand closed the window when the cinders began to blow in, and, looking around the dingy interior of the car, thought of that other eventful journey taken in the same vehicle. He bent toward the small pink ear at his shoulder and whispered, "Do you know where I first began to love you, Hester?"

"No," she answered, drawing her veil down so that she could blush

comfortably.

"It was right here: you were sitting in this very seat, only it was turned the other way. I saw you get on the train at Chilwanee, and ran after you like a school-boy. That was the beginning of it."

And the end is not yet.

THE END.

## FAMOUS RIVALRIES OF WOMEN.

TAMOUS women are the great dramatic artists of history. Without the comedy which even their tragedies furnish, history would be as cold as an orchestra without brass. How their caprices, their foibles, their frailties, their daring cleverness, sparkle out of the solid pages! How their faces, beautiful or individual, jewel the musty chronicle and allure the student from the dark procession of the past! Even the demoniacs, Catherine de Médicis, Catherine of Russia, Lucretia Borgia, have a picturesqueness unattainable by man. By comparison, Henry the Eighth is a vulgar butcher, Philip the Second a monomaniac with a lust for blood, Cæsar Borgia is half obscured behind the magnificent sweep of his sister's skirts.

But the sauce piquante of history are the women whose jealousies turned the fate of nations, whose smarting vanity was soothed by the old-fashioned process of blood-letting, or who merely furnished private

theatricals for their contemporaries.

Sad was the fate of Leonora de Guzman, a beautiful woman of noble blood, whose only offence appears to have been her misplaced affection for King Alfonso of Castile. It is true she was installed in the palace and proclaimed queen, despite the fact that the lady with legal claims dwelt in another wing. One can imagine the impotent rage of her who had the proud consolation of the sanction of law and church, the secret uneasiness of Leonora, who had probably read of the fickleness of kings, the meetings in the halls, the slaughter of those whose office it was to taste the royal food and intercept the poison intended for the royal stomach. But the queen bided her time and had her day. Alfonso went the way of all flesh, and the dowager easily persuaded her son Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, who succeeded his father, that the fair but unprincipled Leonora was conspiring against his life in order to advance the fortunes of her own son. Whereupon Pedro had her promptly put to death, and the queen dowager fanned herself with long slow curves of her flexile wrist and gazed out upon the future with large placid Spanish eyes.

Pedro in his turn lost no time in succumbing to the charms of anarchistic love. Over him shortly obtained ascendency the famous Maria de Padilla, also of noble blood, who had been brought up in the family of Albuquerque, his minister. Shortly afterwards he married, from political motives, Blanche de Bourbon. But Maria would have none of her. Why she permitted the marriage is not stated; certain it is that after she saw her lovely rival she compelled the king to desert his queen without ceremony. This was an exciting time at the court of Castile. Sides were taken and poems were written. Maria was execrated and Blanche exalted as a martyr, but Blanche nevertheless was slaughtered in the castle of Medina Sidonia. According to Lock-

hart, she dies with this lament:

<sup>&</sup>quot;O France, my noble country, O blood of high Bourbon, Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone.

The king hath never known me,—a virgin true I die. Whate'er I've done to proud Castile, no treason e'er did I. The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs: God grant me soon another crown more precious in the skies."

It will readily be seen that Maria was the more piquant and dashing lady of the two, and many, like Voltaire, might defend the king's taste.

Nevertheless Blanche was avenged. Not only did her murder lead to the downfall and death of Pedro, but her bloodthirsty rival speedily met her deserts. Pedro had a brother named Fadrique, Master of the Order of St. Iago and an estimable and popular young prince. He did not approve of Maria, and was at no pains to hide his sentiments. Maria, being a lady of haughty spirit and large vanity, was naturally displeased, and gave her royal lover no peace until he ordered his brother's head struck off and presented to her on a charger. She ordered her dogs

to lick that haughty face.—" No more that lip shall sneer." She seized it by the clotted hair, and o'er the window flung.

The dogs, naturally, made such a pow-wow that they attracted a crowd, which excited the uneasiness of Pedro, who, man-like, spat his spite upon the woman. Simultaneously he was cursed by the old nurse who had reared him and Fadrique. The beldame sagely remarks,—

"A thousand harlots full there be within the realm of Spain, But where is she can give to thee thy brother back again?"

Whereupon Pedro, overcome by remorse, rushes to Padilla, where she

leans out her painted bower.

He drew her to a dungeon dark, a dungeon strong and deep;
"My father's son lies stiff and stark, and there are few to weep.
Fadrique's blood for vengeance calls, his cry is in mine ear:
Thou art the cause, thou harlot false. In darkness lie thou here."

We are told that the Count Alarcos had loved the Infanta Solisa, but, thinking his case hopeless, transferred his affections to another lady equally beautiful, and, as far as we can ascertain, promptly forgot the Infanta. But the Infanta had not forgotten him. One day the king surprised her sitting on the terrace apart from her women, weeping bitterly. He demanded the meaning of her tears. She replied that she wished to marry; and when her father with some surprise and choler reminded her of the many suitors she had refused, she confessed that she had secretly loved Alarcos, but had feared to confess it. The king appears to have been nothing if not paternal, despite his daughter's misgivings. He ordered Alarcos to kill his wife or die. There is an affecting scene in the old ballad, although Alarcos does not seem to have hesitated in his duty. After assuring his wife of his undying affection, he strangled her with a handkerchief,

and drew it tight and strong, Until she lay quite stiff and cold the chamber floor along. Consistently

He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side, To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

But she had not forgotten to make her curse, and

These guilty spirits stood Right soon before God's judgment seat.

Bitter was the rivalry between Anne de Pisseleu, afterwards Duchesse d'Etampes, and Diane de Poitiers for the favor of Francis I. So determined was the contest for championship that the court divided into two factions and the ladies called each other names. Anne hissed that she was born on Diane's wedding day, and alluded to her as "the old hag," while Diane, we have reason to believe, remarked that her younger but not fairer rival was a "chit" and a "hussy." The poor queen appears to have played a silent part in this domestic drama, the distracted king having literally no time for her. Finally the younger woman triumphed, and Diane was forced to retire in disorder. The duchess is thus described by Frances Elliot:

"Her eyes are beautiful, hard, and cruel. She wears an ermine mantle, for it is winter; her dress is richest green satin embroidered with gold. On her head is a golden net, the meshes sprinkled with diamonds, from which her dark tresses escape in long ringlets over her shoulders; . . . tyranny of youth, beauty, and talent. A mere girl, she already knows everything, and is, moreover, astute, witty, and

false."

Diane, enraged, but confident in her beauty and brains, bided her A young king was growing up, and upon him she lavished her marvellous fascination. Although twenty years older than the boy,— or because of that score's accumulation of beauty and charm,—she obtained absolute control of his affections, and when he ascended the throne as Henry II. she virtually ascended it with him. But again she was not to reign undisturbed. Henry, like other kings, must marry, and allied himself with the house of Medici. As fate would have it, he unwittingly espoused a woman far removed from the nonentities who have figured through history as the consorts of kings. Catherine was young, clever, cunning, and unscrupulous, a good waiter, a relentless hater, a fanatic, a schemer. When she arrived in Paris to find the king uxoriously devoted to another woman, "powerful, clear-sighted, of comprehensive mind, amiable, beautiful," she exerted all her arts and seductions to win her rightful place and oust her rival. She failed signally, but with marvellous self-command bore all meekly, brought the king ten children, and for fourteen years bided her time. When that time came she took her vengeance with unseemly haste. As the king lay dying she sent word to Diane to guit the Louvre instantly.

"When Diane, sitting lonely in the Louvre, received the queen's message, she turned indignantly to the messenger and demanded, 'Is the king then dead?' 'No, madame, but his wound is pronounced mortal; he cannot live out the day.' 'Tell the queen,' said Diane, haughtily, 'that her reign has not yet begun. I am mistress over her

and the king as long as the king lives. If he dies I care little how

she insults me: I shall be too wretched to heed her."

Fashions in dress do not change more certainly than fashions in beauty. I saw in Paris an original painting of Diane de Poitiers, and thought her very homely, not to say repulsive. She is reclining on a couch, her eyes half closed with an expression which polite language refuses to describe. Her eyebrows and lashes were white, the scant hair above her bulging brow a sickly straw-color. Her nose was a snub, her mouth coarse, her complexion pasty. Her scantily clothed form appeared to be only fairly well modelled. But perhaps behind that ungainly forehead was the power of the hypnotist. Whatever her subtle force, the fact remains that she was omnipotent in her day.

Before the death of Gabrielle d'Estrées, Henry IV. had fallen a victim to Henriette de Balzac. He swore to marry her, even after Marie de Médicis had set sail from Italy. "Stealthy, clever, remorseless, she lured from him a marriage contract." But Marie came and was wed, although it is said that between the two the king tore his hair and consigned all women to the devil. The rivalry was unremitting and bitter, and, as the king stood mid-way, he naturally broke the force and received the full benefit of their thunderbolts. On one occasion the queen slapped his face. Naturally he lived with Henriette. Meanwhile she claimed publicly to be his wife, and finally the question arose, Was the dauphin legitimate? This drove the queen frantic. king was obliged to call upon her occasionally, and when he did "she wept, raved, stamped about the room, coaxed, kissed, and cajoled him." She tormented him to consent to her coronation, and, developing a superior amount of persistence over her rival, won the day.

There appears to have been no rivalry between the spiritual La Vallière, the splendid Montespan, and the superior Maintenon, although they were contemporaries at court and successors in the favor of Louis XIV. Montespan is quoted as exclaiming, when La Vallière's beauty and influence were at their height, "God save me from ever being the mistress of a king!" and there is no reason to doubt her sincerity. When the position was offered it dazzled her, but up to that time she had been too clear-eyed to covet it. Maintenon's power was incapable of making itself felt until Montespan and her kind had palled in the natural order of things. When Louis's hour of remorse and satiety

came, the patient woman at his elbow stepped forward.

Madame Tallien was desperately jealous of Madame Récamier, but it is not related that she had the satisfaction of being admitted as a rival by the all-victorious Julie. Posterity will never know whether the latter deserved her reputation for beauty or not. The charming picture commonly reproduced is wholly unlike the painting by David which hangs in the Louvre. In that Madame Récamier looks like a bright, impertinent little Southern girl.

All the Bonaparte women were jealous of Josephine. The rivalry between the Empress and Pauline was acrid and deathless. Both loved dress better than country or bonbons, and whenever the same capital held the two the royal milliners were driven to the verge of brain fever. When Pauline, as the Princess Borghese, made her bridal

visit to St.-Cloud, she came with a wardrobe calculated to make the Empress's gorgeous toilettes appear cheap and gaudy by comparison. But the fame of this wardrobe had preceded her, and Josephine, in small matters, was a woman of wit and resource. She received her guest in a Greek costume of exquisite simplicity, which had the double effect of enhancing her own charms and making Pauline appear overdressed and extinguished in her magnificent gown of pale green velvet, covered from head to foot with the famous Borghese diamonds and emeralds. To complete the discomfiture of her hated rival, Josephine received her in a bright blue room and seated her on a bright blue sofa. Pauline's

tears upon this occasion are historical.

To my mind the most delightful rivalry in all history was between Brunhild and Crimhild. There is something most tragic in the Icelandic queen's defeat by the invisible Sigfrid, whom, when manifest, she took to be the vassal of Gunther, and to whom, in the impulsive fashion which has characterized the sex time out of mind, she had given her gigantic heart. But Gunther, to all seeming, overthrew the mighty queen, and there was nothing for her to do but keep her vow and return with him to Worms. There her discomfiture was completed by observing the devotion of Sigfrid to Crimhild, the most beautiful woman in Europe. What wonder that on her wedding night she tied Gunther's hands and feet with her girdle and hung him up on the wall? Perhaps with a woman's insight she divined, next night, the prowess of Sigfrid administering marital chastisement with the hands of her husband. Nevertheless she was forced sullenly to acknowledge herself defeated, and for ten years was sufficiently domestic, although her thoughts were with Sigfrid in his kingdom and she brooded on the beauty and good fortune of Crimhild. People must have been singularly reticent in those days, when Brunhild for ten years believed Sigfrid to be a vassal. At the end of that time her feminine patience gave out, and she commanded Gunther to invite his sister and her husband to Worms. Gunther, who had forborne to wrestle with her during Sigfrid's absence, promptly despatched the invitation, and in a short time Brunhild was actively miserable once more gazing upon the insensible Sigfrid and his superlatively beautiful Naturally she took refuge in tempers, and one day, after a wordy war with her rival, she taunted her with being the wife of a To this Crimbild made indignant retort and announced her husband's high estate. Brunhild laughed in her face. stamped her foot and told her to see for herself on the following Sunday, when she, by means of her superior social status, would enter the church door first. Brunhild turned her back in scorn.

The scene at the church door on the following Sunday was a painful chapter in the history of woman. These two fair queens strode forward, Brunhild's long legs carrying her there first. But Crimhild shouldered her aside, and, raising her voice, called upon the people to witness that she was the wife of the mighty Sigfrid and of no namesake. Then, as Brunhild still haughtily refused to give way, she taunted her with the deception which had been practised upon her by means of the invisible cap of Sigfrid. Brunhild, although paling, declined to believe

this story also, until Crimbild, quite beside herself, produced the girdle and ring of which Sigfrid had despoiled Brunhild the night after she had hung Gunther on the wall. Then the poor deceived Icelandic queen broke down; and in the slaughter of husbands which followed we can blame no one,—merely that abstract quality of vanity which pervades the universe.

The story of Queen Eleanor's jealousy of Fair Rosamond is too trite for more than mere allusion. It is for the wit of the nineteenth century to say which of those unhappy ladies had the worst of it, she whom the king slighted, or she whom he secluded in the heart of a labyrinth, with no other society, through long, weary years, than

his own.

Elizabeth's jealousy of Mary Stuart was unquestionably due to the latter's superior beauty and charm for men. Elizabeth seems to have been a good-hearted creature, and had Mary impressed her contemporaries with being as plain as she appears to posterity, she could have

been as ambitious as she chose and died with her head on.

There was war to the knife between Mrs. Bracegirdle and Anne The former, we are told, "was of a lovely Height, with dark brown Hair and Eyebrows, black sparkling Eyes, and a fresh blushy complexion, and whenever she exerted herself had an involuntary Flushing in her Breast, Neck and Face, having continually a cheerful

Aspect and a set of even White Teeth."

Steele writes of Mrs. Oldfield, "Flavia is ever well dressed, and always the genteelest woman you meet; but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes everything look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted that they appear, as it were, part of her person."

It was only an amiable rivalry between Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, and Mary Wollstonecraft; the sort which has stimulated literary women

of all generations.

But loud and deep, bitter and everlasting, was the rivalry between bellicose Sarah of Marlborough and poor, meek, persistent, red-nosed Mrs. Masham. If waves of air could speak, how our atmosphere would resound with the reverberations of Sarah's tongue and temper! If it be true that each of our acts is photographed on the walls environing them, what a startling study of warlike woman may not science some day reveal in Windsor or St. James! The pitiful figure in this triumvirate is not the duchess, consumed with her own spleen, nor Mrs. Masham, whose ears were split with her cousin's shrieks, but poor Queen Anne, mighty of flesh, small of soul, who never rightly knew whether her crown would be demanded of her before the day was over, or her trembling hypocrisy be forgiven her.

Pepys imbues us with his partiality for Lady Castlemaine, and we resent with him the waxing power of Mrs. Stewart over the versatile Charles. He sadly chronicles the first manifestation of Lady Castlemaine's downfall,-that downfall of many stages and sporadic restorations,—although he is too gallant to suppress his admiration for the

rival;

"And hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying there to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoate and a crimson shot petticoate, and her hair dressed à la négligence, mighty pretty, and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here also was my Lady Castlemaine, who rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light did anybody press as she seemed to expect, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humor and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet it is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile and look at anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling their hats and feathers and trying one by one another's heads and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their beauty and dress, that ever I did see in my life. above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw in my life, and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I really believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."

A year later the inimitable diarist weakens farther:

"Thence with my Lord Brouncker to Hide Parke, the first time I have been there this year. There the king was, but I was sorry to see my Lady Castlemaine; for the mourning forcing all the ladies to go in black, with their hair plain and without spots, I found her to be a much more ordinary woman than I durst have thought she was; and indeed is not so pretty as Mrs. Stewart."

At this time only Mrs. Stewart seems to have preserved her serenity, for not only was Lady Castlemaine jealous of her, but the queen was jealous of Lady Castlemaine, and the king had a peaceless time between

them. To quote Pepys again:

"On this occasion the queen in ordinary talk before the ladies of her drawing-room did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared that the king did take cold by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all that the king did not stay so late with her, for he went betimes thence, though he do not arrive before one or two or three in the morning, but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in and overhearing, did whisper in the ear aside and told her she was a bold impertinent woman, and bid her be gone out of the court and not come again until he sent for her, which she did presently and went to a lodging in the Pell Mell and kept there two or three days,"

In American history we have little account of feminine rivalries. The eminent women all appear to have been too supremely beautiful or too superior to interfere with each other. Thackeray, however, would intimate that Madame Esmond was a possible rival to Mrs. Custis before the latter's marriage to the gentleman of whom we hear

so little in this era, which has pushed to its supremest development

The Great and Peculiar Art of Lying.

"'What is it?' continued George, with a bitter oath. 'Don't you see what it is? They were billing and cooing this morning. They are billing and cooing now before going to roost. Had we not better go into the garden and pay our duty to our mamma and papa?' and he pointed to Mr. Washington, who was taking the widow's hand very

tenderly in his."

Who in England to-day, I wonder, has a thick MS. under lock and key which shall make him famous in the next generation and tell curious posterity of the tournaments of the famous beauties of to-day and yesterday, those tournaments which held and hold the attention of the civilized world for brief but engrossing whiles? What a volume of memoirs will that make! But it will be no such difficult task as beset his predecessors, for the newspapers have written the greater part of it for him. It could almost be written in Kalamazoo.

Gertrude Atherton.

## AFTER THE SUMMER.

RUITION? Ah, yes: the corn is rich gold;
The fields are close-mown, and pale
With giving of life to hungering fold;
The wild blooms of hill and vale
Have languidly tossed worn petals aside
To die in the late-month sun;
The call of the bird to his springtime bride
Tells forth that their work is done.

The gloss of the leaves that clothe the old trees
Has dulled to a modest crown,
That quivered and gasped, athirst for a breeze,
Then faded to dun and brown.
The delicate bloom hangs strong, sturdy fruit;
Faint perfume, to incense grown;
The dream of a hymn, to strain of the lute;
Young whispering wind, to moan.

We lived—you and I—in Life's summertide;
Our feet pressed the carpet green
That God flung about, on every side,—
My King, and I was your Queen;
The sun gave its blessing; the trees lent their shade;
The storms swept us, swift and strong:
We breathe, as we glance to see the Past fade,
A sweet, soft thanksgiving song.

Emma J. Gompf.

## AT THE LITTLE RED HOUSE.

EVERY one liked old Barry. He was an aged child.

His eyes under bushy brows gazed at the world with the serene vacancy of infancy. His mouth had known many expressions of pain and apprehension during the sixty-five years that lay behind him, a wake on a troubled sea, but all that hinted of experience had been wiped away by the finger of the years, leaving upon the sunken curves of the lips a childish wistfulness and simplicity. His hair, still profuse and waving, gleamed with the aggressive silver that scintillates in the heavens after a storm. His hands were labor-cramped, and his back was bent; of his youthful grace and splendid strength no hint was left. His voice was sweet and gentle, but far-away and sometimes faltering, reminding one of the broken, faintly melodious whispers struggling from the soul of an old instrument.

Every one within twenty miles of the little upland town of Trenton-the-Hill knew him. Why not? From mid-afternoon until midnight for fifteen years he had sat in his signal-box at the railroad crossing. Old though he was, his dogged faithfulness, which was second nature, prevented his displacement for a younger man. He

had never failed in the slightest shade of duty.

The shining tracks over which the trains throbbed city-ward were as the familiar faces of friends. He loved the whole mise en scène of the railroad: the rushing sound in the soft, early spring days when the grass sent up a penetrating, earthy smell, reviving memories of youth, pale dreams peopled with shadows; the twilight, when the lights flashed with startling brilliancy into the solemn greenness whose hush seemed an invitation to nothing more substantial than fairies; the splendent summer moonlight, turning the track to sinuous lines of silver; the fog that clothed the fiery-breasted locomotive with a hideously alluring mystery; the December nights when the snow came down through the windless air with an evenness and quiet that saddened him, until the bellow of the locomotive sounded far off like a voice of cheer.

He knew its every aspect well. The road, pulsating with life, carrying thousands daily from one great business centre to another, was like a book made up of details and chapters. For the most part it was a quiet tale, but now and then there had been climaxes that were awful, tremendous, calamities to make the blood shiver, mysterious deaths, and even murder. Barry had once seen a collision at night, and once a suicide had been crushed not twenty feet from where he had stood fatuously waving his white lantern to signify that all was well. These were memories etched upon his brain as with a needle of fire.

In all his long life he had made but one visit to New York, and then he had journeyed with breaking heart, clasped hands that felt like burning stones, and alert, beseeching eyes. He had found himself in a wilderness of brick, jostled, misunderstood, astray, laughed at, and

forced to return at last, still hopeless, still alone.

He frequently thought of that visit of five years before. The old pain would quicken, his heart contract, and a weak cry of longing leave his lips:

"Oh, Meg—my Meg! Where are you now? Have you watched her, O my God? Have you forgiven her? Is she safe somewhere?

Or is she dead? My child! My pretty Meg!"

And then he would let the eyes of his soul linger on every detail of Meg's imagined face, flashing with color and life, black-browed, wilful, daring. With a sick longing he would fancy that again her fierce little arms were flung about him, her face pressed hard on his. He heard her shrill laughter and saucy replies to his stumbling attempts at advice:

"Daddy, you're nothin' more'n a great big kid. I can take care

of myself."

And he had believed her. He had been blind to the insinuating glances of his neighbors, had shut his ears to the gloomy prophecies that followed the girl's wayward course, had flung from him as something unclean the whispers of scandal he could not wholly ignore. Blind and deaf as a stone! He did not see that she was being slowly drawn from him, and that one day he would roam through the vacant house, frantically calling her, weeping like a woman, longing only to hold her again close to his heart, sinful, it might be, as they said, but not the less dear for that.

She had gone. The city had drawn her into its tenebrous flood, one drop in its vastness. He had searched, but had not found her.

He began to think he never would.

He sat in his signal-box one wild March day, and he was thinking of her. He always felt Meg near him when the wind was abroad. Sometimes oncoming with the rush of a shrieking conqueror, sometimes subdued to a whisper, but always sad, it scurried in a despairing crescendo around the little red house.

Its weeping voice seemed telling him of the tragedy, want, and blackness it had seen in its journeyings, of great cities all glitter and pain, of eyes that watched in vain and hearts that had given over hoping. There was something prophetic about it, too, that made him sigh, and sigh again.

The afternoon spent itself as he sat there, not actively conscious even of thinking, wrapped in a haze of retrospective pain, a gray twi-

light of pointless regret.

On a shelf opposite was a row of volumes,—Monte Cristo, Kenilworth, David Copperfield, Burns's Poems, and the Bible,—all well thumbed. During long waits and quiet Sundays he had read these

over and over.

Something impelled him to rise now and stretch his quivering hands for the old purple-bound Bible. The awful uncertainty of his child's fate was a spectre behind his back, its cold fingers stealing searchingly toward his heart. If he opened the Bible at random he might chance upon some passage to give him hope anew and dispel this chilling calm, where nothing was said, but whose portent was of terror.

As he fumbled at the yellowed leaves the wind was crying like a woman in travail. He laid his finger blindly on the page, then with shivering, superstitious reluctance forced his gaze downward:

"Lift up your eyes, and behold them that come from the north."

It was like a command from a king. He stood with the open book in his worn hands, his eyes closed. Could all go quite wrong while God knew everything and watched? With the flawless faith resultant from his unquestioning life, he felt that he would not die without hearing of Meg or seeing her again.

The clock gave one vibrating, treble note, and, looking up, he saw that it was half-past five. In ten minutes the local train, of which Bob Ferguson was engineer, would pass. He lit the lantern which he was to wave as a precautionary signal. Bob Ferguson would under-

stand its warning;

"Wait at the curve at Deering's Mill until the Northern Express

goes ahead."

The dry cold crept in through the chinks and made him careful to wrap his throat warmly in a worsted scarf and tie the ear-laps of his gray woollen cap snugly under his chin. He took the lantern and stepped into the chill dusk.

As he closed the door of the little red house, he saw a woman coming down the hilly road. She walked like one unfamiliar with

the place. Once she stood still and turned her head.

Trifles make up the day's history to lonely men like Barry, and he watched her. As she came nearer he saw she was middle-aged, thin-faced, a sour expression puckering lips and eyes,—a woman pale from the grievance of perpetual struggle. Her clothes were poor, the crape veil on her bonnet nothing but a sere rag, fretted into tattered curves by the wind that lashed her down the hill as if in malice and mockery.

A few yards from him she paused and looked hesitatingly at him.

Why were her eyes so suddenly sad?

A premonition flashed into Barry's brain, startling, stinging him for a moment to an awful suspense. That letter which she drew from her breast and held out to him,—ah, he knew of a surety from whom it was. The excitement died. A sudden lifelessness struck him: he seemed deprived of every sense but sight. His surroundings slipped into a cloud. He saw only a woman holding a letter toward him. He no longer felt the iron loop of the lantern in his hand.

"Ain't you going to take it? She was so sure you'd forgiven her. You don't mean that you ain't even going to read it?" he heard the woman in black say in a voice that was seemingly far away.

He roused himself. Lips and voice and eyes were pitiful as a grieved child's when he spoke at last:

"Read it to me, please. I can't."

She broke the envelope and unfolded a closely written page.

Ah, those were words to remember and weep for. The crying of the wind was his child's voice. Meg was speaking to him at last, but not the thoughtless, teasing, laughing elf he had known. Here was a woman who had loved with the intensity of a tempest. The calm had come, and the pale sunlight of death fell upon desolation.

"Meg lived with me for two years," the woman in black was saying, "and I know her story. Not a day passed without her talking of you. Once, last summer, she came back here for a whole day, and from that wood over there the poor girl watched you at your work. Oh, sir, Meg loves you. She does indeed. She'd have come to you long ago in spite of her pride,—but if you knew how she trusted Nick Craig, and that this month, or the next, or in two months, he'd surely marry her! And she lived on his lies, as women will, you know, for she loved him. Two years ago, when her child was born, she was happy. She felt all would come right for the boy's sake. She didn't know Nick Craig. You see, sir,"-the woman's dim eyes flashed,-"there was another wife. Nick said he was getting a divorce from her, and then he'd marry Meg. Well, he got it, and he married some one else. That's the whole story. He broke her heart. She's dying now. She'll live a few months, maybe, but that's the most. And she wants you for that little while."

There are moments when a poignant grief or joy threads its way to the secret forces of life, and that seemingly dead crater, the heart, flames for the space of a few breaths with a passion as fierce at seventy

years as at twenty.

This quickening came to Barry now. He shook like the old man he was, for the body was unable to resist with dignity the inward storm; but a frenzied craving grew in his eyes, his lips opened wide, and the wind seemed to scurry in affright from the curse that rang from them. Sorrow had been replaced by a hate as maddening as hunger.

He was not thinking of Meg now. His desire was that the man who had shamed and hurt her and left her to die alone might stand before him. The wounded fatherhood within him cried out for this

man's death as simple justice.

A whistle sharp and discordant as a witch's shriek rent the air.

Barry raised his head. His face had no life in it. The lantern hung motionless in his unconscious clutch. With the feverish impotence of one seeking to throw off the weight of a nightmare he tried to move, tried to wave the lantern. It was useless. He saw the train, a red-eyed cyclops, rush round the curve. He heard its whistle, a call to him, an urgent question, a frantic appeal. He saw Bob Ferguson's ruddy young face looking from the engineer's cab in a cloud of steam. He knew that, unsignalled, he would carry hundreds to a death that even to think of had often sickened him.

But he stood like a block.

He had felt the passion of murder as keenly as if he had just arisen from the strangled throat of his child's destroyer. It had passed, leaving him unstrung, enervated almost to collapse. The strange woman saw his eyes, blank as pebbles, fixed upon the cold perspective of rock and sky where the train had disappeared. He sighed, and fell forward into her arms.

During the following day and night, while he lay speechless, he

was never for a moment wholly insensible. A hundred times he saw

the trains meet and crash and felt a shadowy horror grip him.

When at length he opened his eyes he was alone in a strange room. He remembered all now, every appalling particular. He thought of Bob Ferguson's wife and little ones weeping around a dead man,—of the imagined throng he had piloted on that last ride, carrying them forward on the wings of doom.

Barry stared at the bare wall as if the whole scene were sketched there by an accusing hand. All murdered—and by him! His fault,

his, that devil's festival of blood and fire!

He was half sitting up in bed, groaning, his fingers weakly clutching the quilt, when the woman in black came in, followed by a neighbor. In vain he tried to question them. His cold lips could not move. He lay in a stiffened attitude, feeling his age acutely for the first time, and trying to read in their faces a sign of the grief that fed upon his heart.

"Tell him," said the woman in black. "You can see he's fright-

ened."

The neighbor in whose house he lay knelt beside him and met his

staring, thirsting eyes.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, in the soothing tone one uses to children. "I suppose you're worrying about the train. Well, you needn't. Bob Ferguson is a sharp one. He saw the lantern in your hand, he says, and he saw you looked queer. So he just slowed up, and went cautiously. Not more than a minute after he had passed Deering's Mill, and when he had switched to the down track, he heard the express behind him away off. He backed the train and blew his whistle like it was going crazy. We all heard it for miles around. The express slowed up too, but too late to keep from a shock. Bob wasn't hurt, nor nobody else---"

"Not one!" Barry stammered, a weak laugh of joy breaking from

him. "O God—O God—thy mercy!"

"Well, there was one man,-only one. He was sitting in the back of the last car, fast asleep. Of course when the engine of the express struck Bob's train the last car was shivered almost to bits. But don't worry any more. Think what an escape it was, -only one man killed."

Only one life! One man! How lightly she spoke of him,—that solitary victim who had ridden with death beside him! Ah, there was an uncanny wonder to it, that he, of the hundreds there, had been marked for a sacrifice, his life perhaps the most precious of all.

Barry's stricken face sank upon his palms, and he prayed aloud for

forgiveness to that dead man.

The woman in black leaned over him.

"It was Nick Craig that was killed," she said, in a colorless tone.

Barry looked up, his brain in a whirl.
"Nick Craig?—Nick Craig?" he said, in a whisper, groping for the memory that associated that name with himself.

"Yes,—the man Meg went away with."

Kate Jordan.

## IN THE OCTOBER WOODS.

THE realization of the presence of autumn comes on by degrees, stealing along almost insensibly at first, and growing toward its fulness with the ripening of the season. It never bursts into view with the changes of a single night, as spring sometimes does, when the starting of the buds upon the willows, the greening of the grass along the southern hill-sides, or the note of a robin on the morning air, tells

us that winter has gone.

The year glides into its sere and yellow leaf by a series of gradations, slowly, as if autumn came with unwilling feet; then fast and faster, as though it would not longer lag superfluous. We see the meadows and the grain-fields lying bare and brown; a smoky haze pervades the air; the leaves of the maples flutter down, singly, then by twos and threes, finally in showers that make a rustling carpet under foot. Flocks of birds are seen flying south. The call of the katydid has fallen to the smallest possible chirp. Then on a gray day, when the sky looks cold but while the warmth of a summer sun still lingers through the early afternoon, we say suddenly that autumn has come and almost gone, and so take ourselves to the woods for a last close look before Nature lays her drapery of the leaves aside.

That we have come upon melancholy days, that this brilliant plumage is but a festal garment that the trees put on, wherein to have one last fling before death comes, and which must be laid aside as they presently become *in extremis*, is arrant nonsense, and we will have none of it. These leaves about us, blown knee-deep in the gullies and into the corners of the fence-rows, making a carpet through all the woods, fluttering down through the mellow air, or still upon the trees taking prismatic colors from the slanting rays of the sun, are not dead, but ripe,—ripe as the apples are in Smith's orchard yonder, and their falling no more to be deplored than that ripe fruit should fall, or that the sap should ebb and flow again for next year's leaves and fruit.

It may be only a fondness for old scenes, old associations, but I have always thought the colors of the autumn less gorgeous west of the Alleghanies than among them and beyond to the east. The tones seem more subdued, the season of the colors shorter, the changes less marked. It may be that this is real and not seeming, and due to the greater prevalence of the soft maples in the eastern woods,—for I know no other tree that so lends itself to the decorative purposes of the

autumn.

If one would "loaf and invite his soul," let him follow me to a certain wild and wooded spot down among the hills that form the northern spurs of the Blue Ridge. This spot I have known long, and it has epitomized to me all that is vivid and beautiful in the autumnal coloring of our woods.

Far away along the horizon rises range after range of the mountains, the farthest dim and faintly blue as seen through the hazy air,

the nearest bright-hued and iridescent. If we wish to find the colors of the autumn here in their greatest magnificence, we must wait until the season is full and ripe; for we are reminded, with Thoreau, that, "as one leaf does not make a summer, neither does the falling of one leaf make an autumn." The woodbine clustering over the porch is brilliant and many-hued in August, and its leaves fall as the dog-star ascends; but the colors we seek in the autumn woods are such as come only with the chill air of frosty nights. Often have I watched and waited until one has said, "The autumn is here: the gum-trees are all aflame;" and later, another, "The autumn is here: the maples are turning now;" and yet later, again, "The autumn is here: the beeches are yellow as gold;" and then I knew at last the eastern hills were decked in all their brilliant finery, beckoning me to come and admire.

Upon these hills the colors are given not by the maples alone, though many of them are here, but by giant oaks, with leaves of russet brown, now changing to dull red; great beeches, with sloping arms reaching downward to the earth, bearing masses of leafy gold; the elm, gaunt and singular in form, a trembling, fluttering pile of brownish yellow; the poplar, a tall and graceful wand of chrome: all these, grouped with many another whose leaves run the whole gamut of color and shading, blended as a painter may blend colors on the palette. As the light shifts with shifting wind and cloud, it is now iridescent, opalescent, kaleidoscopic, until the eye almost wearies with the profusion of color shown upon this great canvas of nature.

This we may see with the naked eye alone as we tread the leafy aisles or gaze upon the sloping hill-sides nearest. But now take a good glass and let the vision slowly follow up and around the walls of this great bowl in which we stand. Up, up, for a thousand feet, nothing but waves and undulations of color. Nothing to be seen but the many-hued foliage,—the trees, rocks, and earth all hidden beneath it. As a gentle breeze runs idly up the incline the lines and layers of leaves lap

over and over each other like the incoming waves of the sea.

As our haunt is "far from gay cities and the ways of men," as even the whistle of the locomotive has not yet been heard within the hollow of these hills, we may be pardoned a little pause to ruminate and question Nature. And the first query that will come to us is, Why are these colors here, and how has Nature so clothed herself? Why are not these woods now clad with verdure, even as when the

robin here called to his mate in the spring?

We know only in part. What we know is this: that in the green leaf, as it develops under the agency of light, is produced a substance called chlorophyll, the globules of which are fatty or wax-like, and may be easily distinguished under the microscope in any of the green parts of plants, and may be separated by the action of alcohol and ether. The pale-yellowish leaves of a young bud, and the blanched leaves of a plant grown in a dark place like a cellar, or celery artificially blanched in trenches, will be found free from this substance, and are then said to be etiolated. Upon being exposed to the light the plant resumes its normal or green color in proportion as the chlorophyll develops.

During the autumn, the period of diminishing activity, oxidation of the chlorophyll takes place, producing the changes of color which give rise to the brown, red, and yellow tints of the leaves. The variegation of color is due to the effect of different rays of the spectrum. Many interesting experiments have been made for the purpose of definitely determining the effect of each: one result has been the discovery that a slight tint of green will stop the rays that produce the brown colors, and glass stained green with oxide of copper has consequently been employed to some extent in glazing palm-houses and other structures containing valuable foliage-plants.

Thus it may be seen that it is not because the leaf is dying from lack of continued nourishment that the colors change, but because of the definite action of light and air upon them. This refers to the change of color only. It is true that, having performed their function in the economy of the tree's development, a gradual separation takes place between the leaf-stalk and the stem of the axis to which it is attached, consequent upon the withdrawal of the sap at the end of the

season's growth, and defoliation thus ensues.

Although we know the falling of the leaves to be the result of natural causes, yet we can allow a little sympathetic feeling for the questioner in Jean Ingelow's "Afternoon at a Parsonage:"

"Second child.—'Are the trees sorry when their leaves drop off?'
"First child.—'You talk such silly words. No, not at all. There

goes another leaf."

But this regret is tempered by the knowledge that within the axil of the falling leaf is already developed a latent bud containing the

germ and promise of next year's foliage.

Now let us use our eyes again. It is not inanimate nature alone that is worth observing in these autumn woods. The squirrels are busy now laying up their winter stores, and if we will sit quite still we may see many a thrifty fellow skipping about, his cheek-pouches distended with a bit of the wood's harvest that he is bearing home to the hollow of some neighboring tree, or covering from prying eyes beneath the heavy leaf-mould. The little striped squirrel is the busiest of all, and the species derives its name of *Tamias*, the steward, from its habit of storing up nuts and seeds against the day of need. Such quantities does he accumulate that he never runs short of good fare, however long and hard the winter may be. If the supply gives out at the home burrow he has other stores cachéd here and there, to be drawn on as occasion may demand.

Up in the top of a tall oak is heard a sound as of cracking twigs. A jay-bird is at work there, making his dinner from an acorn, which he holds with one foot while he pecks rapidly and noisily away. He is a blatant, disagreeable fellow, and will scold heartily if disturbed at his meal, as the robber catbirds do in the cherry-trees in June.

Far up along the boles of the trees woodpeckers may be both heard and seen, as they gather their daily ration from the insect world. The mellow and constant drumming of their beaks against the wood produces a sound in harmony with the spirit of the day and place.

Besides providing for their material wants, both the jay and the

Vol. LIV .- 34

squirrel are busy upon an errand in the general economy of nature. Some of the nuts that the squirrel puts away beneath the leaf-mould of the woods he will never come back to claim, and so when spring-time comes again they will start into life and grow to repeople the forest with living trees, while their progenitors grow old and disappear. And the jay, frightened from his lofty perch, will drop the acorn as he flies afield, and so an oak will grow where never oak grew before.

Through these and similar agencies is wrought one among the many well-marked evolutions of forest growth. "This is the forest primeval," we say, and here in its deep heart the prevailing impression is that of unchanging continuance. Its growth, it seems to us, must be coeval with that of the world itself. These everlasting hills do not more forcibly convey the idea of permanence. Yet before these giant trees grew here, were others of another race, and others, and others, back to the true forest primeval, which was of a type as different as shall be that which is to come after.

The three great plant periods in the history of the globe, since vegetation began upon it, are indelibly marked upon the various strata of the earth's crust. Briefly, during the Carboniferous and Permian periods there was a predominance of ferns; after these, during the Lower and Middle Secondary periods, conifers and cycads appeared; finally, during the Cretaceous and Tertiary periods came all the higher

classes of plants, including foliage trees.

Interwoven with this movement of forest groupings as marked by periods of time has been another, resultant upon the march of vegetation from the poles toward the equator. As the definite determination of the temperature of the different zones progressed, the polar circle became closed to vegetation, and species that once flourished there were driven to the temperate zone, which in turn was denuded of the ex-

uberant growths in which it once luxuriated.

A further evolution of the forest, not dependent upon periods of time or climatic changes, but upon local and immediate causes, is now, preparing, and if we look sharp we may witness its beginning. Much curious and wondering comment may still be heard upon the fact that a growth of oak commonly follows the clearing of a pine forest, and vice versa, although Thoreau explained it satisfactorily long ago, from his own careful observation. If a pine forest is to be found anywhere among these hills, we shall find there the home of some of the squirrels who are now roaming among these oaks. And to that home among the pines will be carried many an acorn and left to germinate under the rotting pine needles. The shade of the pines, the density of the undergrowth, the browsing of the many wood-dwellers upon the tender shrubs, all combine to kill or keep down the new growth. master squirrel is a persistent planter; seed and sprouts are continually there, unfolding anew each season; and when the pine forest finally disappears before the encroachment of man, these, which have been not dead but sleeping, spring up to take their places in the succession of the trees.

The seeds of the pines, in turn, are carried into the oak woods

by the wind, and find lodgement there in congenial soil. And if the pines are near by, they will so far outnumber the seeds of the oak, which the squirrels make pretty thorough work of each season, as to be in sufficient force to take possession as soon as the premises are vacated.

A comparison is sometimes made between the colors of the autumnal foliage and those which obtain upon the first bourgeoning of spring. It may be that the tints of the incipient maple leaf are technically the same as those about us now. The young leaves of various trees and plants are wonderfully soft and beautiful to the eye, but to me in a different way. These leaves are firm and smooth, like satin. The texture is firm, but pliant. They are mature, fully grown, and have

rounded out a complete existence.

The falling of the leaves affords one of the many evidences of the completeness of the processes of nature. Having performed their functions of absorbing and exhaling the watery and gaseous elements required by the tree during the period of its activity, they now return to the ground and are worked on in turn by nature's forces. Being rich in the constituents of plant food, they give back to the soil each season some portion of that which has been taken from it. In the ripe leaf the proportion of mineral in the ash (the valuable fertilizing constituent) is greater than at any other period of its develop-The inorganic matters not required by the plant have been accumulating in the leaf, the storehouse of this residuum, until such time as it could be restored to mother earth. Should the leaves fall before they are ripe, the tree would not only be deprived of its respiratory organs, but would give back to the soil no adequate return for that of which it has been robbed by the tree's growth. Thus in nature is nothing lost, but ever out of a seeming waste is brought some profit.

But the shadows are growing longer, and the day—and October are dying together. The scarlet oaks—the brightest leaping of the flame before the fire dies wholly out—may be told now as we look up the mountain-side. As the tone of the mass has grown more sombre, the individuality of these has shone out, and now they stand sharply outlined against adjacent bare boughs,—or maybe with a background of evergreens against which they make rare contrast. Thus they light the closing scene, while a nipping breath of wind, a forerunner of chill November, is blowing through the woods. Thicker and thicker grows the carpet under foot: more bare branches than leaves are seen over-

head. Now are Hood's lines true:

Boughs are daily rifled By the gusty thieves, And the book of Nature nd the DOOK of Leaves.

Getteth short of leaves.

James Knapp Reeve.

# A GARDEN QUEST.

HE was a knight of sable mail;
She was a rose, a rose!
"Say, sweet knight, for the moon is pale
And a light wind blows,
Shall we wander down in the garden close
For a tale?"

Nay; she is wanton, Knight. Beware!
"But her mouth is small and sweet."
Hear no word of her honeyed snare!
"But her step is fleet,
And gold, like the ears of garnered wheat,
Is her hair."

Yea, but her throstle throat's a lie
And her ringlet curls a cage!
"An I go not down I were meet to die
For a craven page.
Lady, the leaf-ways wait an age:
Are we nigh?"

"Knight, it is over the open mead
Where the moon-white leaves hang low;
Where a hundred drowsy highways lead
From the lands below;
Where dances move and the musics blow
From the reed.

"And ever the waters play at rhyme
On the cool white marble rim,
And the dusks are deep of laurel and lime
And of beechen limb,
And love-lutes and low laughters swim
Through the time."

"But, Lady, the road-way winds and weaves."
"Nay, we are there, we are there,
And a woven trellis trims our eaves
From the spying air,
And the plots without are silver fair
Through the leaves.

"But the silks within are soft to see,
With love wrought over all;
And love, in a marble mimicry,
Runs round the wall
Where wantons hold a knight in thrall
Who would flee."

"O loveless knight! O tale untrue!
For lo! how I bend and be
Marked of thy signet kiss to do
Thine errantry."

"But, Knight, must a lady kiss, nor see
Who would woo?

"And raise thy casque, for I fain would read
The legend of thy lips.

Nay, love can make but a little speed
In the eyes' eclipse.

Come where the dragon fountain drips
And be freed."

And the knight laughed loud, and the lady lay
In the tumbled silks at his side;
Yet he kissed her once ere she had her way
Through his visor wide.
"But thy lips are chill as the dew," she cried,
"Ere the day."

And she set each way of his visored head
A long, white, lily hand.
"But, Lady, a peril's there," he said,
With a soft command;
Yet she wound his neck in a tressed strand
On her bed.

And her fine mouth loosened into lust,
And her round cheeks fell to the bone,
And her long arms bound his iron bust,
And her lips made moan:
How "love's but a crimson flower blown
In the dust."

"And, Knight," quoth she, "dost love me well?"
And an outer mirth blew in.

"And, Knight," she cried, "thy passing-bell!
Behold! I am Sin!"
Yet he kissed her once on her lips grown thin
To the knell.

"But show thy losel looks!" she saith:

"Who takes my kiss for a grace?"

And she caught his casque; but her quickened breath
Grew faint apace,
And he said, "Behold! Am I fair of face?

I am Death!"

Harrison S. Morris.

## AN HOUR BEFORE DEATH.

THERE was thunder in the air. The quiet was deathly. The heat made one draw one's breath with an effort.

Outside the window, the parched leaves rustled, faintly, very faintly. Inside the window the girl at the table wrote fast and furiously. Unfaltering, for ten minutes the pen flew, and then was suddenly thrown across the room.

"How can I write?" said the girl at the table. "I put it to you,—how can I write?"

She fixed her appealing eyes on an engraving pinned to the wall before her. It was the face of a distinguished novelist and critic; a quiet, agreeable, cultured face, with narrow, kindly eyes. It met her gaze with the maddening calmness of a pictured visage when we turn to it in trouble or perplexity.

"How can a girl write who lives in Craneback? A girl doesn't know anything; and imagined stories are cheap. Besides, one is always found out. If I lay my stories anywhere but here, they have no reality, no life; I show my ignorance in a thousand ways; and if I lay them here, there is nothing to tell about, there is no story. What can I make of the Craneback people? They have no tragedies except drunken husbands and the grocer refusing to trust them, or an occasional death in the family. How can one make a story out of those materials? They don't adapt."

She pushed her chair back impatiently, rose, and went to the window. Below, in the street, a grocer's wagon rattled by, and two negroes talked together on the shady side-walk.

"It isn't writing only, it's living," said the girl. She turned and looked at the portrait.

"I haven't lived at all," she said; "I don't even know what it is to suffer. I don't know anything. Think of it! You know so much.

"Books don't help me." She turned to the table and looked at the books strewed upon it. "Girls in books have so much experience and so many interesting episodes. Maggie Tulliver was right in the midst of a tragedy—she was a tragedy; and Romola, and Gwendolen. And then there are Kitty Ellison and Verena Tarrant and the Lady of the Aroostook. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I don't even know about being in love."

CRISIS. 535

The dense stillness outside was broken by the deep rumble of thunder. A little breeze swept in and rustled the pencilled sheets on the table. The girl turned to the window with a vague idea of watching the storm come up, but her own thoughts still absorbed her, and she did not look at the sky. She stood there but a moment, and then began pacing the room. "Oh, listen!" she cried, stopping before the genial, cultured face of the author. "Life is. It is going on all the time, while I stagnate here. Aren't you sorry for me? What if some day I should really succeed and become distinguished, so that you would like to meet me?"

"You would make a beautiful celebrity, too," she added, bitterly, this time to herself. "Look how your skirt hangs. And your manners are about like your skirt. Craneback does give one such a polish! No, the great world and the beautiful literary people will never know about you; and if they did know they would laugh."

She swept some of the manuscript off the table and pushed it aside with her foot as she passed. Then she sat down by the window to

watch the storm in earnest.

The great dark swirls of cloud in the west, and the sky above, livid, dense, and terrible in its coppery brightness, gave her a sense of expansion, of freedom. She stretched out her arms to them. "Oh, you beautiful unprovincial things!" she cried; "I want to get out of this little petty world! I want some great tragical experience! Anything, anything! I want to know life!"

It was the most terrible storm in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It was unparalleled in the annals of Craneback. There was nothing to compare it to. For weeks after, people spoke of it with bated breath. For, in one particular, it had effectually altered everything in a certain little corner of Craneback. It had taken a young girl's life. Unscarred by the lightning that had killed her, she was found crouched by the western window.

On the next afternoon, when the kindly sun shone, and Craneback gathered in gossiping groups to discuss its little tragedy, she lay, withdrawn, in her darkened room; freed from ennui and pettiness and commonplace; shrouded, shielded, protected, secure in the mystery and

majesty of death.

Elizabeth Knowlton Carter.

### CRISIS.

"THE laborer is worthy of his hire,"
The Seer of never-ending cycles said;
And yet, alas, they fail who but aspire
To meagre raiment and a dole of bread.

L. Worthington Green.

## THE BALLAD OF THE DRUM.

ON the Fourth of July, 1804, General Hamilton sang, for the last time, his famous and favorite ballad, "The Drum." Upon that memorable occasion Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr met face to face for the last time but one. It was at the annual banquet of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which the former was the honored presi-

dent and the latter an eminent member.

General Hamilton was observed to be cheerful and even merry. As the evening wore away he was pressed to sing his usual song, which was then known as "The Ballad of the Drum." It was noticed that Hamilton seemed less ready than common to comply with the request of the guests, but, after some urging, he made answer, "Well, you shall have it, if you wish." He then sang the ballad in his best style, to the delight of the Old Continentals who made up the festive com-

pany.

Colonel Burr, on the contrary, was haughtily reserved, mingled but little with his friends, and appeared to shun all intercourse with the president of the Society. It was also remembered afterwards, and has been credibly handed down, that, when Hamilton began to sing, Burr turned directly towards him, with one arm resting on the supper-table, and gazed intently at the singer, as though buried in profound thought or immersed in a fit of deep abstraction. He remained thus immovable until the ballad was ended. Little did those present suspect the deadly import of that look. Hamilton paid no attention to Burr's stony stare, but rendered his song with perfect composure and careful expression. It would be curious to guess what was passing through Burr's mind while his familiar comrade in the fellowship of camp and battle was thus employed in contributing his efforts to the convivialities of the evening. Did the red wine in the social glass assume a deeper dye in the eyes of the iron colonel and bring before his mind the tragic possibilities of the even then projected duel? And had the genial Hamilton any premonition of his own impending fate?

Now to come to the point of this paper. Although Hamilton had often sung this spirited and tuneful ballad on similar occasions, and, it is said, in the stately presence of General Washington himself (perhaps when both he and Burr were young aides-de-camp upon the staff of the commander-in-chief), and consequently its strains must have been heard by many at that day, yet it is a well-known fact, frequently referred to by biographers, that the words and tune in question have been long unidentified, or, rather, have been entirely lost sight of and forgotten. It remains undisputed that historians and antiquarians of this country have made repeated researches in quest of "The Ballad of the Drum," but always with the result of complete and provoking failure. Indeed, so utter has proved the discomfiture in that direction that various bogus versions, pure works of imagination and invention, have been put forth in divers instances, with more or less humor or audacity,

sometimes in a mere spirit of hoax and fun, or again for the worthier reason of better serving the purposes of romance and lending more vivid and striking colors to the characters, scenes, and incidents belonging to the picturesque era immediately succeeding the achievement

of our national independence.

It would be a work of supererogation to reproduce here sample copies of these spurious writings. Suffice it to allude to a couple of them in passing. At least two notable counterfeits of "The Drum" have had the honor of being introduced into works of fiction of the day, and, after publication in book form, of going the rounds of the press in public prints. It is outside the scope and purpose of this paper to estimate the literary value of these poems. They may or may not possess distinguished merit. In one case, at any rate, the pretended identification was evidently intended for a joke.

Of course the music of the ballad is not attempted to be given to either of the songs in these novels; though "The Drum" was undoubtedly set to a popular air by no means unknown at that day. Supposing the verses to have been lost, what has become of the tune? It was not a song without words, neither was it words alone without

music. It was a song that was sung.

Strange as it may seem, after so much hunting for this needle in a haystack, there is practically but little difficulty in finding it. Our Lost Pleiad of minstrelsy is complacently twinkling on us in the skies. Indeed, its whereabouts is so obvious that it may well be a matter of surprise that it should ever have been lost at all. It seems almost idle to say that during General Hamilton's latter years Great Britain was as well acquainted with the martial ballad of "The Drum" as was our

own country.

"The British Grenadiers" and "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre" were chanted on the night before many a bloody battle in both the French and English armies during the famous war in Flanders. The soldiers of Ramillies, Blenheim, and Malplaquet, on both sides, danced and fought to the music of those fine old songs. So was the stirring "Ballad of the Drum" a chosen ditty with the rank and file of the British forces serving under the Duke of Wellington. The tune of "The Drum," known as "The Soldier's Joy" for years before "The Drum" was written, was no doubt sung by both redcoats and Continentals upon the eve of the battles of Monmouth, Trenton, and Brandywine, and heard by Hamilton within both hostile lines. As a soldiers' song, the air was seized by the poet, and his inspiration adapted to its melody.

The following are the reasons for believing that General Hamilton's

old song can be easily identified:

First, the ballad in question was originally printed without a title of its own, and therefore has been long and often looked for in vain, being incorporated in a famous poetical hodgepodge among a number

of other rollicking songs.

Secondly, the nationality of the author of the verses was the same as that of Hamilton's father, and the son was naturally fond of, and familiar with, the Scottish poems of his parent's fellow-countryman, which were then resounding in trumpet tones throughout the world.

Thirdly, it is no doubt perfectly true, as has been so frequently alleged, that no other source exists from which the stanzas could so easily have been drawn and appropriated. If we can find a fact which exactly fits the case, why look any further for a solution of the prob-

lem?

Without doubt, therefore, the following stanzas are the famous "Ballad of the Drum," which Alexander Hamilton sang that signal night at the supper of the Cincinnati in New York, just on the eve of the duel in which he lost his life, fought between him and Aaron Burr, July 7, 1804, upon the fatal ground at Weehawken. Does not the very reading of the verses establish their identification beyond the reasonable vestige of a doubt? It is practically impossible that a popular ballad of its day, and one often sung by so famous a man as Hamilton, as we are told, in both private and public assemblages, could not be traced to its source. We shall give this mysterious song in the original text, with the name of the air for which it was designed set out in full. It will be observed that the song is without a title.

### AIR.

### Tune-" The Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come:
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breathed his last When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram; I served out my trade when the gallant game was played, And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries, And there I left for witness an arm and a limb; Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to head me, I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

And now though I must beg with a wooden arm and leg, And many a tattered rag hanging over my bum, I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet, As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks, Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home, When the t'other bag I sell, and t'other bottle tell, I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

Where will the reader find this soldiers' song, once brawly chorussed by the laddies of the Highland regiments during the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns? The answer is plain. In the year 1785, Robert Burns composed his dramatic poem, consisting of a series of songs and recitatives, entitled "The Jolly Beggars." It will be recalled that one Poosie Nansie kept a public-house in Mauchline, which was nightly frequented by all the vagrant fraternity of the town. Burns, passing the house one night, was attracted by the sounds of mirth and revelry issuing from the interior, and on entering was cordially wel-

comed by the motley tavern crew to their hilarious orgies. These he happily depicted, or rather idealized in verse, in "The Jolly Beggars." The songs of his poem, especially that known as "The Drum" (which popularly derived its name from the concluding words of the last line of each stanza), were at once caught up by the people and chanted everywhere. The air to which the words of "The Drum" were adapted by the poet was that of an old marching-song long a favorite with the British soldiers. General Hamilton must have often read and heard this ballad, and hence in a measure made the lines his own.

In the stage adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy" with which our ancestors of a generation or two ago were wont to be amused, another of the unnamed songs of "The Jolly Beggars" is sung by the drunken English sergeant of the play. This ballad, like "The Drum," is universally known throughout Scotland by the title of "John Highlandman," after the concluding line of the ranting chorus. "The Sound of the Drum" and "My Braw John Hielandman," both born on the same day, were christened in the most natural way by the popular voice, which sang them to old familiar airs.

Although of Scotch ancestry, Alexander Hamilton was born in the West Indies. Hence Burns's allusions in his ballad to the storming by the British of Moro Castle at Havana, as well as to Wolfe's death upon the Heights of Abraham at Quebec, would most forcibly strike the fancy of the American Hamilton.

So popular was Burns's "Jolly Beggars" with both Lowlanders and Highlanders that it was printed in a cheap song-book and hawked about city and country by itinerant pedlars. This "chap-book," so called, published in Glasgow in 1798, contained "The Ballad of the Drum." The first collected and complete edition of the poems of Burns was issued by Dr. Currie of Liverpool, in the year 1800. What could be more natural, then, than that the titleless ballad, each stanza of which ended with the words "the sound of the drum," should have been baptized by its many singers, both civil and military, by the name under which it was known when it was spiritedly given by General Hamilton before the Society of the Cincinnati in the summer of 1804 for the last time in his life? And such is the simple story of the patriot-soldier's song.

# LOCALIZED VIRTUE.

David Graham Adee,

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, in those marvellous Memoirs that rival Rousseau's Confessions, tells a suggestive anecdote about a committee of Eton school-boys who called upon a distinguished naval officer, with sore misgivings that their rehearsed little speeches would fail them at the critical moment, and that they would be dismissed under the usual pretext of previous engagements.

Their spokesman did stutter considerably, but, to their surprise, they were eagerly welcomed, and invited, nay, implored, to call again the next evening and accompany the hero of many battles to a hall where the aldermen of the city had made arrangements for a public ovation, and where there would probably be no lack of speech-making tuft-hunters. It afterwards appeared that the anticipation of that very ceremonial had harrowed the soul of the hero, and that he had invited his escort for the special purpose of diverting the horrors of personal attention. Yet that sensitive Briton was not a prize midshipman on leave of absence, but Commodore Sidney Smith, the paladin of the Syrian expedition, who had preserved his equanimity in the fire-storm of Acre, and had flung a personal challenge at the head of Napoleon Bonaparte.

George Canning, with all his moral pluck, had that same horror of public receptions. He would fidget about the antechamber, appear at the door with a whispered appeal to the usher, "Just one moment, gentlemen; please don't hurry; just one second, and I shall be up to the mark," then shrink back again, and, in the words of his biographer, "fight with the necessity of taking the final plunge, like one who lingers

on the scaffold."

Commenting upon such facts, the narrator justly observes that without other specifications the term "hero" is about as indefinite as the word "professor." "Brave? in what respect?" we should always ask, for there are curious subdivisions, both of moral and of physical courage. Marshal Saxe, the victor of Philippsburg and Fontenoy, had an absurd fear of assassination, and in his fortified palace of Chambord kept two constables for the purpose of scrutinizing every unknown visitor. The Duke of Alva got nervous at the mere sight of a dog, and during his residence at Ghent ordered his patrols to shoot every unmuzzled specimen of the obnoxious quadrupeds. There are men whose actions defy the wrath of public opinion, but who turn pale at the thought of seeing their name in the local newspaper; and others who advance fearlessly to the brink of a precipice, but shudder at sight of a spider.

Courage, however, is not the only moral attribute qualified by such anomalies, and it is an undeniable though strangely ignored fact that the noblest instincts of the human mind are apt to become localized, or limited to a one-sided direction of development. When the traveller Burckhardt visited a camp of Wahabee dervishes to attend a lecture on "The Wickedness of Swearing," he was amazed to hear the orator open his harangue with a shower of blasphemies that seemed a perfect burlesque on the proposed text, till the sequel of the harangue revealed the fact that the lecturer's definition of impious language was limited to the phrase "Arrat, ya Mularakim" ("Avaunt, ye blessed ones"),—an imprecation by which Arabian apostates are supposed to forfeit the

assistance of their guardian angels.

Yet that moralist, in his turn, might have been astounded at the programme of the Russian Temperance Societies, whose members take a pledge against the use of vodka,—i.e., brandy,—but freely indulge in wine and beer; and both Moslem and Muscovite might hesitate to

endorse the moral code of the Solomon Islanders, who regard celibacy as an evil to be avoided at all risks (not temporal ones only, if we credit Captain McIntyre's chronicle), but remain strictly faithful to the

daughter of a chieftain.

Gabriel Garcia, in his History of San Domingo, states that the Creoles of the West Indies were often prevented by circumstances from observing the rites of the Church, but "never missed an opportunity to fulfil the duties of hospitality and active charity to the full extent of their resources." Yet those same charitable colonists massacred two million five hundred thousand Indians in forty years, worked hundreds of thousands to death, and pursued the fugitives with trained bloodhounds. At the mere rumor of a shipwreck they would travel dozens of miles to assist the distressed mariners, whether of Spanish or English birth, and take them to their homes, or refit and replenish their vessel; but the idea of relieving a famine in a district of unconverted aborigines would have been considered too absurd for serious discussion. Their theory and practice of active charity were limited to the Caucasian race.

That of the Greeks was limited to Greece. The proposition to buy and sell a citizen of their own republic would have shocked the Athenians beyond expression, and even after a desperate campaign they would have treated a Spartan captive as a prisoner of war and dismissed him with a pouchful of bread and figs upon the first fair prospect of peace; but they never disputed a slave-dealer's right to sell all the

barbarians he could catch.

The Roman law recognized the danger of class-legislation in the maxim that "no man's privileges ought to be extended at the expense of his neighbor's property or life;" but for a long series of centuries that principle was ignored in the treatment of foreign captives, and the statements of numerous historians attest the fact that in cases where the murderer of a slave-owner could not be discovered, the crime was avenged by the massacre of all his domestics. On one occasion the servants of the murdered man, the wealthy land-owner Pedanius, were proved to have been lodged in a separate building, besides having been entirely unarmed, in consideration of which mitigating circumstances the Emperor Nero tried to interfere, but at the advice of his jurisconsults contented himself with saving the freedmen, while the slaves, to the number of four hundred, were marched out under a strong military escort and executed without mercy.

Another maxim of the Roman law, Volenti non fit injuria, still inclines us to tolerate the ventures of acrobats and lion-tamers, who have no ostensible right to complain if their voluntary feats of daring bring them to grief. An amiable inconsistency of a Roman emperor obviated that risk for the benefit of travelling athletes, and cities desiring to witness the feats of a rope-dancer were required to spread a stout net between the rope and the street; yet the same ruler permitted thousands of slaves to be driven, like cattle, to the shambles of the arena, the fact of free volition being, in that case, established by the consent of their owner. And that consent, in its turn, would have been justified on a plea, not of privilege, but of charity and benevolence. The same elec-

tive autocrats who tried to "repay their debt to fortune" by the free distribution of wheat and oil considered it a duty of beneficence to supply the demand for free circus-games. Pliny, the eloquent advocate of humane reforms, endorses a petition of the prætor of Verona, where the citizens wished to establish a local circus, and adds, "After a request so unanimous, a refusal would not have been firmness, it would have been cruelty." For the alien, no recognized privilege but that of suicide; for their fellow-citizens, liberality transcending the visions of Bellamy's

millennium dream.

The biographer of William Hickok, the manslaughter champion of the wild West, informs his readers ("Life of Wild Bill," p. 85) that his hero's "love for children amounted almost to a mania, and the most timid and cross infant would leave its mother's arms for him at first sight, and at once manifest its pleasure." The French buccaneers of the sixteenth century, too, had often homes that welcomed their return as that of ministers of mercy; but of that mercy no individuals of the Spanish race could hope to claim the smallest share: they murdered them with or without direct provocation, and with all the tortures the opportunities of time and place would permit. Pierre de Montbars, one of their most adventurous leaders (eclipsed only by the Welsh demon Morgan), tried in his old age to expiate his sins by liberality to the poor, but founded his chief hope of salvation on the circumstance that he had "never spared a sacré Espagnol while he had the command of a ship and the use of his right arm."

The cradle of the buccaneers was rocked by storms, and the ruin of their Spanish rivals was their main hope of survival, but the effeminate colonists of the Philippine Islands carry on a similar war of extermination against the Negritos, the savage aborigines of the mountain districts, whom they pursue with fire and sword and even with wolf-poison and man-eating mastiffs. The barbareros, or professional "barbarian-killers," organize man-hunts in regular Aragon circle-chase style, and smoke cigarettes while sorting the wool-scalps and other trophies of a successful expedition. Yet in 1863, when the island of Luzon was visited by a fearful earthquake, the citizens of Manila indignantly refused the offer of outside aid, and declared that they "would be ashamed to enjoy the common blessing of Heaven's sunlight if they

failed to take care of their own poor."

The Chinese patriots, too, can boast the fact that in numerous cities of the Flowery Kingdom the wealthy classes devote one-tenth of their income to works of charity. Hospitals are rare only where hospitality makes them superfluous, and people of moderate means lodge wayfarers to whom few European farmers would grant a couch in a hay-loft. But if China is the paradise of tramps, it is the inferno of convicted criminals, and moralists of the Carlyle type might travel from Peking to Yun-nan without having their sense of justice outraged by a display of "maudlin sympathy with jail-birds." For trifling offences opium-smokers are tied hand and foot and exposed all day to the glare of the summer sun; youngsters caught in an act of petty larceny are thrashed within a centimetre of their lives; brawlers are kept in the stocks till their shrieks awaken the howls of the town dogs, but no other voice

protests, though there is no doubt that the humane instincts of the two-legged natives have become specialized rather than blunted.

And should we err in claiming a similar apology for our fellowcitizens in Texas and South Carolina, whose pale of rather impulsive

sympathies appears to exclude criminals of a certain race?

The Hindoos have hospitals for the care of sick reptiles and decrepit tomcats, cows obstruct the side-walks with impunity, and the hanuman monkey enjoys all the privileges of a grand syndic; yet the penal code of the Brahmins was more truculent than that of Czar Ivan. A word of disrespect to a priest was avenged by the removal of the offender's tongue, a blow by the amputation of his right arm. Individuals of the pariah caste could be routed with a bludgeon if they intruded upon the privacy of a praying Brahmin, or killed on the spot if they repeated the sacrilege. The by-laws for the enforcement of class-privileges are still very severe, and the statutes hedging the divinity of zoological demi-gods have been only partly revoked, though the foreign residents agree that the monkey-worshipping Hindoos are at heart a humane race.

But can we blame a champion of human rights vs. the prerogatives of four-handed and four-footed saints for preferring the system of our next neighbors, the bull-fighting Spanish Americans, who refuse to identify the unpardonable sin with the preparation of a beefsteak, but burden themselves with a considerable expense rather than permit the arrest of the poorest beggar-boy? The farmers of Yucatan and Vera Paz assemble twice a year for a general monkey-hunt, and would probably shoot a sacred hanuman ape at sight, but no unprejudiced observer would hesitate to credit them with a more than common share of that charity which begins at home.

Felix L. Oswald.

#### THE VOICE OF THE MORNING.

IGHT as a dream lay the mists on the lake; on the meadows,
Too, as the dream of a dream, and the wide-brooding shadows
Were sombre and still as the thought of a far-away sorrow,
That tempers the hope of the soul for the joy of the morrow;
While down the long sweep of the fields with dew all a-glisten
Ran a long lance of light like the path of an angel. And listen!
A voice on the silence of morning its innocent rapture proclaiming,
As fearless and clear as the fire of its bosom is flaming:
"There are mists! there are shadows! but far through the shadow is

lying
The path of the angel. Oh, beauty, oh, rapture undying!"
Sang the voice of the morning.

Celia A. Hayward.

#### " COALS OF FIRE."

CAMP BOWEN really had very few attractions for the young lieutenant. He was inclined more than ever, as the days passed, to entertain a sort of grudge at the heartless Secretary of War who had assigned him to duty at this far-away post in the Sierras. In the meagreness of life, he really grew attached to his duties, for they served to relieve somewhat the tedium of the situation, and found with satisfaction that he was acquiring a reputation for industry and soldierly conduct, in the mind of the colonel commanding and his associate officers. He was a true Virginian, proud of the name of Lee, and fairly equipped with the instincts and training that win campaigns; but he could not reconcile himself to this distance, this loneliness, this absence of the softer graces which had been a part of his life.

On the table lay two or three letters from women who had known him at home or at West Point; he took them up again, as he had a score of times before, and handled them with an almost caressing touch. They had become personalties to him. They had done so much to lighten dreary hours. They had grown so precious as his life in the army grew older. And they had lost, in the widening distance, the attributes that grated a little when the hands that wrote

them were nearer his own.

The parade-ground was still in a shimmer of heat. Up there at its perch the flag hung limp in the sultry sun, hugging the staff like a thing depressed, or lifting its folds in occasional gasps as vagrant breezes went drifting across the valley from the redwoods on the farther side, to the cool steeps of the shadowy hills. What a dreary

thing was this army life at a frontier post!

He fell to watching the children at play down there in the shade, and wondering if, when he grew old as the commandant, wife and little ones would reconcile him to this banishment from all the fairer scenes of earth. The thought occurred to him that the banishment must be pretty severe for the wives and children who were called to do

the reconciling for the sons of Mars at Camp Bowen.

And that was a right good-looking girl who watched the children. Gazing at her there in the quiet,—caring for them, doing their little commands, twining them grasses, or making them baskets with needles of pines,—he found some solace in the irksome afternoon. Her large, well-poised figure, her deliberate yet graceful movements, might have belonged to a lady. Curious, that a waif his senior had picked up ten years ago to care for the baby should have grown into something so near to beauty.

But pretty scenes, and sultry days, and even moody hours, must have an end; and here was the trumpeter, going to blow "Recall." But he was in a wonderful hurry for such a commonplace duty as that. He was positively running into the guard-house for his bugle. He was actually sounding the first note before he was fairly out again.

Why, that was not "Recall," It was "Assembly"! What ever was the matter? Lieutenant Lee grew interested. He took his feet from the balcony rail, and confessed to something like commotion at the adjutant's office, over there by the nearest squad-room of enlisted men. Perhaps he ought to go down. He had nearly concluded to do this, when the commanding officer's orderly, gay in a new uniform and bright with polished brass and steel, came down the walk at doublequick, pulled up in front of the quarters, and saluted the young lieutenant.

"Colonel Dane's compliments, and you are to report at his office at

once," said the man.

"Very well," the officer replied, and he followed close upon the

heels of the messenger.

But what could it be that so stirred the garrison? As true as life, that bugler was blowing "Boots and saddles," right now! Was there service in sight? At the adjutant's office he found a little group around the commandant, attending to his orders and taking his instruc-A train on the new railroad, forty miles north, had been wrecked by Indians, and a message calling for help had just reached the fort from Captain Blake, who had left a nearer post in pursuit, and had found when one day out that the hunter stood an excellent chance of

becoming the hunted.

"Captain Blake has not said how serious is the danger which seems to threaten him," remarked the colonel; "but I know he is a man who would not needlessly call for help. You," speaking to Captain Ward, "will take forty men and ride for Buffalo Hills, then turn straight east till you find some trace of Captain Blake. Mr. Lee, you will take forty men and go south around the bend of the Wind River, till you find Captain Ward, Captain Blake, or the Indians. And remember, I told Chief Mavalo if his people got off the reservation we wouldn't go to the trouble to take them back, as we have done time and again; we would leave them where we found them. Take forty rounds, and rations for two days."

"'Leave them where we find them,'" said grim Captain Ward, as he went back to his quarters to make such preparations as the time would allow. "If they don't leave us where they find us it will sur-

prise me."

"An Indian raid!" said Lieutenant Lee, in amazement that he could not overcome. "Why, there hasn't been anything of the kind

for nearly a year.".
"That doesn't prove anything," responded Ward. "There's only

one way to establish good habits in an Indian."

"Bury him?" said Lee, with a gayety quite out of keeping in a topic so solemn. And he turned in at his quarters, emulous of even a

better haste than the older man would show.

It was "Fall in!" "Count fours!" "Fours right, forward march!" and the young lieutenant was off in full command for the first time. The gusty pools that had dotted the way from the woods to the hills were swollen now to a river of wind that swept across the valley with a most refreshing speed. The flag, as if it scented some-

Vol. LIV .- 35

thing that made waving worth while, bore straight from the staff, or struggled to get away and whipped explosions from the ends of its The children had left their shady retreat, and stood in a line as the soldiers rode past them, waving salutes and shouting good-by. For childhood is your model democracy, and even the son of a general may fraternize with the commoner crowds in the barracks. Beside them stood Lena, sobered a little by what she knew of these excursions, and reserving exuberance till they should return. There at the gate Lieutenant Lee halted and let his men march past, inspecting them hurriedly, and glancing into their faces for the one who might be a fellow to him in the tedious ride. Just as the last one passed he turned for a look at the fort, and the nearest figure in it was Lena, there by the children, her hands clasped behind her and a round brown hat shading The gallant was strong within him, and he her eyes from the sun. tossed her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, then thought in a moment neither he nor she could profit by that, for other eyes were doubtless upon him. But he was not compromised, for she made no sign. Why should she, indeed? He might have meant the children.

That ride was a trial. They held to the south, and his watch marked midnight when they struck the bend of Wind River. Pausing only long enough to water the horses, Lieutenant Lee pushed on again. By morning, if they kept this gait, they might expect to hear from

Captain Blake.

By morning! What was that down there in the Wind River

bottom?

"By God, it's Mavalo!" said Sergeant Higgins, old enough to be his leader's father, and old enough in plains-craft to read the red man as a book.

Lieutenant Lee held up his hand, and every horse stood still. By another downward sweeping gesture he dismounted his command. Higgins was watching him now, and wondering if there were enough of the sterner material in him to make a man of this polished West Pointer; for the file of the army held academies in high contempt. Lee picked the two men nearest him, and gave them the horses. Then he started away, motioning all the rest to follow.

Not a word had been spoken. The Indians had not seen them. They crept to the very bank of the river, leaned over the bluff, and saw what told them the march was done, and here was time for

fighting.

There lay the Piutes, on curtains stripped from the sleeping-cars of the wrecked train. They were wrapped in the blankets first-class passengers had paid for clear to Portland, and had heaped at the water's edge all the silverware that once had adorned the buffet. They wore the coats that had been made for citizens who find the easy side of life, and who never thought to clothe the heathen in any such manner.

And, worst of all, right there by the head of Mavalo, lying a little apart from the others, and slumbering soundly in the cool night air, was a little white child, forlorn enough even in unconsciousness, and

pleading in dirt and dreams for a white man's protection.

They looked at the picture in silence for a time: the Indians

asleep in the abandon of barbaric life; their ponies a little apart, standing or lying in a cluster of trees; the little heaps of plunder that showed how complete the surprise had been; and the babe in its torn, soiled clothing.

There were three to one of them, and Higgins looked again at the officer, to see if there were any sign of flinching. He found none, and thought the better of him for it; though just the measure of this man's

heroism must be the measure of danger for them all.

Lee was peering about with very wide open eyes, breathing hard, but steadily, and measuring the distance to the enemy, to the trees, to the rippling water. Presently, with a sweep of his hand, he divided his men into three equal parties, directing one of them to the beach,—yet restraining them for a moment; sending the second to the trees, pointing at the ponies, and waving broadly to the open country. They understood he meant the herd must be stampeded. "Truly," thought Higgins, "he does mean fight. He won't give them a chance to run away even if they want to."

Then the third party received its commission. The young man laid his hand upon their carbines. Theirs was to be the task of beginning the assault, and they gathered from his serious eyes how true he wished their aim to be. Lifting his hand again to caution them, then laying it upon old Higgins and detaining him, Lieutenant Lee sent both parties forward to their tasks, leaving the third, with arms at

"Ready," there on the bluff.

Higgins was nettled. Was not he to go with any of them? Had this young man seen that he thought but ineanly of him? Must he hold horses while others were chosen for better work? But he scented satisfaction when Lee motioned him to follow and crept directly toward the camp. Ten yards, twenty yards—they had advanced more than half the distance, and still not an Indian stirred from the deep sleep that sealed their eyelids. Here Lee paused a moment, and, with the gentlest of gestures, motioned the party below him on the bank to creep forward a little. He glanced at Higgins's carbine, then met that soldier's eyes in a look of warning.

Suddenly, lifting his figure erect and tense in the moonlight, he swept a fierce gesture at the party above, and darted, as still as the flight of an arrow, straight to the spot where the sleeping child lay stretched in pathetic helplessness. He seized it, lifted it, and whirled to retreat just as the gibbering shout of a Piute called the marauders to

their feet.

Here was Higgins's opportunity, and he grasped it with a promptness that proved his mettle. Standing there just where the lieutenant left him, he stilled that savage cry of warning with the first shot of the midnight fusillade, stood there as the officer dashed past him, and shouted swift commands to those who had not so clearly caught the leader's plan of action:

"Stampede them ponies, Martin; send 'em flyin'. Carbines now, Dent. Burn 'em! Burn 'em! Shoot—you fellows up there on the

bank. Never mind me. Put the hotness right on 'em!"

He stood there full in the blaze that followed an Indian awakening,

—stood there one crucial moment that turned the fight in his favor, and then saw, darting forward from the thick smoke of the carbines, a score of soldiers, wild with the excitement of a midnight battle. His stubborn figure was a lodestone to them, and they formed around him

for the swift, strong rush that carried the camp in a twinkling.

The shouts, the yells, the cries of pain and Piute rage, the rattling sound of musketry, the roar of fighting hand to hand, the swift retreat, and then the headlong rush of beaten red men to the river,—all these were fragments of a whole whose summing up was victory. Penned in, below the riflemen who kept them from their ponies, above the detail led by Dent, and kept from escape to the prairies by that beetling bluff, surprised and riddled by the short-range fire, the Indians struggled but a moment, then turned and plunged into the swift depths of Wind River, diving to hide from the bullets that still pursued them, and abandoning, together with the rest of their plunder, the captive child of a murdered family.

Lee called his men together, mounted them, and rode across the river in pursuit. They carried no prisoners. The colonel's orders had been complied with to the letter, and those who fell among the

marauders were left just where the soldiers found them.

Out on the prairie beyond the stream they pitched their camp, and tried to find the trail the enemy had left, but the moonlight was missed in the hours of morning, and, setting a guard about his little band, the officer stopped for the rest and the food that were needed before another attack.

Higgins was first astir. He came back to camp just as the sun swept over the table-land, and stood by the little figure of the white child, wrapped in a cloak, and sleeping again in the hands of her friends as placidly as, in the hours of evening, she had slumbered between her savage abductors. Lieutenant Lee was standing above her, and his heart was knit to the desolate child.

"What do you advise, Higgins?" he said.

"I don't think we can do any good following them. If we go back and round up their ponies and then go on to Captain Blake, we can head them off before they get back to the reservation on foot."

But Indian ponies do not always stay stampeded; and the horses of Mavalo's party were not unlike their fellows. Swimming back across the river, every Piute was mounted on his choice of steeds long before the white men struck camp and started to find the trail.

"We'll follow them," said Lee, then swung to his saddle, and rested the child on the pommel before him. There were no further orders. Men on a scout dispense with the form, and content themselves with the substance, of soldiering. They followed the trail for miles across the alkali plain which had once been the bottom of a lake, brushing the flanks of their horses against stubborn sage-bushes, and watching the hills for some sign of the foe.

They found it at noon. Just as they rode down the rough side of a canon they heard the mad yell and the fierce beat of hoofs that

told of attack. They had marched into ambush.

One glance at the party behind them told how worse than useless a

fight would be, and they turned down the course of a vanished stream, urging their horses to a swifter speed, and hoping against hope that the farther end might give them easy passage to the plain. Right behind them, in the gully, and on the bank at either hand, the Piutes followed, lashing their ponies and shrieking their threats of vengeance.

Half a mile, and a single rifle-shot before them told of danger

"Ride straight ahead," commanded the lieutenant. "It's our only hope."

"Close up around him, you!" cried Sergeant Higgins. "Ride

close, and save the child."

The scurrying group formed in something like order about Lieutenant Lee, and gave their bodies to protect him and his infant charge. They had passed the place where that lone rifle gave note of warning, and knew by the cries behind and above that the Piutes were gaining, when a blaze of musketry flashed from the wooded hills to the right,—but not at them; it was the Indians behind and high up on the bluff that were made the target for that point-blank volley.

"Praise God, it's Blake!" cried Lieutenant Lee, and he reined his horse, only to face about and follow his senior into a fight that ended

the work last night began.

Lieutenant Lee rode into Camp Bowen, bearing a little child in his arms.

No such event as that had stirred the sleepy fort since Colonel Dane first took command, and the colonel's good wife, a motherly being with chicks of her own, exhausted all arts to win the favor of the foundling; but, in spite of the most she could do, the child would turn away and nestle contentedly in the arms of the young man who had borne her through danger by night and by day, and whose chief fear was, as the afternoons passed, that the efforts they were making

would result in finding the orphan's friends.

But an army officer, even in the uneventful course of affairs at a frontier post,—and affairs had grown most uneventful after that last raid,—cannot devote himself to quarters, and the child had been consoled in his first absence by Lena, the comely girl who kept the colonel's children. That made a sort of bond between them, and when the young man found his little ward was fitting all its world to just two creatures—her and him—he found too that Lena filled rather more of his thoughts than might have been approved by the good ladies who had long been censors for the fort. He pondered her quiet dignity, her hands that never once forgot the strong yet gentle guidance of the child, and her thoughtful skill that made it always equal the other children in the post.

He needed complement, and, despite his blood and training, seemed to find it here,—in the handmaid of his commanding officer. That reflection grated a little, but, spite of it, no "grand rounds" ever took him through a night so dark that it was not lightened by the thought of her dark hair and true brown eyes bending over the little bed Mrs. Dane had placed in the nursery; and no ride was so long or so tedious

that it was not shortened and sweetened by the thought of the child, fresh clad for his coming, that waited in patience till he gave her good-

night.

At the first he had written to the women whose letters had solaced him in his wearisome hours, and had told them, in all modesty, of the waif that had come to him for safe keeping till its home could be found, and had told them, too, of the faithful young woman who had divided the care with him; but it grew to be a thing he did not want There came a time when he found he had not placed to write about. her right before them. Their letters in reply were full of a sort of kindness that he thought did not fit Lena. He found they classed her with their faithful and excellent servants, when he knew she was as far from that as he was from the ignoble recruit who was content to polish his shoes and was flattered if he bestowed them before they were too well worn. He cared as much for these far-away correspondents as ever,—or at least this was what he told himself,—but, somehow, the mail-coach which brought him no message was less and less a thing to conjure melancholy. They were very excellent ladies; he knew that. But how closer to a man's heart stands the vestal virgin his eyes may see than that robed priestess who anoints an altar far away!

In his lack of acquaintance with Lena he had attributed to her all that seemed the fitting rounding out of his ideal; but he passed at length from the certainty that she was thus equipped, to the question whether she could bear the test at all. It would prove an awful shattering of hopes to find her disappointing. She came to his door one evening to call the child,—for good-nights come bettimes to little ones,—and he asked her something about the child's necessities. He had assumed all charge for keeping the waif, and all the matrons in the fort applauded him for it. Lena was full of information on the practical matters referred to her, standing there half-way down his veranda steps and fondling the child in her arms, clothing her judgments in words that did not offend. He was encouraged to offer her books and

pictures, and even to show her some of the beauties of both.

But Lena did not care for books, she said, and, lifting the babe a little closer, she went away. At first he felt that an idol was demolished. For what could she have in common with him if her mind were a blank? He found himself wondering if she had fitted a vesture of romance about the child, and remembered afterward how vulgar that would seem. She declined many a courtesy after that, and finally he was sure that it was her consciousness of crudity that made her repel his offers. That should have banished her image; he told himself so many a time. But really she filled his thoughts more and more these days, and he found, as he came back to camp from any duty that took him away in the cool autumn weather, that his eyes never rested till they caught a glimpse of the rich dark ribbons that were twined in her hair. And as he thought of her more, the fear of her mind untilled grew terrible.

At last one night the climax was reached, so far as he was concerned, when he sat on his veranda and smoked the slow hours away. He had been touched again that very evening by the attachment the child seemed to feel for this strong, quiet, self-contained woman, and keeping close fellowship with the thought that sight had aroused came the acute pain of reflecting how dark her mind must be.

"My soul!" he exclaimed, and almost stopped breathing. "I

wonder if she can even read. I never saw her try."

But that brought the natural conclusion of the whole matter. He had wronged her, and all that was chivalric in him rebelled at such treason. Of course she could. Of course she was a lady. Of course she felt this, even after ten years of service under the eye of one so well born to command as was Mrs. Colonel Dane. Of course she could not accept any of these courtesies from him. She was more desolate than the waif he had found. She knew that, and declined all his offers, growing less grateful at each repetition. Would he offer these things to either of the women whose letters lay on the table before him? How much less, then, could they be accepted by one who felt herself sufficiently compromised by caring for the child he had saved from the lingering tortures of life in the tepees of the Piutes!

Well,—and here he came very near casting aside all regard for the canons of army society,—he would put all these questions far beyond her. He would see her to-morrow, and tell her that she was more to him than all the forms and ceremonies that ever were ordained in any service. He would say that he could not live without her, and let the foundling plead, by all the bonds of love that tethered both their

hearts, to trust her life to him.

He tried to tell her all these things, but Lena proved her worth by keeping shut the citadel that held her heart, and giving nothing for

the vows he offered her.

"No," she said,—and there was the same gentle firmness in her tones as when she curbed the too ambitious efforts of the children,—"no, this will not do. You mean it to-night, but you will think better of it to-morrow. Never mind me. I will take care of the child, and when you want her you can have her. She is no trouble. I like to

have her near me."

That did not answer him. She was conscious that it would not, and felt sure that a man so brave, so persistent, would be sure to say more, having said so much. She was neither insensible nor unresponsive to his pleading, and yet she could not encourage him. She had grown up in the army. She knew well the distance that divided her from him. She knew the limitless sweep of space that would separate him from all the hills of life accustomed, and if she loved him she could not lend herself to what would harm him.

It might have ended there, for she was resolute, and he was not devoid of judgment, fair as the dream had been. But the next day something was said in the freedom of the club-room,—a place which army regulations permitted the officers to maintain for their amusement,—and the something called his attention in a most painful way to the regard in which Lena was held by the other men. They flattered him on the graces of the foster-mother he had found for his waif, and wished him joy in the quest of a better. They spoke lightly of her visits to his quarters each evening, when she came for the child.

And he saw that what was sacred to him was nothing but the confines

of scandal to them.

Next day he was gone from the fort till dark. The ride was longer than he thought, and he heard the bugle call "Tattoo" as he passed the gates and gave his horse into the hands of the sergeant in charge, of the stables. Across the lower side of the parade-ground stretched a hedge of manzanita bush, and he walked around it to the farther end, where a gate gave passage to the esplanade, fronting Officers' Row.

He heard a sound of voices as he neared his domicile. Here at his veranda steps were a man and a woman,—Captain Ward and Lena.

Lieutenant Lee stood still and listened. A horror of dread that he never had felt before came over him. Just what the man was saying he could not tell, for the voice was low and guarded; but the woman's tone reached his ear, trembling with an anger that she dared not show, and pathetic in the helplessness of a woman misjudged.

"No, sir," she said; "I only waited to let the child say good-night to Lieutenant Lee, and he has not yet come home. I shall not wait for

him any longer."

Then he heard her footsteps going up the walk, away from the gate, and he followed along the esplanade, and saw his senior close beside her. Ward wore his sword. That meant more than Lee had expected. This man was officer of the day—and up there in front of the barracks the sergeants were calling the rolls! The lieutenant stood full in the bar of light that came from the lamp in his sitting-room, and saw the touch that stung the girl to fury.

"Go away!" she cried; and there was more than fear, and more than anger, in her words now. She had been dignified by these months of trust. She had been loved. Was she to be humiliated? She was facing Ward. She was off the walk. She held the child close in her

arms, and glared at him, like a mother at bay.

Lee went swiftly toward them. Ward heard him, and turned to face whatever the issue might be. Lena sped to her rooms in Colonel Dane's quarters, brooding over the child, and pouring a passion of tears,

-chagrin for herself, concern for him.

The two men met just outside the band of light that fell from the windows of Officers' Row. Ward was defiant. Lee was furious, yet he knew he could not make his satisfaction there. He knew in such a case he could not make it anywhere. The woman he loved must not be subject of a quarrel.

"Captain Ward, you are on duty, I think," he said; but he was tingling with the temptation to forget the words in sterner punishment. He glanced at the sword,—not a weapon alone, but the insignia of

command to-day.

Across the parade-ground came the measured call of names; filling the spaces between was the prompt response of soldiers. Captain Ward gathered all this younger man implied, turned on his heel, and strode to his station.

8i

"Companies present and accounted for, sir," was the formal report

of the non-commissioned man.

"Very well, sergeant; dismiss the companies," responded the officer of the day. Then he turned to look for Lieutenant Lee. He was accustomed to boasting of a readiness to hold himself responsible for all his acts, and he felt that collision with the favored subaltern was one of the things in store. But Lee had abandoned him.

The culmination of those days of strife came suddenly, and brought a rush of sensations as grateful as they were impetuous. Lee walked straight up the steps of the commanding officer's quarters, and knocked

at the door.

"Good-evening, Lieutenant Lee," said the colonel's wife. "Come in." And she held the portal wide open for him.

"I want to see Lena," he said.

The hour, the errand, a summing up of all the past, flashed before the excellent woman's mental gaze, and her first impulse was to deny him. But one look in that strong face brought conviction that he would not be denied. Something she did not understand had happened; yet something she could understand too well—some premonition warned her—would happen, whether or not she yielded now. He had advanced confidently into the room, and she felt somewhat of resentment at that, notwithstanding her invitation.

"Sit down," she said. "I will call her."

She started back to the servants' rooms. He turned, and saw the dark-haired girl gazing at him from the door of the nursery. Without an instant's loss of time, without a question whether he or she were in the higher scale, he put his arms about the woman he had won, and banished earth for just this hope of heaven.

Camp Bowen was in a particularly horrified state. He, an officer, a man from one of the "F.F.V.'s," with an acquaintance from which a fitting wife might easily have been chosen, a gallant whose rooms were lightened by the counterfeit presentments and the dainty notes of half a dozen women,—he to marry a serving-girl! The matrons of the fort declared they were speechless, then disproved the statement with a flood of complaining. They rallied to their aid all the men in commission. Not an officer there but felt called on to remonstrate with, and then cajole, the young lieutenant. But none of them tried cajolery the second time. He was so genuinely in earnest, he was so tactful in forbidding insult while disarming anger, he was so strong in his resolve to rest the case in higher courts than theirs, that in lapse of time the campaign changed from assault to siege. He must be made to feel how fatal was the step he had taken.

Efforts were afoot to have him transferred. The suns of Tucson, the snows of Fort Benton, would be a fitting punishment for one who had so little care for convention. Oh, of course he could marry her. Nothing could keep him from that. Nothing could hold her to her duty here in the family of a colonel who had made her a home ever since he found her adrift on life's sea—ten years behind her, eternity before—and had given her a Christian bringing-up. Nothing could stand between two souls with but a single thought, and that an insane one. But there was no law to compel the ladies of the fort to recog-

nize her, and none to soften their resentment toward a man who had violated all known rules. So the young lieutenant was as effectually

isolated as if the quarters about him were so many icebergs.

But their cup of bitterness was made brimming full by the conviction that not a whit of their punishment reached the offenders. Lieutenant Lee had taken his wife, and the child he found that night on the Wind River sands, and had established them in the ample rooms that were assigned him when he came with both hands full of honors to the fort. He made no breach of discipline, and there was no way to visit real disgrace upon him: so he lived there, secure from molestation, while the soft suns of a Sierra autumn were chased from the skies by the snows of winter.

His burden may have been heavy for him at times, but he came from every rebuff to the munificent recompense of love well placed at home. However hard the duty,—and rigorous orders reached him now and then,—he never flinched or faltered, but bore himself as became a gentleman and a soldier. Excepting Ward, his peers seemed half inclined at last to condone the offence; but the rancor of the

women was not a whit abated.

In the absence of other events to take the edge from this one, they nursed resentment till it made them cruel. Little excursions that could be made to express displeasure were devised. The social bond was never before so strong in Camp Bowen. And that was how it came about that Mrs. Dane, good, motherly woman, was induced to go on the sleigh-ride that worked an annulling of the unwritten law of the fort.

There never had been more delightful snow, or a fairer day. The roads were covered to a perfect depth; they were hard and glassy as fields of ice; the sun was so warm and the air so fine that it seemed like scorning the gifts of Providence to forego that ride. Captain Ward had arranged it, and he was going along in charge. Horses from the stables, and a sleigh from the wood corral, were secured, robes and blankets were piled in the capacious box, and Nolan, the teamster, was given the reins.

Not a lady was omitted from the party. That was the purpose all along. Every maid and matron from Officers' Row gathered in a laughing chattering crowd on the esplanade, and waited till Nolan came down with magnificent turn, his harness tinkling with a hundred bells,

and reined in his steeds before them.

Only Lena was omitted. Both she and her husband must be made to feel that death or resignation were better fate than this.

The storm was a surprise to every one. Right out of a sunset gorgeous enough to have closed an autumn day, the winds were loosed upon the mountain. Pent in their chill, tumultuous folds were whirling clouds of snow and sleet, harsh as pebbles, sharp as steel. Stygian darkness followed radiant day, and, in the furious charge of blasts that sprang from every peak, Nolan, time-worn teamster though he was, found advance impossible. Sense of direction was lost. The hills were alive with a furious clamor that filled their ears and drowned all

voices. The horses were wild beneath the storm's keen lashings, and tore from all restraint. Maddened and frightened, crowding and fighting, they disregarded reins and dashed ahead unguided in the darkness, rebounding from the unseen cliffs upon the left to cling in terror at the verge of chasms on the right.

Captain Ward put his lips close to the driver's ear, and shouted,—
"Cut the traces, Nolan. Let the horses go. They will drag us to

death."

An hour of this that seemed an age, and then the snow descended, heaped by the hurricane, beaten upon by the hands of the storm. It filled the canons, it covered the sleigh, it buried the rocks in a pall as white as wool and as terrible as death. The men and the horses were gone. The women were alone. They crept beneath the overturned box, and tried to hide from what seemed retribution.

With the first rush of the blast at the fort a detail of men was ordered to the relief of the sleighing-party. They mounted and started, but not ten yards from the garrison gate they were beaten and driven back by the fury of a tempest the bravest of them could not face. Again and again they started, losing the way, and asking equine

instinct to guide them back to the barns.

Lieutenant Lee put precedent behind him, and saddled his horse with his own hands. In the first lull of the tempest he shot from the great stable and swung into the valley road. He bent low over his horse, and encouraged the beast to husband his strength and conquer each struggling Titan of the storm. He felt that he would be followed,—that out of all those men surely some would come where he could live. He remembered the little group of officers there by the farrier's comfortable fire, and was thankful he had been permitted to challenge them.

He knew the ground, and kept close to the hills, though he could not see their baldest outlines. He knew the roads that led down from the mountains, and wondered which had been selected by the sleighing-party. He passed the first one as the wind began to slacken, and neared the second, half resolved on exploration. As he paused irresolute at the mouth of the canon, he heard the rattling chains, the jingling bells, of galloping horses, and a moment later the frantic beasts dashed by him, the storm behind them, the open valley before, no sleigh in sight, and—could that be true?—two men riding in to camp!

Two men! Why, there were but two men in the party,—Nolan and—— No, it could not be that Ward would desert ten women up there in the hills, and in such need as this! The thought sent fervid blood along his chilling veins, and he turned into the cañon and

climbed the mountain road that led across the pass.

Mile after mile he pressed along, the waning wind now giving way to such a fall of snow as he had never seen. The midnight clouds retreated as the vanguard of the storm passed on, and in the better light he found his way between the dangers that were heaped on either hand, and reached at last the summit of the pass. Right there, just a stride from the precipice, the overturned sleigh was lying, buried in snow, barring his way along a narrow road which he knew well.

There were the women.

Bound together by community of danger, cheered by the common stock of resolve, they awaited the worst or the best that the night might hold, and waited with excellent patience. But never was rescuer so welcome as he. No memory of the slights they had put upon him, no thought of the punishment this very ride was to have accomplished, seemed to have survived their brief captivity. Gratitude as unfeigned as their danger had been real was lavished upon him. His courage, his persistence, his shrewdness in finding them, all hidden as they were,—these gave him a rank far above that engrossed upon his commission.

"Where are your blankets and robes?" he asked, as he labored to

make them comfortable till others should come.

"Why, the wind blew them away when the sleigh capsized," said Mrs. Dane; and then she added, "All but one, and Captain Ward took that."

Lee could not reply. It passed his dreams of infamy. He knew of a cave, and led them to it, half carrying the weaker ones. He built a fire, and devoted the broken sleigh to the cheerful uses of a beacon. He signalled for help by successive pistol-shots; and he rode before and piloted the second driver, while half the garrison escorted them to camp.

"I feel like firing a salute," said Colonel Dane, as he received his wife—who never again was aggressive—and led her from the big timber-sled that had brought her home. "Come in for a cup of tea.

It is smoking hot and ready for you now."

"Why, who-" the matron began, then paused, for she knew

that conquest had been crowned with graciousness.

"Lena did it," said the commandant, vibrating between lachrymose and radiant speeches. "Lena has done everything. She has been in all the quarters, cheering and comforting the children. She knew you were safe, she said, and that Lee would bring you; and she was so sure that I'll be shot if we didn't believe it too, right from the first,—right along, even when the horses came galloping into camp with that scoundrel Ward astride of one of them. Lena has been the light of the fort,—all the light we have had, mother——"

"Coals of fire," whispered the conquered woman. "Late as it is,

I must see her; and you must see Lee."

Hours and hours ago "Taps" had sounded, yet not a soldier in the fort remembered that. "Lights out!" The bugle had spoken plainly enough, yet in every squad-room lamps and candles gave defiance to the rules of war. This was no common night. A storm like that would never come again. A rescue like that would never be known again. Officers' Row was ablaze with thankfulness, and the squad-rooms were gay with reflected rejoicings.

But over there at the foot of the esplanade, where the junior lieutenant was quartered, the soul of the son of the Old Dominion was

full of this song:

"I have rescued my wife to-night!"

And he had.

tr

po

# JAPANESE AND CHINESE PORCELAINS AND THEIR IMITATIONS.

FROM the stand-point of the fine arts it matters very little whether an object is ancient or modern, foreign or domestic, so long as it is fine; but it is a peculiarity of the Japanese lover of fine arts to col-

lect foreign and antique things.

This is shown by the relative values placed by our collectors on different kinds of pottery or porcelain. First comes pottery made in Corea itself; secondly, very ancient Japanese pottery; thirdly, Chinese porcelains, especially of single colors. In fact, where pottery or porcelain is concerned, the Japanese collectors care very little for high finish or elaborate ornamentation; a rough, sketchy, but at the same time picturesque design is far more pleasing to them than the graceful form and rich decoration which Americans and Europeans usually admire.

The real reason, however, why the Japanese attach such a fanciful value to old vessels is due to the "tea ceremony," for which antique and unique vessels are held in high esteem. Thus, in the time of Taiko Hideyoshi, when the "tea ceremony" was in the height of the fashion, we hear of a single bowl of Corean ware being sold for some thousands of dollars, or a tea-jar bag, made from the sash (obi) worn

by a noted poetess, for some hundreds.

The constant demand and the enormous prices asked and received for antique ware, together with the naturally limited means of meeting the demands of the collectors, are the main causes for the imitation of old wares; and deceptions by dealers in antique wares are so common that a collector, if he is deceived, does not usually blame the dealer, but rather is ashamed to expose his own blunder. Thus on the shelves of almost every dealer in "antiques" are found imitations of old wares mixed with genuine specimens, and both the true and the false are paraded before the collector, who has to depend solely upon his own knowledge and judgment.

These imitations, I am sorry to say, have already crossed the water

and found places in the cabinets of American collectors.

Both the American and Japanese dealers are parties to these deceptions at auction-sales of Japanese and Chinese wares.

There are many modern imitations described as genuine old pieces

and with well-constructed "pedigrees" attached thereto.

This is especially the case with the famous "Satsuma" ware, which can so easily be made to appear old; and it is more than probable that auctioneers wink at deceptions that are palpably such, even to poorly-trained observers.

And now to turn to Chinese reproduction of old porcelain. It might well be predicted that the proverbial ingenuity of the Chinese would not fail them when the expediency of reproducing celebrated porcelain of a by-gone era should become really profitable. Until

within some six or seven years ago enough genuine old wares were in the market to satisfy the demands of foreign collectors and furnish the shops of bric-à-brac dealers; but as the American demand grew yearly more pressing, and as the means of meeting it grew necessarily more difficult, prices rose to such a height that it was hard to resist the temptation of making imitations.

No one, indeed, expected that it would be resisted, but at the same time every one was tolerably confident that collectors possessing ordinary knowledge would be proof against the deceptions, owing to the incapacity of the Chinese of the present era to make anything comparable within close limits to justly famous examples of old ware

dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

But the Chinese are now noted for their imitations of old wares, and no such confidence can be any longer felt; the imitators have developed a degree of skill that brings their work very close to the fine old standards.

Even the incomparable blue and white porcelains of old have modern rivals, so good that amateurs have been deceived by them,

and, I suppose, many are destined to be so deceived.

Whether different cobalt is used, or some improved process has been invented, I cannot say, but they certainly obtain a fine strong blue, showing much of the brilliancy and depth that distinguish

genuine specimens of the great era.

Thus no one should be greatly blamed for mistaking these modern imitations for genuine specimens as far as the blue is concerned. Of course the connoisseur turns at once to the pâte; but for this the crafty Chinaman makes full preparations by grinding and polishing the lower rim of the specimen until the exposed pâte acquires artificially much of the smoothness and closeness of grain that constitute the character of good old ware.

In this process, however, he betrays himself, for even though the coloring matter that he employs to give the spurious appearance of a good old piece be not apparent to the uninstructed eye, yet by close examination of the glaze the marks of grinding can always be de-

tected on the bottom, or even on the body near the rim.

The amateur may therefore confirm his doubts by looking carefully for such marks, and, though his sight be keen, he will do well to use a magnifying glass; moreover, the glaze lacks lustre, being vitreous rather than velvety, and the surface marred by more or less prominent

pittings and blisterings.

Already many brand-new blue and white "Hawthorns" have passed into the possession of the American collectors. Every one of these imitations is a factor of false education, tending to create a vitiated standard of quality and a deceptive scale of value. Besides, it is in the nature of things that the owners remain victims of the delusion.

Friends are not frank enough (even supposing them to be sufficiently expert) to ungild a man's treasure to his face, and collectors are so infatuated that they gladly accept as genuine praise the perfunctory approval of conventionalism. Thus the Chinese find an easy way by which to carry on their fraud, and we may expect that these blue-and-white imitations will become the ware for every-day use; so the genuine connoisseur will be startled to see his highly prized gems vulgarized by a crowd of cheap and universally accessible rivals, and this is within the bounds of possibility, in view of the fact that such porcelains as "apple-green," "soft paste," "mastard crackle," and even "peach-blow" and "sang de bœuf," are favorite fields for imitators.

But it should be noted that Japan is also in the field as an imitator, although the Japanese potters are not necessarily parties to the fraud; for potters like the celebrated Makuzu Kozan, Seifu Yohei, and Fake-

moto are rather too ambitious to be imitators.

I was informed by Makuzu Kozan himself that since his examples, such as the "peach-blow," "liquid drawn," and "apple-green," have appeared in the market, the astute Chinamen, detecting a golden opportunity, have hastened to acquire as many specimens as they could obtain, have erased the mark by grinding, and, enclosing them in the traditional silk-lined box of their country's collectors, have sold them to trustful Occidentals at a figure as enormous as is the magnitude of the deception.

In shops in Shanghai and Tientsin, specimens frankly stamped with ideographic marks of the Japanese makers are impudently

paraded as genuine Chinese porcelains.

It is hardly conceivable that if the Chinese identified the marks

they would have the courage to attempt so patent a deception.

But this consideration does not smooth the path for the unfortunate amateurs; they are destined to be victimized more and more, and I can only hope that this warning may save them from some disappointments.

Saburo Arai.

## IMMORTAL.

Life is like a beauteous flower,
Closing to the world at even,—
Closing for a dreamless hour,
To unfold, with dawn, on heaven.

Life is like a bird that nests

Close to earth, no shelter scorning,
Yet, upmounting from her breast,
Fills the skies with song at morning.

Florence Earle Coates.

#### A TRAGEDY OF TRADE.

JOSEPH TRIMMER had served a long apprenticeship to solid Philadelphia merchants of the good old days, and held the principles of trade he had imbibed from them as inviolably sacred as his faith. It is true that they had yielded to the depression of business that followed the civil war, their methods not being sufficiently elastic to meet the new conditions, and Joseph had been forced to take a position in a counting-house, where his rigid accuracy and vigorous honesty made him a treasure.

But he was the oldest son of his mother, and it was her ambition, and, mainly, her money, that uprooted him from his desk (where he would have remained contentedly) and transplanted him to an establish-

ment of his own.

She had all the vigor and energy which he lacked, and good judgment, too, on which her son was accustomed to depend. But Joseph was afflicted with the thick-headedness that often accompanies the extremely phlegmatic type, and this symptom expanded to an appalling extent when inflated with the importance of "in business for myself." Consequently the mother was not allowed an opportunity to avert the

disasters that finally engulfed him.

His commercial creed might be thus worded: "I believe in fifty per cent. profit. I believe it dastardly and wicked to lower the price of any article whatever in obedience to the sinful caprice of fashion or the tiresome change of season. I believe in not advertising. I believe in the efficacy of secret marks on merchandise. 'Old fogyism' shall represent for me the nine digits and zero. Hence my handkerchiefs I shall mark, 'Cost, dy. Selling price, om;' for, above all, I believe in

fifty per cent. profit."

He entered into business three or four years before these old methods had begun to totter. A good locality and the fortunate choice of an experienced saleswoman and assistant secured him very fair success in the beginning of his venture. During this period the proprietor, without recognizing it himself, was kept considerably in the background. The chief saleswoman—she was our Joseph's own cousin—selected the goods with an innate good taste, sharpened by an experience of some years in another establishment, catering to the most aristocratic class of women in the city. They had, in a sense, adopted her. Her tact, her taste, her beauty, pleased them, and the Trimmer shop was known among them as "that dear Miss Miller's."

Joseph's satisfaction with himself and existence generally at this time was colossal. He enjoyed all the ease which his selfish comfort-loving temperament craved, and, likewise, all the importance which a successful merchant feels, without the necessity for the latter's wearying activity. His body grew rounder, his manner more heavily pompous, and his speech, always slow and grandiose, became painfully hesitant.

About this time, too, he had begun to think of marrying. But in

of

fre

Joseph's mind there was between the inception of a thought and the deed a long period of gradual fructification. There was no immediate necessity, therefore, for Mary Follet to prepare her trousseau. It was no whirl of passion that would carry heavy Joseph into matrimony. No dangerous inclination to fathom the delights of that state had ever hurried his pulse. To him it was merely the conventional thing that society seemed to require, and which gave added weight and responsibility to its members. Joseph loved weight.

That anything should occur to disturb this placid situation Joseph would have been loath to believe, and we are loath to begin the record of those interruptions which destroyed this fine fabric of trade.

The first disaster was undoubtedly the announcement by Margaret Miller of her approaching marriage, and the immediate necessity of

finding a competent person to fill her place.

Joseph was ready to explode with rage. "Marry! Why, this is monstrous! Have you considered what I am to do, or what is to become of my business? This is certainly a proceeding on your part

which I never calculated upon. It is gross injustice to me."

The fact that she was his cousin and his mother's niece gave them both the right of reproach which one's relatives are apt to regard as their special prerogative. She was declared ungrateful, recreant to her duties, the most sacred of which seemed to be to devote her strength and years (at ten dollars a week) to the increase of Joseph Trimmer's wealth.

After her departure Mr. Trimmer took a hand in the business himself, and the results of his management were soon apparent in almost

deserted counters and greatly reduced sales.

One after another of his neighbors was absorbed in the big establishment around the corner; but his business had gone down too far to touch with profit. He would walk up and down the vacant length of

the store in rage futile and infantine.

"These fools of women rushing to the big stores for bargains! Look at them!" he would exclaim, scowling at them from the plate-glass of the door. "They don't care that they are helping to build up greedy monopolies and crush small and honest dealers to the earth. Here comes one now, Lizzie. Look sharp, and try to make a sale."

The proprietor retired to the back of the shop, and heard the fol-

lowing dialogue:

"Will you please tell me the price of that white lace fichu in the

window?"

"Madam, let me show it to you. It is genuine Spanish blonde. The price is fifteen dollars and a half."

"Oh!! Please don't disturb it. I can doubtless get what will

answer my purpose for less."
"But this is real old——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I have seen it there for some years. I don't know why it took my fancy to-day particularly, but pray don't disturb it." Smiling sweetly, she sailed out, as the girl, with an anticipation of the proprietor's rage, made a hurried movement to take the article from the window.

There was but one girl then, and her meek and quiet manner had been intensified by the solitude of the place. On this occasion, however, she summoned up sufficient spirit to say, "In truth, Mr. Trimmer, this style of article has not been worn by ladies for some time. They have all been reduced at Esten's, and can be bought for a quarter of this price."

"I don't care to be instructed, miss, how they do business at Esten's.

I have my own methods."

Every evening, with strange devotion to routine, he entered the sales of the day (now sometimes only fifty cents) on his books, and carefully balanced the checks with the amount of cash in the drawer,—in all, as faithfully painstaking as when his receipts were five hundred dollars a day.

His mother urged him to adopt some of the methods of advertising. When he finally yielded to her advice, it was like him to begin with

an idea which others had abandoned as played out.

That was a memorable day for him when he received the first instalment of three hundred business cards on which was printed the picture of a little girl with a bunch of posies in her hand, and a scroll issuing from her mouth on which was the device, "Joseph Trimmer, White Goods and Laces."

These were now presented to every one who ventured within the portal. They were received with indifference, and almost invariably cast away the instant the would-be purchaser stepped outside.

It hurt Joseph's heart to see the pavement strewn with these works of art, and at intervals he would go out, tenderly pick them up, and restore them to their box behind the counter, ready for redistribution.

We must not forget Mary Follet. That she should feel disappointment at her delayed wedding, or experience any regret for her wasted youth and hopes, never occurred to the man on whom she had rested her expectations. But that she should bow before his prejudices and sympathize with his absurd antipathies he certainly did expect. His opposition to the "greedy monopolies," as he invariably termed them, had assumed such proportions as to be really a monomania. He conceived the most violent dislike to any one who bought the smallest trifle within their accursed walls. Here was the pitfall into which the luckless Mary dropped.

Her feminine love of dress had survived the depressing influence to which the rest of her mild nature had succumbed. In a moment of weakness she had stood and admired a dress pattern with seductive trimmings placed enticingly thereon, displayed in the window of one of these trade palaces. She appeared in this attractive garb before Joseph a few days later, and his admiration (for she was really pretty) loosened her tongue. Unwittingly she descanted glibly on its cheapness.

li

gr

th

th

"Where did you buy it?" he asked.

"At Esten's," she replied, and then remembered, all too late, his

prejudice.

"What!" he thundered. "You insult me and my misfortunes by helping to build up that greedy monopoly! All is over, then. You may consider that I have no further claim on you. You——"

"But, Joseph," she faltered, "you do not keep things like this, and I must buy them somewhere, and-"

"Enough! Make no more apologies. You are like all the rest of the women. Good-evening, Mary."

The poor girl was really crushed, and made many efforts at a reconciliation, but the strange mania of her ex-lover made it impossible for him to conquer the dislike that her admission had inspired. Two years later she married a New-Yorker; but after her husband's death her heart turned again with sorrowful remembrance to her first

But to return to Trimmer. An idea had been slowly simmering in his thinking-pan, and was finally served up to his mother in this

"I think it would be wise to retire from business."

"What will you do with your stock?"

"Store it away."

"Better sell it by auction and get all you can for it."

"No: people would talk, and say I had failed; but if I go quietly,

it may be surmised that I have simply retired."

So the venerable laces, handkerchiefs, etc., with their gv and smg and all the other shibboleths of trade, were packed away in three or four big chests; likewise the two hundred remaining picture-cards (their number carefully counted and recorded on the back of the box), the yardstick, and the twenty-five fancy boxes that had been laid in, in a desperate effort to catch some Christmas trade.

Joseph Trimmer, retired merchant, now lived with his mother on the interest of a small patrimony, and the little sum he had saved from the wreck of his business ventures. He was scarcely more than fortyfive, and many older men were starting anew in the struggle for wealth. Some of these came to him, and urged him to join them in their He invariably inquired, "Will this scheme give fifty per cent. profit?"

"Well, we cannot promise that for a certainty, but there is little risk, and some small profit the first year, with a strong probability of an increasing dividend every year."

"No, gentlemen. Unless you can give me a written guarantee of fifty per cent., I don't go in with you."

And so he smoked his pipe, and delivered diatribes against the monopolies which he declared should be abolished, with such a long list of other things that his audience were forced to consider the query, What would be left?

Years passed. The laces that were mouldering away might have graced the throats of his sisters, and the pretty caps have fitted snugly the little heads of their numerous offspring. Only once did Joseph open a chest and take therefrom a child's lace collar to give to one of the little ones, after carefully recording in his book this item:

"Article No. 7, to wit, child's lace cap, contained in box No. 3. Cost omm; selling-price oo<sup>2</sup>m: taken from stock by J. T., May, 1892."

Joseph was now sixty-five. Physicians have sometimes remarked that certain diseases, as they approach a fatal termination, beget in the victim a powerful inclination for the pursuits of early life. The poet whose pen has rusted for years will seize it and dash off a stanza, then lie back on his pillow exhausted. The artist will rise and once more mix his colors and paint in a vivid landscape, full of growing things

and vivifying light, and then lie down to darkness and death.

One day a strange sight was seen. The old stand, which had in the mean time witnessed the disasters of many unlucky business ventures, once more bore the name of Joseph Trimmer. The antique lace fichus were restored to their place in the window. The picture-cards were set up enticingly on the counters, and a new girl, under the instruction of the proprietor, was learning the mysteries of gmo and smg. Poor Joseph had lost physical strength and bulk; his back was bent, and his hand trembled; but he would not let go his grip on his system.

The ancient proprietor and his wares excited the greatest curiosity.

People came in and bought for various reasons:

"There is lace exactly like that which dear old auntie had on her,

peignoir."

"I remember my mother wearing a long full veil precisely like

hat. I will take this one, please."

"My dear," said a sweet-faced old lady, clutching the arm of her grand-daughter, "there is the veritable fichu of Spanish blonde that I wanted to buy before your dear mamma was born. I had queer fancies then."

She entered the store and inquired the price.

After a long struggle with oo202m, the girl replied,—

"Fifteen dollars and a half."

"The very same answer I received before! This is really quaint,

dear." Then, turning to the girl, "I will take it."

At the end of the week, poor old Joseph's heart was full to bursting, for his stock was gone,—sold at its full price, without the smallest reduction, right under the eye of the "greedy monopoly," and the wisdom of his system was fully established.

It was Saturday night. The girl had gone, and the shutters were up, but the door stood open to admit the fresh air, for Joseph was still at his desk, straightening out his accounts for the day, and reckon-

ing up his books, for this was the end.

A lady on the other side of the street stood amazed at the name which she read over the door, then hurried across the street and entered falteringly.

A little later a woman's scream was heard, and people ran in, to find her pillowing on her breast the unconscious head of Joseph Trim-

mer and shedding bitter tears on his dead face.

For he was dead. And there, under the pen which still rested in his fingers, was a letter addressed to her, his former love, saying that he had heard that her husband was dead, and begging her to come and comfort his few remaining years.

"I really feel better contented with myself," he had written, "for I have wound up my business, at last, in a most satisfactory way."

Margaret Langdon.

n

p

h

in

an

in

T

th

ki

ish

ma

### THE SNUB.

"CNUB" is a word of foreign origin, not pure Anglo-Saxon. The O fact indicates that our beef-eating, mead-swilling Saxon ancestors were too stupid or too good-natured to understand this gentle means of "taking down." There is no mention of the word nor allusion to the act in any of the remains of Anglo-Saxon literature : Bede, Aelfred, and the unknown author of Beowulf are equally silent upon the sub-Neither did the word creep into the language through the Gallic loop-hole, as may be seen from a careful study of "The Romaunt of the Rose" and like compositions, which mark the transition stage from French to English. From this we infer that the French from the remotest times endured the martyrdom imposed by good manners without ever availing themselves of the privilege of snubbing. The fact that the only word given in the French lexicon as equivalent for snub is réprimande, construed as reproof or censure, goes to show that good manners and gentle consideration for others still remain national characteristics in France.

"Snub" and "snub" stand together in the dictionary as two distinct words, one coming from a German, the other from a Danish

source.

The German word went through its necessary evolution from Old High German and Middle High German to Modern High German, and emerged meaning "to sob with convulsions." Though this is frequently the effect of the snub classed "social," the lexicographer, who was evidently pachydermatous and understood little of such matters, coolly marks it as obsolete.

The Danish words snip and sneb, from which snub has its origin,

mean point, edge, end, and beak.

The Danish conquest had its effect on the Saxon temperament, depriving it of that sturdy consciousness of superiority which renders one invulnerable against snubs, and by the time William the Norman had seated himself firmly upon the English throne the Dane and the Saxon had become equally sensitive in regard to Norman effrontery and Norman wit.

Though the French did not snub, the rough Northmen who settled in one corner of their kingdom understood the meaning of the word, and practised the art very effectively on the English thanes, who raged inwardly as they endeavored to play the courtier in William's court. There is an excellent description of this irritation of the Saxon and this arrogance of the Norman in "Ivanhoe," in the account of the king's banquet, at which Rowena's father and lover were such awkward guests.

From that period to the present day the snub has lived and flour-

ished.

Again consulting the dictionary, we find that the snub has its legitimate use and its abuse. "To treat with deserved contempt or neglect,

as a forward or pretentious person," is certainly correct, and he or she who has the ability to snub the upstart without loss of dignity, and with a finesse which teaches the receiver his place and still leaves him in bewilderment as to whether or not he has been snubbed, receives our

unstinted admiration.

Neither can we altogether refuse it, though undeserved, to the one who from long practice in society is able to check or rebuke the *ingénue* whose enthusiasms render her tiresome, or the gilded Madame whose progress up the social ladder, assisted by money minus pedigree, is extremely irritating to one too largely endowed with the one and too scantily with the other. No one can forget the signs visible of this snub when he has once seen—or felt—them; the gradually chilling tone, the cold, slightly scornful, but well-bred glance, long and steady, which in a vulgar person would transform itself into a stare; these have gradually a Medusa-like effect, and render the recipient silent and stony.

This is of course the snub social, which is also effected in other ways. To see the names of one's friends on the list of guests at a party given by one whom before you had innocently supposed to be your friend, yourself uninvited; to have a companion snatched from your side at a club meeting or reception to be introduced to a lion, and yourself left standing forlorn; to have these same club members drop in repeatedly on business but forever forget their card-cases; to have one to whom you have been introduced time and time again become short-sighted at dinner, reception, or tea, and never know you on the street, are other types of the snub social which she who has once experienced them can never forget. The snub social is sometimes, rightly or wrongly, known as the snub feminine, from the fact that men do not often make use of it. That there is a snub masculine, however, let this story witness.

In a city justly proud of its members of the bar lives a young attorney who sets a far higher estimate on himself than his friends think warranted by his abilities. By chance he was retained in an important case in which the services of one of the oldest and best lawyers of the city were engaged. The younger man was so elated that he besieged the other's office morning and night, nominally to consult with him concerning the great case, in reality to give him advice as to how

to conduct it.

One day, feeling that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, the older man called his stenographer and dictated the following letter to

his coadjutor:

"A man was once travelling through the desert with a camel. At nightfall he pitched his tent, and, as the night was cold, drew the curtain, leaving the camel without. In the night the camel wakened its master and said, 'O master, permit me to put my nose within your tent; it is cold without.' The master assented. Again he was awakened by the camel. 'O master, it is cold without; permit that I may put my head within the tent.' Shortly, 'O master, allow me to put my neck within the tent,' and soon, 'O master, it is cold without; permit me to bring my body within the tent.' And so the camel gradually occupied the whole tent and crowded his master out."

He signed, sealed, and sent the letter, rejoiced at having hit upon so easy a way of ridding himself of his daily annoyance.

The next day the young man dropped in again, bland, smiling,

and as full of advice as before.

"By the way, Mr. I—," he said, on leaving, "what did you

mean, anyway, by that letter you sent me yesterday?"

"Oh, nothing," replied its author, abashed at the failure of his scheme; "nothing at all." And so ended his first and last attempt at

snubbing the unsnubbable one.

Perhaps no snub has been more widely experienced than the snub political. The Congressman who has served his party to the best of his ability and returns home only to find a rival meddling with his fences; the Senator who interests himself in sugar and otherwise meddles with the tariff to save the country tottering to its fall, and learns too late that his party has forsaken him, not because convinced that his ends were venal, but from the proverbial popularity of the candidate out of office compared with him who is in; the President who is resolved to steer the ship of state aright, and finds Scylla on one side, Charybdis on the other, and himself without the craft of Ulysses to save him from the jagged rocks of his own party and the engulfing whirlpool of the opposite,—all these honorable men feel that they have experienced the political snub from which no man occupying an office in the gift of the people, be he President or constable, can claim to be exempt.

Roget's Thesaurus, always the refuge of the amateur, gives a number of synonymes for snub, which point to a wide use of the word.

The first, "to shorten or stunt," refers of course to the social growth which is so suddenly blighted and stunted by the chilling frost of my lady's frown. "Hinder" alludes to the hinderance of friendship and that of advancement, business, political, or social, brought about by

the sudden forgetfulness of a friend or a constituency.

"To cast a slur on, to put out of countenance, to take down a peg or two, to make one sing small, and to flabbergast," phrases of about the same meaning, betoken a descent on the part of the snubber, and hint—especially that mysterious "flabbergast"—that the art of snubbing is not restricted to the four hundred, but is practised in wider and less aristocratic circles as well. The next synonyme, bluster, applies to the snubber when he is not well-bred and attempts to accomplish his end by coarser and less diplomatic means. "To intimidate, to browbeat, to ride roughshod over," refer to my lady's stare, and suggest the lorgnette which when used skilfully leaves a sting behind.

There are those who intimate that any one who willingly and intentionally descends to snub cannot again ascend to his former heights; in other words, if it is possible for such a one to lower himself, he is lowered.

"She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy," says Dr. Holmes, "as one breaks the tip of an icicle to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood but of bad blood. Consciousness of

unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all, but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals she has something

about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be."

He who has once been snubbed and is still fully aware of it is left with a raw integument which is still more susceptible to changes in the social temperature. This condition, when aggravated, develops into an over-sensitiveness to snubs which is almost always incurable and frequently ends fatally. The sufferer, wearing his feelings on his sleeve, puts the worst construction on every look and tone, and ends by imagining slights even from his nearest and dearest.

The poetic temperament has always been most keenly sensitive to

snubs.

The world is a nettle: you touch it, it stings; You grasp it, it stings not.

Many over-sensitive men and women have touched the nettle and by their timidity and *gaucherie* brought upon themselves the dreaded snub. Mrs. Hemans was undoubtedly smarting from some unexpected snub when she wrote of

This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the gentle spirit;
How have I turned away
From its cold soulless air!

Moore must have met with some similar repulse before writing "The world is all a fleeting show," for who are wise enough to discover that the world is Vanity Fair and the end of all is destruction, save those who, shut out from its pleasures, its frivolities, eye their "worldly" brothers and sisters with envy, and either try vainly to console themselves with the reflection that all is vanity, or, in endeavoring to push themselves in, receive the snub which fully convinces them of the vexation of spirit in Vanity Fair? Certainly good old Francis Quarles meant nothing else by the thousand stings which guard each "petty, petty sweet" of the world than the snubs social and political which await every aspirant for worldly honors.

Both Ben Jonson and Emerson bade a scornful good-by to the

b

d

8

F

F

N

W

fi

th

ni

proud world in which they had undoubtedly been snubbed.

I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtile ways be narrow straits,
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits,

growls Ben, upon whom some lordling had smiled in an idle hour only to ignore him at their next meeting.

Emerson specifies more fully:

Good-by to Flattery's frowning face; To Grandeur with his wise grimace; To upstart Wealth's averted eye; To supple office, low and high; To crowded halls, to court and street; To frozen hearts and hasting feet. The royal snub is of all snubs the most brutal and at the same time the most effective, unless it be the papal snub. That Henry of Germany who stood three days barefoot in the snow at Gregory's castle-gate after seeking him as a suppliant on foot over the dangerous, snowy mountain route, doubtless felt the force of a snub more fully than any, unless it were some of Henry the Eighth's victims. The Tudor dynasty especially excelled in the art of snubbing, and it is difficult to determine whether bluff Hal or his accomplished, intellectual, but withal somewhat coarse daughter excelled in snubbing those who, desirous of sunning themselves in the royal favor, were

forced to accept all royal insults as excellent jests.

The snub has been a favorite theme with novelists, especially the English novelists, who have pictured the struggle of those who in their desire to shine in society daringly attempt to surmount apparently insurmountable barriers. Becky Sharp's career, from her departure from Miss Pinkerton's Academy through her glorious progress in society, culminating in that never-to-be-forgotten reception at Gaunt House, and her facilis descensus Averni naturally following, is one long recital of the social snub. The fine ladies and duchesses were more generous with it, but Miss Pinkerton snubbed Becky, and even the good-natured Sedleys could not at times forbear. Fortunately for herself, Becky was of the stuff that could weather snubs and politely return them when the opportunity offered itself, as in the famous instance of Lady Bareacres and her diamonds.

In the chapter on the Country Snob in the "Book of Snobs" Thackeray gives a good example of snubbing in high life. When the Pontos first moved into the country they were warmly received by their neighbor, the Marquis St. Michaels, who was at that time electioneering for his party and did not disdain to win a vote from the other side. Later, however, when the Pontos moved to town and were in a position to receive favors instead of bestowing votes, they received snub after snub from their country friends. From the perusal of this and the other Snob sketches it appears that the difference between snob and snub is but trifling, and that the most of snubbing is done by snobs, though occasionally the snobs receive a

deserved snubbing.

Dickens's History of Snubbing goes to show, what has already been stated, that the art of snubbing is not confined to the "upper ten." How vivid is the description of that immortal séance of Mesdames Prig and Gamp in which Mrs. Gamp "felt it the more necessary that Mrs. Prig should know her place and be made sensible of her exact station in society, as well as of her obligations to herself,"—a snub which ended disastrously in a breach between the snubber and her friend

Pecksniff thoroughly understood the art of snubbing; it was not unknown to the little circle in which the Kenwigses moved; and if that was not a snub which Mrs. Chick inflicted upon poor Miss Tox when she burst upon her that spring morning in Princess Place and nipped all her fond affections and young ambitions, never was one inflicted. Her words (to quote the author), "delivered with cutting

suavity, tempered and chastened by a lofty air of moral rectitude, left poor Miss Tox feeling excommunicated;" a feeling, let it be said, which ever accompanies the snub feminine when properly inflicted.

In "Ships that Pass in the Night" there is a good example of the deserved snub, where the beautiful Mrs. Reffold, meeting Bernardine, asks her questions simply to amuse herself, explaining to her companions that if Bernardine presumes to weary her she can easily snub her. However, her questions meet with puzzling answers, until, growing weary, Bernardine herself inflicts the snub, to the everlasting astonishment of Mrs. Reffold.

Felicia, the heroine of the younger Miss Murfree's novel, received a snub when as the wife of an actor she was cut by her former friends at the very hotel where she had once been the reigning belle. Indeed, our modern realists have so many examples of the gentle art of snubbing that we are convinced that it is not being banished by increasing civilization, but is another of our questionable American institutions

which has come to stay.

It is difficult to defend one's self against the snub, because, like the insinuation, it is in a measure indirect. It is more a matter of looks and of tone than of words. Moreover, it is almost always directed against those who are so chilled and stunned by "the cold unanswering world" that they are powerless to assert themselves again. The Becky Sharps who can take care of themselves and retaliate when the opportunity offers are, unfortunately, the very ones who deserve snubbing. It is a bit of the world's injustice which the poet has assured us would appear right to us could we only "grasp this sorry scheme of things entire."

But what of him or her who snubs? Even if the snub is deserved, as the dictionary admits that it sometimes is, is he or she any the better for administering it? The insolent, the upstart, the parvenue, will be punished at last without your intervention; they cannot injure, though they may annoy you; while upon the innocent you have inflicted a never-healing wound. He who contemplates snubbing, even though repeated aggravations have made it seem justifiable, will do well to stop long enough to calculate the effects both on the giver and on the receiver of the snub.

Kate Milner Rabb.

## "PERCHANCE TO DREAM."

AM so weary,—yet I fear to sleep!
How hard it seems to lose myself,—to go
To that strange world where tyrant Dreams hold rule;
Where I may kill my friend, or wed my foe.

Margaret Gilman George.

### TELEGRAPHY UP TO DATE.

PIFTY years ago there was one solitary telegraph line of any successful system in existence; and that was exciting the curiosity and wonder of all passengers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between the nation's capital and Maryland's chief city. The interest in the new means of transmitting intelligence was so great that Professor Morse saw no impropriety in asking the managers of the railroad, along which ran his single wire, to direct that whenever a break occurred in the line the next passing train should wait at the point until the passengers and trainmen should have repaired the damage; and it is said that he was quite chagrined at their refusal. They might have advantageously undertaken this slight task for a certain use of the line in the business of the road. There are to-day few roads, if any, which could safely run their usual trains, or make their schedule time, without an exclusive wire.

The inventor of the system was a poor man at this time, unable even to procure patents on his instruments in England, or means to build a practical line. But he had faithful adherents in Congress, who believed that the system was of value to the country; and in the last night of the session of 1842–3 a bill was passed making an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars to construct an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore.

Various signals between the Professor and his assistant, Alfred Vail, relating to the work, passed over the sections of the line, as one after another was constructed; and when it was complete the Morse alphabet had been devised, that code of dots and dashes used in almost every telegraph office in the Western Continent, and but slightly departed from in the European system.

Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents at the period, was the first of a vast multitude whose thoughts have been tapped for readers from a wire, miles away from the spot where, but a moment before, they were originally uttered. She had brought the anxious inventor the earliest information of the passage of the bill which was so important to him and to the world. Had any early watch-dog of the Treasury been on duty on that eventful night, our present well-developed telegraph system would have suffered a long set-back.

It was no sentimental nor mercenary phrase that the young lady presented as the initial message of this wire-chasing Mercury, this new swift word-carrier for mortal man, but one of wide and serious scope. Its words, "What hath God wrought," have become almost as familiar to American readers as a passage of Holy Writ. In the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford is a long narrow strip of white paper embossed with a line of the Morse alphabet, and bearing Professor Morse's signature to an inscription stating this to be the first message which went over the line, and giving the name of Miss Ellsworth as the sender.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse was born in Boston in 1791. At the time of his invention of the telegraph he was professor of design in the New York University. Much of his experimenting was done in a room of the well-known "Old University" building in New York City, recently demolished. Here he had forty miles of wire stretched about the apartment,—a length about equal to that of his Washington

and Baltimore line.

In constructing the latter, he placed his wire in the position to which our law-makers are endeavoring to force city wires,—under ground. The line had been laid to the Relay Station, seven miles, when experiments demonstrated that his batteries would not operate properly even that length of line, so great was the interference of earth-currents and leakage; and he reluctantly dug up his wire and laid it on the tops of poles. The tops were squared, and on them was laid a piece of glass to support the wire; then another piece of glass was laid over it, and the whole covered by a piece of board, which was

fastened to the pole below.

The primary battery had been applied for current before by Baron Schilling, who in 1832 exploited his system, consisting of a line composed of thirty-six wires, with a magnetized needle at the end of each, to serve as one of the thirty-six signs used in his code. Steinheil soon after elaborated a system at Göttingen in which one wire was made to strike bells of different pitch, having each its own signification. In England in 1837 Wheatstone and Clarke patented a system requiring five needles and six wires—one being for the return current. About 1844 they had constructed a twenty-mile line, connecting Paddington and Slough, and opened for business. It appears, however, that the larger part of the income of this telegraph came from the exhibition of its working,—for which admissions were fixed at one shilling for adults, children and schools half-price.

A form of needle telegraphy has been much used for ocean cables, the movement of the needle in one direction signifying a dot, in the other direction a dash. The mirror galvanometer is now sometimes used, the signal being the movement of a bright spot thrown upon a screen. The favorite instrument on these lines, however, is the siphon recorder, in which the electric impulse sways the tip of the siphon over a moving fillet of paper, at the same time causing a slight discharge of ink; the right and left movements being interpreted as with

the needle.

Professor Morse soon learned that by using a local circuit with its own battery for embossing the dots and dashes on the paper fillet (this circuit being opened and closed by the movements of the armature in the "relay" or line instrument) he could send messages with a much weaker current, with quite a saving in batteries. Later, the relay was applied also to letting a stronger current from fresh batteries upon the line, to replace a current that had become nearly exhausted in too lengthy a circuit,—when the instrument was called a "repeater."

Operators with a good perception of musical time soon became proficient in reading the message from the sound of the tapper, the paper fillet, with the troublesome clock-work which carried it, was discarded, and the improved relay instrument now became known as the "sounder." These brought the Morse system pretty much where

it is to-day.

The introduction of duplex telegraphy, by which messages are sent simultaneously in opposite directions over the line, at once doubled the value of every telegraph line existing. Various suggestive experiments were made for such a result, but nothing practical for the purpose was effected until 1872, when Joseph B. Stearns, of Boston, devised a method of rendering the outgoing impulses inoperative on the relay instrument through which they had to pass to the line, while it remained as sensitive as ever to the incoming current. This result was attained by using a stronger current, and dividing it at the relay between two coils of wire which were wound on the core of the magnet in different directions, so that the opposing currents simply neutralized each other, and the armature remained motionless. One of these coils was connected with the ground; and, lest the larger current should take the path of least resistance to earth, extensive coils were introduced in this to make its resistance equal to that of the line,—forming what is called the "artificial line." The other coil was connected with the real line, and bore over it the message in long and short interruptions of the current; for this system, like the simple Morse system, is operated on a closed circuit. When the message currents from the other end came in, one coil necessarily got a large increase of current, overpowering that in the other; and the core became magnetized, the armature promptly obeying the impulses, and tapping out the message from the distant operator. To remedy the sparking from conflicting currents, a condenser (on the principle of the Leyden jar) was introduced in connection with the artificial line. When these devices were applied, the system of differential duplex telegraphy was complete.

Next a diplex system was devised, by which two messages could be sent in the same direction simultaneously over the same line-wire. This became developed to something practical under the hand of Edison, who then soon combined the duplex and diplex into the quadruplex system,—by which two operators at each end of the line simultaneously transmit their messages to the same number of receivers at the other end; so that four messages (requiring eight operators) are going over each wire of the principal lines of the world almost constantly during business hours. This invention added twenty-five per cent. to the value of public telegraph lines, except ocean cables.

The method of the differential quadruplex is to keep a positive or negative current on the line constantly, using for the first circuit a polarized relay (in which the armature is of magnetized steel) which responds to the varying polarity of the currents coming over it, and is thus made to write its message as the movement of the operator's key sends one or the other over the line; while the second circuit has a neutral relay,—its armature being of soft iron, and quite indifferent to polarities, responding only to a strong current. Consequently the second circuit lets on the line in its dots and dashes additional currents from duplicate sources, but having three times the strength of the current used on the polar circuit,—the last being quite indifferent to any force

above the low potential to which it is sensitive. The potential used by the Western Union Company on its line between Boston and New York (about two hundred and twenty-five miles) for its polar relays is fifty volts; while for the neutrals about one hundred and eighty volts are required.

The longest telegraphic circuit known to the writer is in the Western Union system in the Northwest, being about seven hundred miles between batteries. The current-potential necessary to work this circuit

is about three hundred and fifty volts.

Another method of preventing the currents from recording on the receiving instruments in the office from which they are sent, is to place them in the cross-wire of a Wheatstone bridge. Less current is lost by going to ground in this method, yet the other form has been almost

universally preferred.

Another considerable gain in the economy of lines was made when dynamos were introduced to furnish current, instead of batteries. The dynamos have been used for several years in many offices, being driven by belts or gearing from steam-engines. Early in the present year the motor-dynamos were substituted for gravity batteries in the Western Union office in Boston; and a few months later the same thing was done in the New York office of the company. About a hundred lines radiate from the Boston office, which required for current thirteen thousand cells, each of a gallon capacity, and costing about one dollar; while the expense of the entire electric installation (including eighteen motor-dynamos) was only about two thousand dol-The motors are closely conjoined to the dynamos on the same spindle, and are operated by a one-hundred-and-ten-volt current from an Edison main. The gains in steadiness of current and cleanliness, and the saving in material, care, and space, are very large. The New York installation has about the same number of machines. The Postal Telegraph Company has since installed a similar set of machines for its New York office in the noble building recently completed in that

To the unelectrified mind it will seem that so many intermingled positive and negative electric impulses and varying potentials going in the same and opposite directions must become mingled in inextricable confusion. That they do not is owing to the persistency with which electrical impulses retain their character in the respects of duration and vibratory strength; while the slowness of human fingers—and of thought and perception, even, compared to the movements in the phenomenon which has been named electricity—accounts for the remnant

of mystery.

The telegraphic system having the largest capacity for multiplex transmission is known by the descriptive name of the synchronous multiplex system, by which the transmission of seventy-two messages simultaneously over the same wire has been accomplished. The mechanism of the system can scarcely be understood except by electricians,—who, of course, have considered it in the progress of their qualification. A general idea of the system may be suggested by mentioning that the impulses are regulated by wheels at each end of the

line which are rotated synchronously. In some of these instruments the electro-magnet which operates the indicator at the receiving end is excited by currents regularly thrown on by vibrating forks or reeds at the two ends of the line, carefully adjusted to the same pitch,—with a device by which a departure from synchronism automatically causes the sending of a corrective impulse. But the larger the number of circuits operated over a wire at a time (above eight in the quickest systems) the slower the impulses are in making their record at the other end of the line. Thus, when six different circuits were operated by the synchronous system over a single wire, the rate of transmission was forty words per minute; with twelve circuits, the rate of record was twenty words per minute; while with seventy-two, scarcely more than two words a minute could be delivered at the receiving office. These tests were made on the Delany system, which was used for a while on a line between Boston and Providence.

In the harmonic multiple system, invented by Dr. Elisha Gray about 1873, the electric impulses are thrown upon the line by steel reeds which are maintained in vibration by electro-magnets that interrupt the current from the batteries,—these magnets, of course, being controlled by a local circuit operated by a key. No two of the reeds have the same pitch; and the armature of each of the receiving instruments at the other end of the line, being a steel ribbon or plate tuned in exact unison with one of the reed-transmitters, takes only the message having that exact vibration, and consequently records only its own. On a line between Chicago and Dubuque (one hundred and ninety-eight miles), where this system has been in use, one wire is used by seventeen intermediate stations working Morse sounders, with the harmonic instruments operating eight circuits all the while between the extremes of the same wire.

The Morse alphabet is the one hitherto used in this system; the dots and dashes, being received as musical vibrations, are made to record their duration on a fillet of paper in the usual manner. Within a recent period, Dr. Gray has combined with this system an apparatus for printing letters and numerals instead of dots and dashes, making a printing system superior to either of the preceding ones of that kind.

Several systems have for their basis step-by-step, or dial, telegraphy. In this signals are made by the movement of a pointer over a dial on which the letters and numerals are marked. The movements of the pointer are made step by step from the to-and-fro movement of the magnet armature which imparts motion to a wheel toothed to correspond with the characters on the dial. The transmitting mechanism includes a wheel whose edge consists of alternate elevations and depressions, bounded by a sinuous line, which, when turned, open and close the circuit. By the successive impulses of current thus given, the pointer at the other end of the line is moved over the characters on the dial, one by one, from the last character used to the next one wanted. In a printing system, the pause at the letter or figure is longer, so as to allow the printing apparatus to act. The House printing telegraph and Callahan's system (the familiar stock ticker) are on

the basis of the step-by-step method; but the former uses a key-board

transmitter, the latter the Morse key.

The Hughes system has the synchronous movement, while that of Phelps—known as the "combination system"—combines the best points of the two preceding, with slight additions. It is the most

generally used of the printing systems.

There is not so much to be gained as might be supposed by public telegraphs from the substitution for the system in use of even the best printing telegraph instruments. An operator in the dot-and-dash system always reads the message from the sounder, writing it with pen or with the common type-writer as fast as it comes; so that the message in printed characters can be despatched from the office within one

minute from its reception.

The event of the year is the invention of Dr. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia College, based on the vibrating period of line current under the influence of periodic impulses. The device consists of a peculiarly constructed induction coil, having interspersed in its secondary coil a number of condensers of proportional surface. This instrument is introduced at what are ascertained to be proper distances in long lines. It is generally believed that it will remedy to a very great extent the retardation of current impulses encountered on all long lines, especially in ocean cables.

Dr. Pupin has recently developed a system of telegraphy based on this same principle of electrical resonance, using the instruments just described as selectors of the different sets of impulses in multiple telegraphy, instead of the tonic armatures, and, for transmitting, alternating currents instead of reeds,—all previous systems using continuous currents. The inventor believes that forty messages can be sent simultaneously over a line in the same direction, or any proportion of the number in contrary directions over the same wire, and at a convenient speed. The system is simple in its mechanism and operation,

and seems quite likely to come into extensive use.

According to trustworthy authority, there are to-day upon the surface of the earth about one million miles of telegraph lines, representing not less than two million five hundred thousand miles of circuit wire. To these figures are to be added about one hundred thousand miles of submarine cable. The number of messages during a year will average about three hundred millions, which are handled by some four hundred and seventy-five thousand offices and yield about four hundred and fifty million dollars. The number of persons employed is not easy to ascertain. In the Western Union offices alone, in Boston, the number is over two hundred; while the hundred lines radiating from its main office also require the care of a numerous force.

This is the growth from the first forty-mile line, over which, half a century ago, a young girl uttered the reverent exclamation, "What hath God wrought." We know the result only partially, as yet; and, like that dutiful maiden, we pass the problem on to a future generation

for its full solution.

#### Books of the Month.

Sorrow and Song. By Coulston Kernahan. The present decade, wherein the shadows cast forward from the last have grown increasingly deeper, will be remembered in the history of English verse as that of the "Celtic Sadness." The unmoored dogmas of the old faith have

gone to pieces, and melancholy lingers in their wake. From the pathos of their decay the younger poets have made sombre books; and it is of these singers and of their greater progenitors in hopelessness that Mr. Coulston Kernahan writes in his collection of essays called *Sorrow and Song*, just published

by the Lippincotts.

It is always a gain when a collection of papers possesses some systematic purpose. The reader carries more away from a book which has a unity of aim than from a desultory one. To see a thing from many sides is to know it truly; and in treating a group of well-known authors of common characteristics in this manner, Mr. Kernahan brings out into new prominence the inspiring motives of much contemporary, and some older, verse and thought. His very successful Book of Strange Sins illustrated his method when applied to imaginary characters. He has here dealt with very real personalities, such as Heine, Dante Rossetti, Louise Chandler Moulton, Frederick Robertson, and Philip Bourke Marston, and the result is a deft blending of biography and criticism centred on the wider outlook of what these collectively have stood for.

A System of Oral Surgery. By Dr. James E. Garretson. Illustrated. Sixth Edition. Oral surgery, dealing with the mouth, jaws, face, teeth, and associate parts, has had no more eminent and accomplished exponent than Dr. James E. Garretson, whose work entitled A System of Oral Surgery, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has now passed into a sixth edition. It is four years since the appearance of the last edition, and with

the rapid advances made in all departments of medicine that edition has been superseded by later knowledge. To supply the deficiencies thus created, Dr. Garretson has added matter equal to two hundred pages. The present volume contains over a thousand pages, and is supplied with more than a thousand illustrations, rendering it the most comprehensive work known to the profession.

The author is a master of brevity in style, and conveys his views, which are drawn from the oldest as well as the latest sources, with a lucidity which makes study light and reference easy.

Very sweet and amusing is this pleasant story of life in England. It has the quaint tone of our childhood's master-pieces, and carries with it a moral neither obtrusive nor obscure. It is embellished, as they would have said in other days, with capital pictures to instruct the eye and illustrate the text; and it has been printed and bound by its publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company, in a style befitting its charming contents.

Olivia, who gives her name to the title, lives with her father, the Rev. Mr. Roslyn, and her sister Pussy, at the vicarage of Crabley. Here, from Greylands, the seat of Mr. Roslyn's brother, come Alex Roslyn and his friend Mr.

VOL. LIV .-- 87

Everard for a brief visit. During their stay, the "Penny Readings," in which Olivia has a principal place, occur, and, though she acts her part admirably, she dreads the educated criticism of Everard, and resents his slightest comment. After this Olivia pays a visit to Greylands, and feels hurt at the somewhat cold reception of her rich cousins. Mr. Everard is attracted to her, but is sharply repulsed; but Alex and Gwynneth finally make her their friend, and in company with them Olivia plans a device which will surprise the reader, as it finally does all of those in the story who are not in the secret. The outcome of Mr. Everard's love-making must not be revealed: suffice it to say that the episode is a diverting one, which neatly draws the varied threads of the tale together at the end.

A Bad Lot. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. Among Mrs. Lovett Cameron's baker's dozen of novels there is not a single one which surpasses this last in concentrated interest and originality of plot. As is quite natural, even with an author so mature and practised, there

is a perceptible advancement in the art which she pursues with each new volume; and few among contemporary writers of light and agreeable stories could hope to equal in those qualities her latest novel, called A Bad Lot, just added

to her growing works by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The book recounts with breezy charm the love-affairs of Nell Forrester, young, beautiful, and the daughter of an improvident father. She confides her passion for an elderly rouê named Colonel Vane Darley to her grandmother, old Lady Forrester, at whose house in London she is staying, and is stunned at the news that he is a married man. This early affair colors her whole life; and when she becomes engaged to Cecil Roscoe the image of Darley haunts her, both with dread for her young indiscretions and with the pang of a broken attachment. She finds, at last, her true love to be quite another sort of man, and in the tragic surroundings of a theatre fire this love is revealed. How the engagement with Roscoe turns out, and how Nell's sweet nature wins its deserts, is the problem which Mrs. Cameron happily solves.

The History of the French Revolution. By Louis Adolphe Thiers. New Edition. The standards need no sponsor. They are rooted deep in the life of the generations, and continue to grow while the little ephemeræ dwindle away around them. This is essentially so of Thiers. He based his work in knowledge, and it will stand firmly to the end. His subjects are the most special and tragic in modern history, and to have treated these

better than any of his contemporaries is an achievement which in itself confers an enduring fame. The repeated editions of *The History of the French Revolution* attest its perennial interest, its hold upon each new age, and that the Lippincotts have just put forth the best, as it is the latest, will be welcome news to wise readers. New type, forty-one steel engravings by Greatbach, the most substantial binding, and excellent paper combine to render the work worthy of the most exacting bibliophile. It is uniform with the earlier issued *History of the Consulate and the Empire of France*, and will appear in five monthly volumes, beginning with the present one for September.

<u>, amananaman amanaman</u>

# A Marvellous Showing.

The U. S. Government, through the Agricultural Department, has been investigating the baking powders for the purpose of informing the public which was the purest, most economical and wholesome.

The published report shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a pure, healthful preparation, absolutely free from alum or any adulterant, and that it is greatly stronger in leavening power than any other brand.

Consumers should not let this valuable information, official and unprejudiced, go unheeded.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

KAMAMAMAMAMAMAMAMAMA

BISMARCK'S RETORT.—Berlin newspapers publish an anecdote of the late Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Prince Bismarck. One evening when the German troops were before Paris the duke began grumbling in Bismarck's presence because the iron cross of the first class, given for bravery in the field of battle, had been distributed too indiscriminately. Bismarck replied that the distribution of such decorations was always a delicate and difficult task; "for," said he, "conspicuous merit has to be rewarded, but in some cases conspicuous position, with or without merit, cannot well be overlooked. See, now," he added, "Moltke has it, Roon has it, Blumenthal has it. Excellent! But then—your highness and I have it too; and surely it is not for us to grumble."

Goundd and Mendelssohn.—While still a young man, Goundd went to Leipsic and played some of his music to Mendelssohn, to whom he had been introduced by the sister of the maestro during his stay in Rome. He was sitting at the piano, executing one of his masses, when Mendelssohn suddenly rose and interrupted him. "Was that composed by you, young man?" he asked. "Yes, my dear master," was the reply. "Astonishing!" rejoined Mendelssohn. "Why, Cherubini could not do better." At that moment Cherubini was an uncontested authority. The compliment was therefore all the more precious.—London Globe.

Anchovies growing on Trees.—An Irish officer, who had served in Malta, was one day at a public dinner. Expatiating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade. A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing, and the lie passed.

A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously. "I' faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I

think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting."

"Capers! Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a start. "Oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!" And, hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so, "My dear friend, I hope you're not killed, and if I've harmed you seriously I'll ask your pardon forever, for I made a murderin' mistake. It was capers that I saw growing upon that tree at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

To

He

Re

ev

mo

Re

THE SUPREME TEST.—The Poet.—"It's no use; I'm afraid that I shall never reach the highest pinnacle of poetical success."

The Poet's Wife.—" Why, dear, what do you mean? Don't all the first-

class magazines accept and print your poetry?"

The Poet (gloomily).—"Yes; I know they do. But the big advertisers always send my verses back. Somehow or other I can't seem at all to hit their taste."—Somerville Journal.



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS

After may a days work when fine one perh starte a course of Merican Wine has fine one front started to say so.

a plan of Merican to for Therefore 7 do not heritable to say so.

3 her market fort - + Therefore to the fortis.

3 because 492 life to the fortis.

#### For Body and Brain

Since Thirty years all Eminent Physicians Recommend

Most popularly used Tonic-Stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere



Over 7,000 written indorsements from Prominent Physicians in Europe and America

Positively the most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces

Nourishes Fortifies Refreshes

Every Test,
Strictly on its Own Merits,
Proves
Its Exceptional Reputation

Ask for Vin Mariani at Druggists and Fancy Grocers
To avoid Disappointment accept no Substitutions.

Special Offer. We will mail gratis, a collection of 75 Portraits, Sketches, Biographical Notes and Autographs of Celebrities

Paris: 41 Boulevard Haussmann London: 239 Oxford Street Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York

The Origin of Ear-Rings.—It is a strange tradition among the Arabians that ear-rings came into use in the following way. When Pharaoh summoned Abraham and reproached him for his untruth (in saying that Sarah was his sister), Abraham prayed for the king, and Allah healed the king, who now gave Abraham many rich presents, and among others an Egyptian slave named Hagar. She bore him a son, whom he called Ishmael. But Sarah was barren, and the more jealous since the light of Mohammed shone on Ishmael's forehead. She demanded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecided until commanded by Allah to obey Sarah in all things. Yet he entreated her not to cast off her bondmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her that she declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbrued in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger. From that time it became a custom among women to wear ear-rings.

W

run

strai

won

beau

of g

tage

the able

way

pale

ated

VOTE

puls

The lack

any

ease

the

thei

torp imp

sett

feve

fluidea

bad

vell

liev hun

and

able

can

a ti of f

the

ble of

lusi

Th

and

THE GRASS-EATING TURTLE.—The Xerebates Agassizii, the grass-eating turtle of the Mojave desert, is the only creature of the turtle species that lives by grazing, like a horse or an ox. The Xerebates is about ten inches in length when full grown, and weighs from six to eight pounds. To escape the intolerable heat of his desert home he often burrows into the sand and remains inactive for weeks.—Yankee Blade.

ALMA-TADEMA.—Alma-Tadema has shown how an artist can imitate marble in his Roman masterpieces by his care and tender manipulation. He has raised the art of the grainer to a very lofty pedestal indeed. In the Royal Academy exhibition, when crowds gather round his antique revivals, it is not the noble Roman men and maidens who force the cries of admiration from them so much as the broad spaces of white and colored marbles which predominate in these compositions; those time-stained, rusted blocks, with the slight suggestion of a flaw here and there; the iron stains showing through the subdued lustre of the Roman limestone; the polished pillars and inlaid floors all kept under control, with the veins offered only as an apology at rare intervals.

This art of fidelity to nature and rigid restraint have made him the grand master grainer of the age. And yet I have seen as fine specimens as ever Tadema produced on his canvases wrought upon a show panel, only that I have not seen the same modesty and restraint. The producer of the show panel, as a rule, exerts himself too much and attempts to put into one panel the results of a whole palace, and that is the mistake which makes his work appear super-

ficial and unreal.

Alma-Tadema puts no more work in his slab than appeared in the slab he copied so literally, because he never permits his imagination to run away with him while he has nature to guide him, and that is the secret of his wonderful success.—Where Art Begins.

IMMURED IN A PILLAR.—Clement Spelman of Narburg, recorder of Nottingham, who died in 1679, is immured upright, enclosed in a pillar in Narburg church, so that the inscription is directly against his face. This must surely be a solitary instance of burial in a pillar, although there are many instances of burial in an upright position.—Westminster Gazette.

## PLUMP PEOPLE NO THIN ONES

#### What Makes the Difference?

WHAT makes some people plump and fleshy and others thin and bony? Is the human body run and shaped in an invisible mould? And what strange effects this difference produces! Beauty always demands curves; it never allows angles. A woman may be thin and graceful, but not thin and beautiful. With men, the question of flesh, artistically speaking, is of less importance; yet it may be of great consequence in other respects. Too much fat is a burden; too little is also a serious disadvantage. How can we strike the golden mean? if, in-deed, we can strike it at all. With the Turks fat is the standard of beauty, and with all nations a reasonable amount of it is the measure of health, in animals and in men. But the tendency seems to be the wrong way just now. There are a vast number of gaunt, pale, thin people; people manifestly under the proper size and weight. Many of them are actually emaciated, yet not markedly suffering from recognizable disease. Most of them eat heartily, some of them voraciously. Still they remain thin, sometimes repulsively so. Commonly they are very touchy and sensitive. They have nerves; they are full of nerves. They catch cold easily; they are upset by trifles; they lack force and courage. While not necessarily ill at any particular time, they are the ready victims of disease, and fall in multitudes before any epidemic. They provide consumption with most of its subjects.

Now, if they eat, why don't they grow fleshy? Why do they continue pale, thin, and feeble? Because they do not digest and assimilate their food. Indeed, their meals more often work harm than good. The torpid and disordered stomach cannot do the work imposed on it. The contents ferment and putrefy and scatter poisonous principles all through the body, setting up gout, rheumatism, bronchitis, consumption, and profound nervous maladies. The system grows feverish. Often there is nausea and vomiting; a sour fluid rises into the throat; there is distress after eating, deadness and distention of the abdomen, giddiness, bad breath, hot flushes followed by creeping chills; vellow eyes and skin; languor and weariness not re-lieved by rest; aching of the back and limbs; great hunger alternating with a loathing of food; anxiety and mental depression; shortness of breath, and vari-

able nervous affections.

Nature needs help. So much is plain. But how can we help her? We must do her work for her for a time. We must supply the body with some form of food which will not require any digestive labor on the part of the stomach. Can we do this?

Until recently this auxiliary was sought among oils and other fatty products, especially cod-liver oil. But these things failed, for the reason that they are incapable of forming real and solid tissue. The false flesh they produce melts away more quickly than it comes. It gives no strength, no warmth. Millions of thin, pale, anæmic, consumptive persons remember the de-lusive hopes of recovery they were led to indulge by

the advertisements of these fat-and-oil compounds or emulsions, and how their air castles faded into gray disappointments.

No; the fats and oils won't do. Experience proves that. The only reliable remedy is not a drug, but a food, prepared from starch, and artificially digested so as to require no further digestive action; a food capable of being at once absorbed into the blood and building up the body without putting a strain on

the enfeebled digestive organs.

This is accomplished by the new preparation called Paskola, which is made on correct scientific principles. When taken (for it is a food, not a drug) it immediately becomes a flesh-building, life-giving element in the blood. An increase of vitality, vigor, and weight is felt at once, and the symptoms of the previous depressed, devitalized state pass away.

Yet Paskola, while a true food, needs to be used for a short time only. It gives Nature power to put her-self to rights, and then its work is done. The point is that it soon enables the stomach to digest any food, even rich meats. Then the patient may follow his

appetite and consult his palate alone.

Under the nourishing power of Paskola the hectic flush soon leaves the consumptive's cheek, the skin assumes the hue of health, the night-sweats cease, the cough dies away, and the emaciation is lost under a

coating of solid, warm, and normal flesh.

Physicians already report brilliant results produced by Paskola in the digestive torpor characteristic of all by Paskola in the digestive to por characteristic of the febrile diseases, and employ it in the place of stimulants,—the old treatment. The patient's stomach at once absorbs Paskola, which keeps up his strength until the disease is vanquished. Its usefulness in this direction is beyond estimate.

Of late years pale, thin people, of both sexes, have come to be an increasing majority in this country. Young persons grow tall and slender, without breadth or stamina, and perish as fast as they grow. The sta-tistics of the throat and lung hospitals tell the story of their fate. They are born with brains and nerves, but without the most important arrangement of all,—a competent digestive system. The doctors keep them going on stimulants for a while, and then they die.

It is all such as these that Paskola is destined to save. They don't need medicines, nor travel, nor change of scene. They need food and the power to digest and appropriate it to the body's constant needs.

That power Paskola gives.

Why should multitudes of men and women either die young or be invalids all their days? Once the reason was, there was no means to prevent it. Now

And this new and rational road to health will re-

ward all who set foot upon it.

We have several pamphlets on the subject of Digestion, Foods, and Health, which are very inter-esting, and which we will mail free to any address on request.

PASKOLA MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Pre-Digested Food Co., 168 Duane Street, New York.

THE CANADIAN HABITANT.—There is no peasant so much attached to tradition as the French-Canadian. He finds himself on a continent whose moving spirit is that of progression. The rest of the American world is more or less given up to electric tramway cars, elevated railways, and other abominations. Factory chimneys belch forth their disfiguring smoke, and sawmills rend the air with hideous noises, within touch, almost, of the quaint, picturesque French villages which lie nestling to the south of the St. Lawrence. The contiguity of progress and push, of manufacture and wealth, in no wise affects the unambitious habitant.

He teems with contentment and philosophy. Has he not a decent farm, a tidy cottage, a good wife, an enormous progeny, and a curé to help him on his road to heaven? Is it not possible also to put by a little money each year toward his old age,—enough to procure for him and his a decent burial and to pay for masses, in the sad by-and-by? What more can a man want? Jacques Bonhomme has a supreme belief in himself and his belongings, in his country and its constitution.

A poor habitant (the story goes) went to Quebec and was taken by a friendly priest to see the sights of the city. In a convent church he saw a large painting of David and Goliath. Jacques fixed his gaze admiringly on Goliath. "Ah," said he, "what a fine man!" "Yes," said the curé, "it is a fine man." "Magnificent!" said Jacques, then paused. "I suppose he was a French-Canadian?" "Bien oui!" returned the priest, not liking to disappoint the patriot. "Oh, yes! Goliath was a French-Canadian."—National Review.

Walter Besant on Critics.—Walter Besant, in discussing the subject of critics and criticism in *The Author*, says, "My own theory on the general subject of reviewing—a theory which I do not expect to be universally accepted as yet—is this: The work of a critic never ought to be intrusted to the first novice that is recommended to the editor. If an aspiring critic is as yet unproved by published work, he should furnish some proof to the editor of culture, reading, knowledge of standards, knowledge of the works of writers, living as well as dead, and of special qualifications and special knowledge, if he has any."

Musical Wales.—Every church and chapel in every village and town has its choir, often numbering sixty, seventy, or one hundred voices, and every choir has its musical prodigies, leaders of parts mayhap who have never had a lesson in music in their lives, or some uncouth colliers or pit-girls, with voices which, had they been trained and developed, might have made of them Edward Lloyds or Antoinette Sterlings. District after district has its "united choral union," which will take up the study of some work of the great masters and deliver it at an annual concert or Christmas festival, not in the pale, flickering, dispassionate style which is so characteristic of some English choirs, but with rugged fire and intensity.

I have had the good fortune to hear the greatest oratorios rendered under the most brilliant conditions that talent and culture could produce in this the most talented and cultured of all metropoles, but I have never heard the majestic roll of the "Hallelujah Chorus" or the matchless melodies of the "Elijah" rendered with such soul and verve and eloquence as by an obscure "united choir," led by a workingman, in a mining village among the hills of Glamorganshire.—Westminster Review.



# WEBER PIANOS.



THE-

# WEBER PIANOS

are constructed from the musician's standpoint, as well as that of the mechanic; hence these instruments are distinguished from all

others by that pure and sympathetic quality of tone that contains the greatest musical possibilities; that consummation

of mechanical excellence that admits of

# THE MOST DELICATE and IMPRESSIVE EFFECTS.

while insuring the durability of the instrument; and that uniform superiority that enhances the pleasure of both performer and listener. Constructed from the very best materials, and employing only the most

skillful workmanship, these instruments combine the highest achievements in the art of Piano making, and are

Comprehensively THE BEST now Manufactured.

Warerooms

Brh Ave. and lother New York City

BOTH DUELLISTS WERE FRIGHTENED.—Inspector Neeld tells of an incident of gambling days on the Ohio River fifty years ago. "I have known a good many professional steamboat gamblers, but I never met one who was in any way imbued with the spirit of courage," said he. "Why, I remember years ago being on board a Mississippi River steamboat which was tied up at Napoleon, Arkansas, when two poker sharps, who had quarrelled on board a boat, were landed at the town to fight a duel. Each man wrote farewell letters, secured seconds, and arranged all the preliminaries for the duel, which was to occur on the following day. That night one of them dreamed of the whistling bullets he would have to dodge the next morning, and began to get scared.

"Hastily packing his grip, the hero of many poker games succeeded in getting away from the hotel unobserved, and made his way through the darkness towards the wharf, where he intended to take a down-river boat which was due before morning. The banks lining the river in front of Napoleon were steep, and as the fleeing gambler slipped along the water's edge up to the landing he saw, by the light of the wharf torches, the adversary he was going to meet the next day getting on board the wharf-boat with the intention of taking the same steamer. Each was trying to get away from the other, and both succeeded, for the man who reached the wharf-boat first took the steamboat, and the other returned to the hotel and the next day posed as the man who was ready to fight and didn't run away."—New York World.

THERE are no fewer than nineteen King streets in London, without reckoning any there may be in the suburbs, and Queen is the designation given to thirty-four streets and squares. Eleven George streets are still permitted to bewilder people, and a dozen William streets add to the confusion.

Policemen in Paris.—The Parisian municipal police, which cost the city two hundred million francs every year, number about ten thousand, besides six thousand gardes républicaines, horse and foot. These are divided into twenty brigades, one for each district of the city. There is a great difference between the officers of the down-town swell districts and those farther out and in less wealthy sections. In the American quarter and along the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue de Rivoli, so much frequented by foreigners, most of the police understand English, and the befogged and hazy individual who has been "doing" the sights of Paris in the evening, and who cannot speak French, will not find so much difficulty after all in making his devious way back to the hotel in the dawn. Very generally, too, the Parisian police are uniformly unobtrusive, and unless needed attend strictly to their own business. They are kind and polite, always ready and willing to set one right or to escort a woman across the street, and they all carry in their pockets street and business directories for the stranger's use.—Philadelphia Press.

No REST IN THE GRAVE.—At a small theatre in the banlieue the curtain failed to drop at the close of the third act, remaining suspended midway. On the stage lay prostrate the solitary figure of a man who had been killed in the concluding scene. As all attempts to lower the curtain proved fruitless, the corpse at last got up, and, saying in sepulchral tones, "For me there is no rest even in the grave," tugged at the curtain until it dropped.—Journal Amusant.



corset must

# rit to Wear

r. Warner's Coraline Corsets are fitted to ving models.

Sold everywhere. WARNER BROS., Makers, New York and Chicago.



AN INDIAN LEGEND.—A tradition of the Columbia River Indians will illustrate the belief of the aborigines in the activity of the spirits of their departed friends.

The greatest demi-god of all was Speelyai, the coyote. At one time the people were dying at a rapid rate, and there was great mourning. Whai-a-ma, the eagle, who had lost many friends, was told by Speelyai that the dead would not always remain in spirit-land, but, like the brown and dead leaves of autumn, would come to earth again with the opening buds and flowers of spring. Whai-a-ma was not willing to wait until spring, and persuaded the coyote to go with him to spirit-land and bring them back at once. After many days they came to a great water, on the other side of which was a large village.

Spirits conducted them across the water, and they entered the principal house of the village, which was lighted by the moon: this luminary was guarded by a monster frog that had jumped to it from the earth. Speelyai killed the frog and swallowed the moon, leaving the house in darkness. In the confusion that ensued, Whai-a-ma caught the spirits and confined them in a large box. Speelyai put the box on his shoulders, and the two invaders started back for the land of the living. Soon the spirits in the box began to come to life, and Speelyai's burden grew too heavy for him to carry. Thinking they were so far from the spirit-land that the ghosts could not find their way back again, Speelyai lifted the lid and let them out. They vanished immediately and returned to the land of the dead. Whai-a-ma was much disappointed, but said when the buds opened in the spring he would try again; but the coyote said it was better to let the dead remain where they were. Had not Speelyai opened the box, the dead would now come to life every spring, according to the belief of those who put their faith in the legend.—San Francisco Examiner.

A SERMON OF THREE HOURS AND A HALF.—Charles II. was wont in his humorous way to say of his chaplain, Dr. Barrow, that "he was the most unfair preacher in England, because he exhausted every subject and left no room for others to come after him." It was indeed too much the doctor's way. When he got hold of a topic he never knew how to leave anything unsaid about it. One of his best discourses, that on the duty and reward of bounty to the poor, actually took up three and a half hours in delivering.—Sala's Journal.

A MEAN AND CRUEL SPORT.—By far the meanest, most cruel, and most demoralizing forms of sport tolerated by the law are those which consist in the shooting, hunting, or baiting of certain so-called "wild" animals which are not pursued or killed in a true state of nature, but are first captured and confined in some cage or enclosure in order that they may be afterward turned out and worried for the amusement of the assembled "sportsmen."

Pigeon-shooting, together with all kinds of trap-shooting, is a well-known example of this debasing class of pastime, and, as was shown by the division list of the House of Commons as long ago as 1883, is viewed with strong public disapproval. "The offence made punishable," said Lord Balfour when he introduced in the House of Lords the measure for the prohibition of pigeon-shooting, "was not the shooting of a bird, but the shooting at a bird out of a trap or other contrivance. There was a marked difference between confining a bird in a trap for the purpose of shooting at it and seeking it in a wild state."— West-minster Review.



#### POINTS ABOUT THE EQUIPOISE WAIST.

It is stylish and comfortable, a rare combination.
It embodies the true hygienic principle of support from the shoulders. The bones can be removed without ripping the garment.
It sits as if made to order.
It will wear longer than any other waist (or corset) made.
It is recommended by physicians and teachers of calisthenics.
Its best recommendation is its enormous sale, constantly increasing.

The EQUIPOISE WAIST is sold by leading merchants throughout the United States. For ladies, White, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$3.00; Drab, \$2.50; Black, \$3.00; Ventilated, \$2.50; Silk Pongee, \$4.00. Misses, White, \$1.75. Children, White, 60 cts. Infants, White, 75 cts. Note.—The ladies \$1.75 is not boned. Send for our book on Sensible Dressing, mailed free. Address, GEORGE FROST COMPANY, 551 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Took him for Robinson.—Sir Thomas Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his appearance was rendered still more striking by his hunting-dress, which consisted of a tight green jacket, buckskin breeches, and a postilion's cap. He once set off in his hunting-suit to pay a visit to his sister in Paris. He arrived at the house while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced M. Robinson, and in walked this remarkable figure, to the amazement of the guests. One of them, a French abbé, lifted his fork three times to his mouth and each time laid it down without tasting the food. Unable at last to restrain his curiosity longer, he burst out eagerly, "Excuse me, monsieur, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE ARAB AT HOME.—Dr. J. P. Peters was the manager of the expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania in 1888 to explore the ruins of Babylon. "During the two years I was there," said he, "I lived with many of the wild tribes around the marshes of Arabistan. The conditions in which I found them were most deplorable. They were a most depraved race, robbing, cheating, lying, and fighting being the daily outline of their existence. The principal diet of these people is half-cooked barley bread, and with a large percentage of the tribes this forms the sole diet. When I offered twelve cents a day for diggers and guards, I had half the population applying to me for work, and was forced to reduce the day's wages to ten cents. When one of these men has a headache, his friends burn him with red-hot irons, and many times I have seen wounds carefully filled with iron rust. Their government, or rather lack of government, is a practical exhibition of anarchy."

COLLECTIONS IN ARKANSAS.—We picked up a Winchester rifle the other day and started down the street, intending to deliver the weapon to its owner, from whom we had borrowed it the day before, but it did such effective work in the way of collections that we have made up our mind to keep it as long as we can. The first man we met on the street was J. W. Miller, who coughed up \$1.50 for a year's subscription to The Democrat before we even thought of pointing the gun at him. The very next man we met was a farmer whom we had always considered a star subscriber. He had not missed a paper or paid a cent in seven years. But when he saw that gun he waltzed up with a ten-dollar bill. When we got home we found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of corn, and a barrel of turnips, which had been brought in by delinquents. If money will buy that gun, we are going to keep it to make collections with.—Arkansas City Democrat.

THE MOST POPULAR NOVEL.—What is the most popular novel among American readers? A poll of all the principal libraries in the United States, which appears in *The Forum*, shows that "David Copperfield" leads in popularity every work of fiction. The most popular nine novels, in the order of their popularity, are as follows: "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," "The Scarlet Letter," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben-Hur," "Adam Bede," "Vanity Fair," "Jane Eyre," "The Last Days of Pompeii." This is a complete refutation of the notion sometimes expressed that Dickens and Scott and Thackeray have lost their hold. Our own greatest novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, comes high up in the list, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appears likely to hold its own for all time.

# Clevelands' Baking Powder

Success has come to Cleveland's Baking Powder because

It is perfectly pure and whole-some.

It is not a secret nostrum. Its composition is stated on every tin.

Only a rounded spoonful is required, not a heaping spoonful.

It is always sure. No spoiled products to be thrown away.

Bread and cake made with it keep their natural freshness and flavor.

It is full weight and full strength until all used.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER Co., 81 Fulton St., New York.

Our cook book, containing 400 receipts, covering the whole subject from soup to dessert, will be mailed free to any one sending us stamp and address.





AMBER.—Amber, according to Chambers, is a concretion of birds' tears. In "The Fire-Worshippers" Tom Moore says, "Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber that ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept."

A Vaccination Party.—The little daughter of a prominent physician issued invitations for a novel party, perhaps the only one of the kind which has ever been given. The mothers of the children in the families which the doctor attends have been made anxious by reports of the existence of small-pox, so a number of them requested him to vaccinate their children immediately. When he went home and mentioned it to his wife, she proposed they should have a little party and vaccinate their children and the others at the same time. When the invitation reached a house where there are three little brothers, the eldest, wiser than the others, promptly said, "Please, mother, send my regrets right away. I don't want to go. I know what vaccinate means, and it hurts." Sugar-coating the pill with the name "a party" did not fool him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THEIR AGES.—I once asked my old darky the age of the two boys he left behind him in old "Kaintuck." Thoughtfully he polished his bald old skull a moment, and then said, "Dere's one of 'em big enough to plough, and de udder's two sizes smaller."—Washington Post.

FERNANDO DE NORONHA.—At the time of our visit to this Brazilian penal island there were eighteen hundred convicts in the settlement. Of these one thousand are divided into ten companies of one hundred each, under the command of a sergeant, himself a convict. They live in outlying villages, and are employed at work in the fields and plantations and tend the sheep and cattle. The rest live in the town, and are engaged at different handicrafts in the workshop, or fish in catamarans, the native Brazilian canoe, too roughly built to attempt to escape in, being merely two or three logs bound together, and propelled by sail or paddle.

All have to work for their food and clothing, which they obtain from the government stores in proportion to the work performed. Some of the convicts themselves are allowed to keep private stores, where their fellows are allowed to purchase any little extras they require beyond the bare necessaries of life. Convicts of good behavior are allowed to have their wives on the island, should

they be willing to come.

There are two schools, one for the children of the officers and soldiers and one for the children of convicts. The masters in both cases are convicts. At the age of twelve the sons of the convicts are sent to a military school at Pernambuco. The girls are allowed to stay on the island with their parents if they wish to do so.

To maintain order among these eighteen hundred prisoners there were at the time of our visit only sixty soldiers in garrison. Little difficulty, however, is experienced in their management, punishment for ill behavior being detention in the penitentiary, flogging, or, in extreme cases, banishment to Rat Island, a small, uninhabited island about a mile long at the northeast of Fernando, where its occupant would have to keep himself alive by fishing.— Chambers's Journal.



# Two Little Cooks

from Cooking School;—both have learned the safest rule, that it's a waste of time to fool—with counterfeits of Cottolene. That this great product is counterfeited is no more surprising than that the currency of the government is counterfeited. The supremacy of

# COTTOLENE

as a shortening, its value as a food for people with weak stomachs and deranged digestive organs, and the demand that has been created for it among lovers of good food, have proved sufficient incentives for the counterfeiter to try his hand. That these imitations are worthless is proved by the manner in which they are foisted upon the public. No further hint is necessary to the wise. All grocers sell Cottolene in 3 and 5 lb. pails. The genuine has trade mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every pail. Made only by

#### THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal and San Francisco. OPIUM-SELLING IS PROFITABLE.—Whatever opinions may be held respecting the effects of consuming opium, there seems to be no doubt that selling it is

a profitable business.

Years ago the house of Jardine, Matheson & Co. was among the largest importers of opium into China, and so enormous were the profits that three of the partners, by sheer force of wealth, expanded into baronets, while a fourth, the late Mr. James Jardine of Dryfeholm, became one of the largest land-owners in the south of Scotland. Sir James Matheson and his brother, Sir Alexander Matheson, spent upward of \$1,000,000 in buying land in the Highlands, and the latter left besides over £640,000. Mr. Magniac, the ex-M.P., who left £200,000, was also a member of this firm. Sir Robert Jardine of Castlemilk is the old head of the firm, and probably the wealthiest of them all. Sir Robert not only owns Castlemilk, one of the finest residences and estates in the south of Scotland, but ten years ago bought up the Rogersons of Wamphray for £120,000, and later added the property of Lanrick Castle, in Perthshire, to his already great possessions. He could buy up a score of such places if he so desired.

Dealing in opium is, of course, only one branch of the great firm's business, but it is a most important one, and a trade, whether right or wrong, which has such potentialities of profits must, like Tennyson's half-truth, be a hard matter to fight.—Scottish Leader.

ABOUT CERTIFIED CHECKS.—The head of a leading banking-house has had his counsel investigate the law in regard to certified checks, and finds that if the drawer of a check has taken it to the bank and had it certified he is still, jointly with the bank, responsible to the payee if the bank fails. If the payee, however, has taken the check to the bank and had it certified, the drawer of the check is no longer responsible to the payee, because the payee accepts by that action the responsibility of the bank.—Wall Street News.

GAME.—City Sportsman.—" Have you seen anything worth shooting at around here?"

Farmer .- "Well, no, not till you came." -London Tit-Bits.

THE TICKET TOLD A TALE.—Jenkins had left college. He had lived rather fast, but now he meditated matrimony and settling down into the respectabilities. As an old aunt died and left him a little money, what was more natural than that he should redeem some of the many articles of clothing which he had unfortunately deposited with his uncle in the days of his necessity? By sad mishap, however, that esteemed and obliging relative forgot to remove the tickets, and this led to an embarrassing contre-temps. Full of kindness and pride in her dear boy, his mother, on his return to the paternal mansion, insisted on unpacking his boxes. In doing so, she first discovered an overcoat with an ominous-looking label upon it.

"What a nuisance!" said Jenkins, in answer to her expression of surprise.

"They must have forgotten to take off the ticket at that ball at Danceaway's,

when I left my overcoat in the anteroom."

Mamma was satisfied; but when, shortly afterwards, she found a pair of trousers bearing a similar label, imagine the puzzled surprise with which she exclaimed, "But surely, my darling, you didn't leave these in the antercom too?"—London Tit-Bits.

# Mellin's Food Children

everywhere are the best advertisement of Mellin's Food: with their sound bodies, straight limbs, bright eyes, plump cheeks and fresh, radiant faces, they are the highest types of happy, healthy childhood, and the best evidence that Mellin's Food fulfills every requisite of a food for Infants.

Our book for the instruction of mothers sent free on application.

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., BOSTON, MASS. A MINISTER'S SON.—A small three-year-old is the son of a clergyman whose creed need hardly be indicated after the recital of his young son's vocabulary. He was in the hall when a maid answered a ring at the door. Hearing an inquiry if his father was at home, he forestalled the servant by calling out,—

"Yes, papa's up-stairs. Come right in, poor sinner, and take a seat."

The same Calvinistic youngster was heard warning his older brother, who was climbing a picket fence, with, "Look out, son of mortality: you'll get a fall."—New York Times.

A DELICATE MISSION.—"Mr. Bailiff, I have a lodger in my house, Rue du Cirque, who won't pay his rent, but he has on his premises a lion, two tigers, and four rattlesnakes, all objects of great value. You will seize the lot at once. Meantime I will take a little trip to Versailles, and you must write to me after the sale."—Journal Amusant.

PEERS AS COMPOSERS.—A few members of the British peerage have made reputations as composers. The Earl of Westmoreland, first president of the Royal Academy of Music, composed some Italian operas, which were well received at Rome and Milan, and the father of the great Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Mornington, wrote several glees, which are still frequently performed at choral societies, though written more than a century ago. The present Earl of Mar has composed some church music.—Paris Herald.

HIS FIRST CIGAR.—Sir Andrew Clark was so ardent in his crusade against overeating and overdrinking, and so firm in his belief that in a large majority of cases diet will do far more than drugs, that he was a little too much inclined to take it for granted that his patients were self-indulgent to the ruin of their health. Among the many anecdotes to which his views gave rise, the following is one of the most amusing.

A patient came to consult him, and was at once overwhelmed with directions on the subject of the life he should lead and the diet to which he should adhere. "Now, remember, only one glass of wine at each meal," the physician concluded, "and just one cigar after dinner won't hurt you. Good-morning. Be sure you keep strictly to the one cigar."

"One cigar!" exclaimed the patient. "But-"

"My dear sir," broke in Sir Andrew, somewhat testily, "I must insist. If I am to treat you, you must follow my directions. I know quite well you will find it hard, but it is absolutely necessary for your health."

The patient heaved a deep sigh. "All right, Sir Andrew; since you insist, I will do my best. Good-morning."

He went his way, but his health did not improve, and at the end of a few weeks he returned to the physician's consulting-room.

"No better?" said the doctor, surprised. "But have you followed all my directions?"

"Absolutely," replied the visitor. "I must admit that the cigar was rather hard work at first, and in fact made me feel very ill, but I soon got used to it, and now I rather like it."

"Good heavens!" said Sir Andrew, on whom the truth dawned, "do you mean to tell me——"

"Yes; I had never smoked before."-New York Sun.

# For Weak Women.

There is no preparation in the world that strengthens weak mothers like Scott's Emulsion. It is beneficial in any form of emaciation or wasting, but it is especially helpful to mothers and nurses who are nursing babies. It gives them strength and also makes their milk rich with the kind of nourishment all babies need.

# Scott's Emulsion

is the essence of nourishment. It prevents excessive wasting. It possesses food properties which are essential to all babies and all growing children, and which in adults makes the system strong enough to cope successfully with Emaciation, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Loss of Flesh, Blood Diseases and



### Any Condition of Wasting.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret compound. Its formula is endorsed by all physicians. Babies and children love the taste of it.

Send for a pamphlet—FREE.

Scott & Bowne, New York.

Druggists sell it.

MEN MAY DIE OF FRIGHT.—"I have interested myself somewhat in looking up unusual causes of death," said Dr. Elder to a reporter, "and have met several well-authenticated instances where fright was the cause. The English Surgeon-General Francis tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him; it was too much for his nerves, and he died. Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper, and, dabbling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the White Lady whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

"But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some death's-heads and skeletons for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him, and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashed together. In a fit of horror he threw himself out of the window, and, though he sustained no serious injury and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among his ghastly surroundings, he died a few days after of nervous tremor. I could cite many other cases where the shock to the nervous system which we know as fright has produced death."—Washington Post.

NOT PAID FOR LOST TIME.—Mrs. McCarthy.—" Yer wages is twinty cints short this wake, Moike."

McCarthy.—"Yis, Mary Ann. We had an explosion on Toosday, an' th' foorman docked me fur the time Oi was in th' air."—Boston Woman's Journal.

THE TOILET OF BIRDS.—The feathered tribes have many peculiar ways and fancies about the details of their toilets. Some birds use water only, some water and dust, while others prefer dust and no water. Birds are not only exceedingly nice in their choice of bath-water, but also very particular about the quality of their "toilet-dust."

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh-water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and dress their feathers in the early hours of the morning. Sparrows bathe often, both in water and in dust. They are not so particular about the quality of the water as about the quality of the dust. They prefer clean water, but I have seen them take a dip in shallow pools that were quite muddy.

The city sparrow must take a water-bath where he can get it,—in the streets or on the tops of houses,—but he is most careful in his choice of his dust-bath. Road dust, the driest and finest possible, suits him best. I have noticed the city sparrow taking his dust-bath in the street, and invariably he chooses a place where the dust is like powder. Partridges prefer dry loam. They like to scratch out the soil from under the grass and fill their feathers with cool earth. Most birds are fond of ashes. Some early morning take a walk across a field that has been burned over, and see the number of winged creatures that rise suddenly from the ash-heaps. A darting form, a small cloud of ashes, and the bathers disappear.—New York Home.

## The Jackson Sanatorium,

DANSVILLE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.





ESTABLISHED 1858.

DELIGHTFUL home for those seeking health, rest, or recreation. Under the personal care of experienced physicians.

Elegant modern fire-proof main building and twelve cottages, complete in all appliances for health and comfort. Extensive apartments for treatment arranged for individual privacy. Skilled attendants. All forms of baths; Electricity, Massage, Swedish Movements, etc. Delsarte System of Physical Culture. Frequent Lectures, and Lessons on Health Topics.

Especial provision for rest and quiet, also for recreation, amusement, and regular out-door life.

Culinary Department under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Super-intendent of the Chautauqua Cooking School.

Hillside location in Woodland Park, overlooking extended views of the famous Genesee Valley region, unsurpassed for health and beauty. Charming walks and drives. Lakes, glens, and waterfalls in immediate vicinity. Clear, dry atmosphere, free from fogs and malaria. Pure spring water from rocky heights. Perfect drainage and sewerage.

Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone, etc.

For illustrated pamphlet, testimonials, and other information, address

Mention this Magazine. J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary, Dansville, New York.

# PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. of Philadelphia.

Safe Investments. Low Rate of Mortality. Low Expense Rate.

Unsurpassed in everything which makes Life Insurance reliable and moderate in cost.

Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

A New Cooking-School has been started, which, recognizing the importance of having plenty of milk on hand for cooking purposes, has found its requirements fully met by Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, prepared by the New York Condensed Milk Company. It highly endorses it.

A COUNTESS'S DIAMOND.—For many years the rumor of a magnificent diamond, said to be in the possession of a tribe dwelling in a far-away region vaguely indicated by the expression "up country," had tickled the ears of adventurers. Many had gone in search of it; none had come within measurable

distance of obtaining it.

About this time, however (1869), a Dutch farmer named Van Neikerk got upon the track of the diamond. He wandered from tribe to tribe and from village to village,—one day hopeful of success, and the next disappointed. At length he was directed to a medicine-man, or witch-doctor, residing in a certain Kaffir village, and, sure enough, after a good deal of palaver and plentiful libations of jowala, discovered him to be possessed of a pure white stone of extraordinary size and lustre, which he had little doubt was the diamond referred to.

t

tl

h

tl

di

ar

The witch-doctor, however, was extremely unwilling to part with it. A high price was offered, then a higher still, but he remained immovable. The Dutchman now became excited, and offered him his whole span of oxen. To this had of necessity to be added the tent-wagon which he had fitted out for his journey, together with his appurtenances. And at last, stripped of all his belongings save his gun and ammunition, he departed with the gem safely concealed

somewhere about his person.

The bargain, nevertheless, was a good one, as the stone was found, when brought to the frontier, to be a beautiful, flawless diamond of the purest water and worth twenty-five thousand pounds. This diamond—which is now in the possession of the Countess of Dudley—may be called "the foundation-stone of the diamond industry."—Good Words.

MRS. STICKNEY'S excellent novel, "A Desert Claim," which appeared in our issue for last March, has been translated into French by M. Hebrard, and is now being published as a serial in *Le Temps*, of Paris.

Causes for Present-Day Ailments.—Probably the most potent factor of present-day ailments is the abeyance into which the muscular system is permitted to fall by dwellers in cities, who are daily becoming more dependent on artificial means of locomotion and on labor-saving apparatus, until disorders of digestion and nervous maladies are now as common among the comparatively poor members of the community as they are among those who are wealthy. Indeed, while the rich man endeavors to overcome the mischief wrought by his sedentary life by riding in the park or playing golf, the poorer man, who is unable to afford these pleasurable exercises, neglects his muscular development and invariably mounts his omnibus or tumbles into his train rather than waste the time necessary for a brisk walk or a half-hour in the gymnasium.—National Review.

A STORY ABOUT NAPOLEON.—It is astonishing how many people believe the old story that Bonaparte put a check for one hundred thousand francs in a silver five-franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation in France. They say that the people did not want the five-franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for silver money of that denomination the emperor resorted to the device mentioned. The check, or treasury order, was written on asbestos paper and made in the coin. It would be interesting to knew, if this story be true, how many five-franc pieces have been broken open since the story of the check was first circulated.—St. Louis Republic.

#### Peep into your Kitchen

and see what they're washing and cleaning with. Probably you think its Pearline. No doubt you've told your servants to use it, and think that they're doing so. But look at the front of the package for yourself, and see that

it's the genuine article.

A house-to-house canvass discloses the fact that many women think they are using, or have used, Pearline, when an examination of the package proves the stuff to be some of the "same as" or "as good as," which peddlers, unscrupulous grocers and prize-givers are trying to work off upon a long-suffering public.

If it's these imitations that you're using, ten to one you're not enthusiastic about

Washing Compounds; you couldn't be. Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you it Back something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.



#### TEN REASONS FOR USING DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP.

THE REASON WHY it is best from a sanitary point of view, is because of its absolute purity. it is unscented, is because nothing is used in its manufacture that must be hidden or disguised. it is cheapest to use, is because it is harder and dryer than ordinary soap, and does not waste away; also because it is not filled with rosin and clay as make-weights. no boiling of clothes is needed, is because there is no adulteration in it-being absolutely pure, it can do its own work. it leaves clothes washed with it whiter and sweeter than any other soap, is because it contains no adulteration to yellow them, it washes flannels without shrinking, bringing them out soft, white, and fleecy, is because it is free from rosin, which hardens, yellows, and mats together all woollen fibres, making them harsh and coarse. 44 three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap. it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless. we paid \$50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it. so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality,

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A TREE ON EVERY GRAVE.—In the land of the Moslem, the country of the followers of Mohammed, the true prophet, a Moslem grave, when once filled in, is never to be reopened on any account. With a view to remove the faintest chance of any grave being thus defiled, the Moslems plant a cypress-tree on every grave immediately after the interment, which makes the Moslem cemeteries resemble forests. Two hundred millions, or fourteen per cent., of the human race, profess Mohammedanism. A year or two ago some missionaries were sent to this country in order to seek its conversion to the "true faith." Turkey is the only portion of Europe occupied in force by Moslems, but they abound in many parts of Asia. In the island of Timor burials are much delayed owing to the necessity of gathering funds for the burial-feast, which in most cases means ruin to the family. After the feast comes the burial. As soon as the grave is filled in, a young cocoanut palm is planted upon it.—

Chicago Tribune.

GIGANTIC SKELETONS.—At Totu, in Bohemia, in the year 758, was found a skeleton the head of which could hardly be encompassed by the arms of two men joined together, and whose shin-bones, which so late as 1764 were kept in the castle of that city, were twenty-six feet long, from which it may be supposed that the entire body exceeded one hundred and ten feet in length. Our historians inform us that in 1171 the bones of a giant fifty feet long were found in England.

Fazellus, in his "History of Sicily," says that in a field about a mile south of Mazarino, Sicily, was found a skeleton thirty feet high, the head of which was the size of a hogshead, and each of the teeth of which weighed five ounces. Another skeleton, thirty feet long, was found in Sicily, not far from Palermo, in 1548, and another in 1550, thirty-three feet in length.

THE CZAR'S FAVORITE DOG.—The sovereign in Europe who stands most in need of a friend and companion whose fidelity and loyalty are above all suspicion is the unfortunate Czar, who, like his predecessors on the throne of Peter the Great, has so often found himself deceived and betrayed by just those of his courtiers, his officials, and even his relatives, upon whom he had bestowed the greatest amount of kindness. Under these circumstances it is not astonishing that he should place his principal reliance on a superb and huge Danish dog with short, mouse-colored hair and quite as big as a young donkey.

The dog, a gift of his father-in-law, King Christian of Denmark, is the successor of a similar hound, which lost its life in the terrible railroad accident at Borki, when the Imperial train was entirely destroyed, the Czar and Czarina escaping all injury (save the shock to their nerves) in the most miraculous manner. Alexander's present dog is not only by his side when he walks out, and asleep beside his bed at night, but is also always present when he grants audiences, sniffing at strangers in an inquiring and sometimes suspicious manner, which is not without a certain influence upon the treatment accorded by the Czar to his visitor.—New York Tribune.

THEOLOGY.—Mamma,—"Yes, my child, we shall know each other in heaven."

Fannie.—"But, mamma, can we make believe we are out when they call?"

—Texas Siftings.

## QUINA-LAROCHE

# LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC. GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS.

CONTAINING

# Peruvian Bark, Iron

### Pure Catalan Wine.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark(a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elluir, which possessed in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of ordinary preparations.

This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach. Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing: Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

KINA

ASSTACIONAL ARROCKE

MUNA LAROCKE

ASSTACIONAL ARROCKE

ASSTACIONA

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

MALARIA,
INDIGESTION,
FEVER and AGUE.
NEURALGIA,
LOSS of APPETITE,
POORNESS of BLOOD,
WASTING DISEASES,
and
RETARDED
CONVALESCENCE.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents, No. 30 North William street, New York. 22 rue Drouet, Paris.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



OLD-TIME REMEDIES.—Strange as it may seem to some, the ingredients of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth," at least a part of them, were once standard remedies among Europeans. In the tenth and eleventh centuries a sovereign cure for ague was the swallowing of a small toad that had been choked to death on St. John's Eve, and a splendid remedy for rheumatism was to fasten the bands of clothing with pins that had been stuck into the flesh of either a toad or a frog. Physicians frequently recommended the water from a toad's brain for mental affections, and that a live toad be rubbed over the diseased parts as a cure for the quinsy.—Chicago Herald.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PARADISE.—The Mohammedan paradise is a fairy-land. To enter it the believer must cross seven bridges, at each of which he must answer questions relating to his past life. Having crossed the bridges, he is at the entrance. There are thirteen doors. The first act is to take a bath, which gives to the body great brilliancy. This abode of delight is built of bricks of gold and silver held together by a mortar of musk. Spring is eternal. Four oceans soothe the senses,—one of water, one of milk, one of honey, one of wine. Waves of perfume envelop them, so powerful as to be noticeable five hundred days' march away. Lastly come the castles of the houris,—seventy castles, each with seventy rooms, containing seventy state beds and seventy tables already set, and in each castle one billion six hundred and eighty million seven hundred thousand houris. This to each of the elect, with seventy robes of green brocade embroidered with rubies and topazes.—New York Recorder.

A QUIET LENTEN WEDDING.—"Speaking of quiet weddings," said the rector of an Episcopal church in a New Jersey suburban town the other day, "reminds me of a colored couple who had selected Washington's birthday as their wedding-day, and who wished to be married in my church. I was in a quandary, as the day came in Lent, and I did not care to have a wedding—especially in church—until after Easter. But all preparations were made, and I did not wish to spoil the plans of the young couple. After explaining these matters to the bridegroom, I said,—

"'Now, Samuel, this must be a very quiet wedding.'

"'Oh, yes, Mr. C——,' said Samuel: 'it will be a very quiet weddin'. There won't be no shoutin'.'"

The rector stopped his story here, but the writer need not. The wedding took place, and was an important incident of the season, many of the colored people present, including the bride and bridegroom, being in full dress. A large reception followed, and jollity reigned supreme, but there was no shouting.—New York Tribune.

MONKEYS THAT MAKE WINE.—Dr. Macgowan has returned to Tien-Tsin, bringing with him, among other curious discoveries, particulars of a race of Manchoorian monkeys inhabiting the mountain region of the Great Wall of China. They are said to know how to make pottery; more remarkable still, they are represented as having made extraordinary progress in the art of making wine.

A recent edition of the official history of Yungping states that lately a large body of immigrating monkeys passed a certain village in crossing from one mountain to another. The boys of the village clapped their hands and shouted at the spectacle, and the monkeys, being frightened, fled, taking their young in their arms, but dropping in their flight a number of earthen vessels, some of which would hold a quart. On opening these the villagers found that they contained two kinds of wine, a pink and a green, that had been made from mountain-berries. It is affirmed that the monkeys store this liquor for use in the winter when the water is all frozen.

Dr. Macgowan cites other independent testimonies to similar facts, including a Chinese account of monkeys in Chekiang who pound fruit in stone mortars to make into wine, and he asks, "Is it likely that all these statements are pure inventions?"—London Daily News.

# DORA'S DEFIANCE.

BY

#### LADY LINDSAY,

AUTHOR OF

"THE PHILOSOPHER'S WINDOW," "A TANGLED WEB," ETC.

"Alles ist mir Wurst."

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Du bist wie eine Blume, So hold und schön und rein; Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt', Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte So rein und schön und hold.

HEINE,

Copyright, 1894, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.